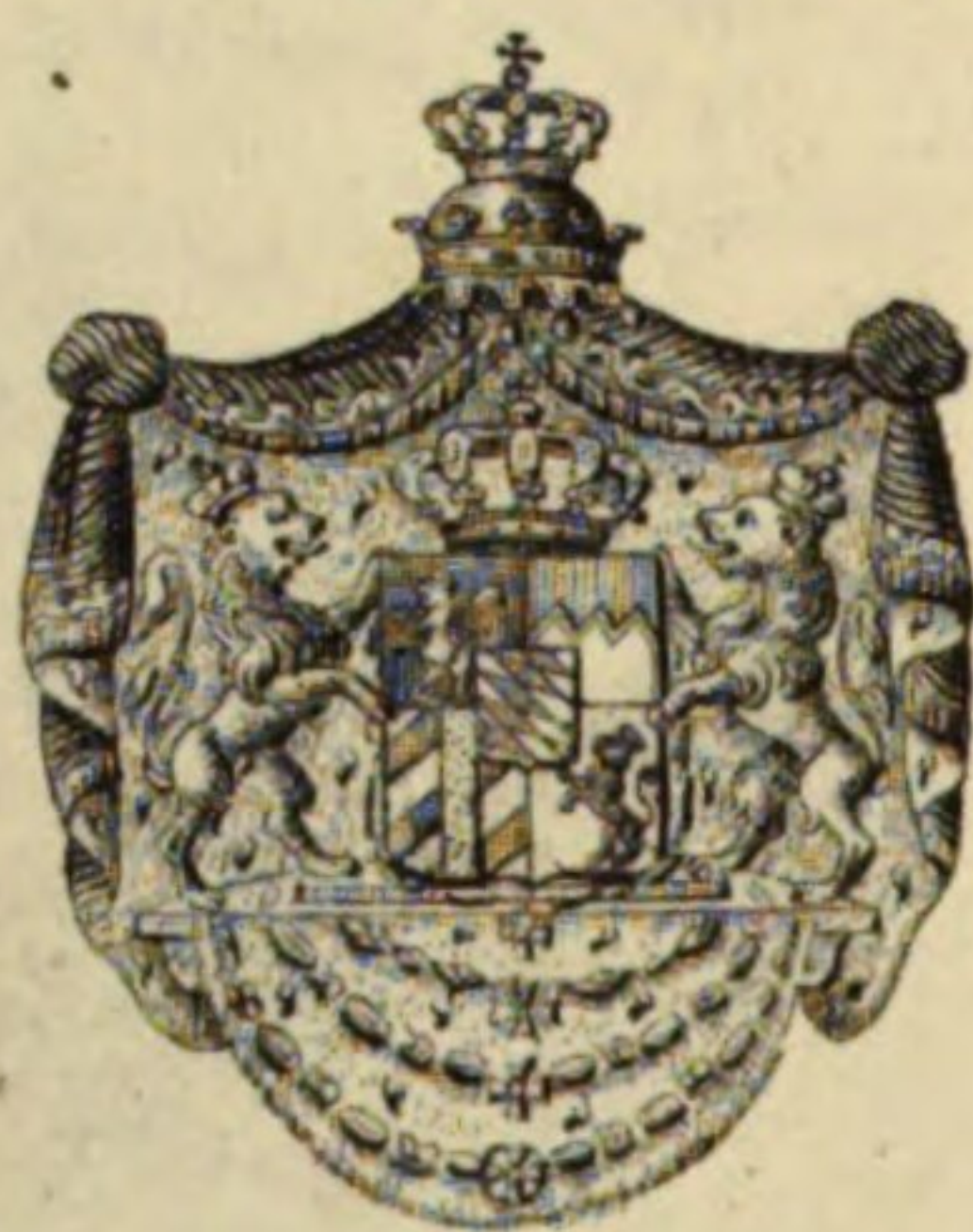


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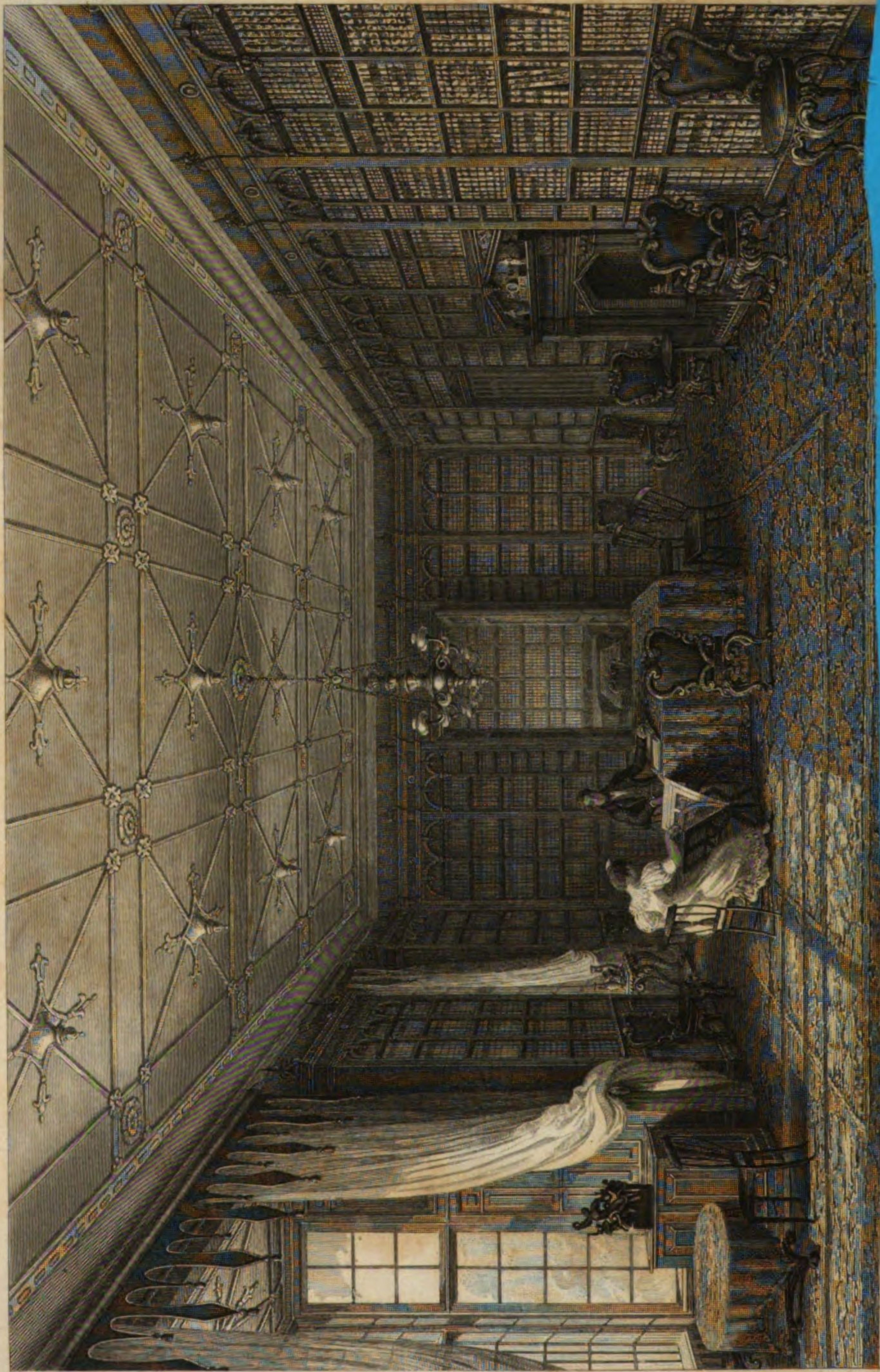
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F. Mackenzie from a sketch by C. J. Stewart

REMINISCENCES
OF
A LITERARY LIFE;

WITH
ANECDOTES OF BOOKS,

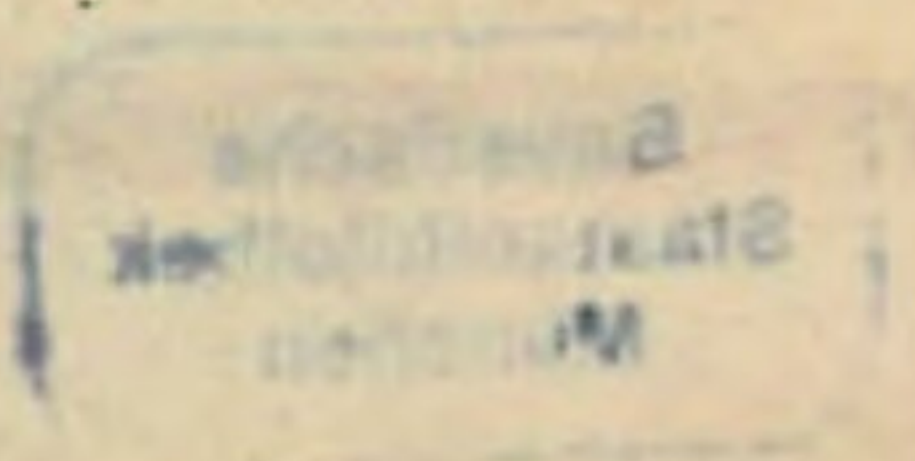
AND OF
BOOK COLLECTORS:

BY THE REVEREND
THOS. FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D.

PART THE SECOND.

LONDON:
JOHN MAJOR, 71, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET,
BLOOMSBURY.

MDCCCXXXVI.



REMINISCENCES
OF
A LITERARY LIFE;
WITH
ANECDOTES OF BOOKS,
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Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHORP.

——— *Wisdom* loves
 This seat serene, and *Virtue's* self approves.
 Here come the *Griev'd* a change of thought to find,
 The *Curious* here, to feed a craving mind;
 Here the *Devout* their peaceful temple choose,
 And here the *Poet* meets his favouring Muse.

CRABBE.—*The Library.*

IN the third volume of *The Bibliographical Decameron*, and in a note at the 388th page of that same volume, will be found the following passage :

“ It was quite at the end of the month of May, in the year 1811, that I paid my first visit to the Noble Owner of the residence under description. The day had been excessively hot, and I reached Althorp, from London, between the hours of six and seven, to a late dinner. The sun was then beginning to decline, so as to cast a breadth of shadow from the long avenues of elm and beech, and lime, with which the back front of the house is adorned*, or enfiladed. Sitting on a seat beneath one of these elms—the cawing of innumerable rooks from the adjoining avenues—the tranquillity of the approaching evening—the calm, clear,

* You approach the front of the house through avenues of oak, of which some are indisputably proved to have been growing towards the latter end of the reign of Henry VII.

and almost cloudless sky—and (shall I dare avow it?) more than either of *these* causes, or the *whole* of them collectively, the near and immediate view of a suite of rooms in which was contained the FINEST PRIVATE COLLECTION OF BOOKS PERHAPS IN EUROPE—could not fail to produce emotions of no ordinary occurrence, to one, who, for several previous years, had vehemently sought after such a gratification. After a due time devoted to musing, I entered the aforesaid suite of rooms, and more especially rested in *that* wherein a fine *Raphael* was over the fire-place, and a French clock was ticking upon the marble mantle-piece. The cloth was laid, and the exemplification of the good old maxim (the usual theme of our school days) *nil præter ordinem* was singularly manifested to view. The sun was now sinking lower and lower, and the shadows became proportionably broad and massive. No sound was heard from without, save the nibbling of the deer, who quite peeped into the windows of the apartment. His Lordship arrived at seven.

“ I will conclude this ‘View of the Interior’ (as the Flemish painters designate such subjects) by adding, that that congenial visit was the prelude to the many subsequent ones which have taken place since the said ‘year 1811.’ But the mansion—the library—rejoins the impetuous reader! I must be briefer than I could wish in satisfying such impetuosity. Yet know, cultivator of bibliomaniacal antiquities, that the name of SPENCER or *Despencer* (formerly the same) is far from being barren in the annals of book-collecting; for in the ancient time, Hugh Despencer had a Son, Thomas, Earl of Gloucester, who, in 21 Rich. II., by petition in Parliament, obtained the revocation of the judgment of exile against his great grandfather, Hugh Le Despencer. In this petition it is stated (*inter alia*) that he, the said Hugh, had at that time, ‘*Plate, Jewels, and ready money* better than 10,000*l.*, xxxvi sacks of wool, and a LIBRARY OF BOOKS.’ Collins, in his *Baronetage*, vol. i.

p. 309, edit. 1720, refers to Rot. Parl. 21 Ric. II. n. 35, 60, 64, 68," &c.

Now, if the reader pleases, he may contrast this somewhat quaint, but "drawn on the spot," picture of Althorp, with that which has been recently published in the pages of one of the most celebrated female writers of the day. Mrs. Jamieson's out-of-door *winter* view of Althorp shall speak for itself in the subjoined note*. Mine is a *summer*

* "It was on such a day as I have seen in Italy in the month of December, but which, in our chill climate, seemed so unseasonably, so ominously beautiful, that it was like the hectic loveliness brightening the eyes and flushing the cheek of consumption, that I found myself in the domains of ALTHORP. Autumn, dying in the lap of winter, looked out with one bright parting smile; the soft air breathed of summer; the withered leaves, heaped on the path, told a different tale. The slant, pale sun shone out, with all heaven to himself: not a cloud was there, not a breeze to stir the leafless woods—those venerable woods which Evelyn loved and commemorated. I was much struck with the inscription on a stone tablet, in a fine old wood near the house: 'this wood was planted by Sir William Spencer, Knight of the Bath, in the year of our Lord, 1624'—on the other side, 'up and bee doing, and God will prosper.' It is mentioned in Evelyn's 'Sylva.' The fine majestic old oaks, scattered over the park, tossed their huge bare arms against the blue sky; a thin hoar frost, dissolving as the sun rose higher, left the lawns and hills sparkling and glancing in its ray; and then a hare raced across the open glade—

' And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, which, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.'

Nothing disturbed the serene stillness, except a pheasant whirring from a neighbouring thicket, or at intervals the belling of the deer, a sound so peculiar, and so fitted to the scene, that I sympathized in the taste of one of the noble progenitors of the Spencers, who had built a hunting lodge in a sequestered spot, that he might hear 'the harte bell.' This was a day, an hour, a scene, with all its associations, its quietness, and

view. It is pleasing to tread the same ground, and to gaze upon many of the same objects, with a writer of the charm and power of Mrs. Jamieson's pen ; but at the expense of having my principles of chivalry questioned, I must be permitted to break a tiny lance with that "fair Ladye," in commenting upon a few defects of omission and commission which seem to me to be involved in her description. In the first place, it is to be regretted that Mrs. Jamieson suffered her agility of limbs, or buoyancy of spirits, to carry her up the "great staircase" before she had made the Tour "of all the rooms below ;" and most marvellous, or at least incomprehensible, to me, it is, that of a mansion, in which the FINEST PRIVATE LIBRARY IN EUROPE is contained—and which library may be said to be nearer *three* than *two* hundred feet in length—no mention whatever is made !

beauty, 'felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.' All worldly cares and pains were laid asleep ; while memory, fancy, and feeling waked. Althorp does not frown upon us in the gloom of remote antiquity ; it has not the warlike glories of some of the baronial residences of our old nobility ; it is not built, like a watch tower, on a hill, to lord it over feudal vassals ; it is not bristled with battlements and turrets. It stands in a valley, with the gradual hills undulating round it, clothed with rich woods. It has altogether a look of compactness and comfort, without pretension, which, with the pastoral beauty of the landscape, and low situation, recall the ancient vocation of the family, whose grandeur was first founded, like that of the patriarchs of old, on the multitude of their flocks and herds."—*Visits at Home and Abroad*.

A beautiful copper-plate vignette of this "UP AND BE DOING" Wood may be seen in the *Ædes Althorpiæ*, vol. i. p. 18, which had doubtless escaped the recollection of Mrs. Jamieson.

It is doubtless very possible that Mrs. Jamieson's love of pictures and of portraits may be so much "the ruling passion," as to "swallow up" every particle of interest or curiosity in the matter of BOKES; and yet SHE, who has added to all our Libraries by the production of one of the cleverest and most interesting "bokes" of its kind*, ought, methinks, to have dropped more than one passing courtesy as she glided by the interminable and glorious volumes of science, art, philosophy, belles-lettres, and Divinity, with which the shelves of Althorp are at once loaded and adorned. But let us keep to PICTURES. Let us suppose that, for an object not apparently developed, it was Mrs. Jamieson's exclusive wish to notice only the productions of the *pencil* at Althorp. By not "gliding" through the library—and by not beginning "at the beginning" in the Dining Room—she has in fact lost the opportunity of exercising her ready and eloquent pen upon the *best pictures* in the House†. Nor when she has reached the

* *Characteristics of Women*, 3 vols. 8vo.

† To the above *assertion* I here add the *proof*.—In the *Dining-room* will be found the Elder and Younger Cornaro, by TITIAN; Madonna and Child, by CARAVAGGIO; a Boy's Head, an antique caustic painting; Descent from the Cross, by SEBASTIAN BOURDON; Fragment of a Cartoon, by RAFFAELLE; Death of the Stag, by SNYDERS; St. Charles Borromeo celebrating High Mass, by DOMENICHINO. In the *Drawing-room*, a Head of a Blind Harper, by LELY; Dædalus and Icarus, by VANDYKE—so particularly noticed by Walpole; a sketch, by RUBENS—admirable. Two Venetian Ladies, by TITIAN; Cleopatra and Lucretia, each by GUIDO. In the *Long library*, a cluster of beautiful

PICTURE GALLERY above stairs—a spot which Walpole has designated as “one of those enchanted scenes, which a thousand circumstances of history and art endear to a pensive spectator”—has she selected objects so much on the score of *art*, as of furnishing matter for historical or personal anecdote. But a copy, as well as an original, will furnish materials for reflections of this nature. It should seem as if she came and went away full of the *Grammont Mania*—and for fear of its abatement, had left the place (undoubtedly well calculated to produce it) without even visiting another room. Now, although I readily admit that the *Grammont Annals* furnish instances of as terrible domestic tragedies as can be adduced—furnished by means of poison, pistol-bullets,

enamel portraits, of the time of Louis XIV., over the mantel-piece, surrounded by a number of pleasing little Flemish pictures, several of them by Teniers. The *Raffaelle library*, so called from a picture of the Holy Family, by that great master, over the fire-place; and alluded to in my description of Althorp in the text. The *Billiard library* contains two beautiful SIR JOSHUAS—the one of the present Earl Spencer, when four years of age; the other, of the late Marchioness Camden: both these portraits were admirably engraved for my work. The *Marlborough library* contains a most extraordinary portrait of John, Duke of Marlborough, also engraved for the work in question. I mention a *few* of the principal pictures in these rooms, of which a glimpse only might have rewarded the toil of a little extra locomotion. Mrs. Jamieson has well and warmly noticed the REMBRANDT'S MOTHER, painted by the son; but might she not have also just *dropt* the fact of the splendid *engraving* of that matchless portrait to be found in 'the work which is briefly mentioned by her as if it had been an eighteen-penny Guide to a Watering Place? And the *Sophonisba Angosciola*, upon which she descants with her usual cleverness, will be found not only beautifully represented by the burin, but particularly and largely noticed in certain Althorpiian pages.

daggers, and broadswords—or arising from profligacy the most reckless, and a want of public and private principle the most notorious—yet, if Mrs. Jamieson had only gone a little onward, into one or two rooms, she would have found some of the most prominent ladies and gentlemen, who were especial *figurantes* in the courts of that “*par nobile*” of French Monarchs, Louis XIV. and Louis XV. I should like to have had her opinion of the splendid portrait by Mignard (in the room immediately following, or in that ensuing it) of the famous *Duchesse de Montausier**, encircled by flowers, which, in tint and lustre, seem to yield only to the cheeks and eyes of the Lady.

But in the Gallery itself, we desiderate yet further notices; and may gently inquire how it comes to pass that Anne of Austria (by Mignard), and Philip II.—undoubted originals—are overlooked? Then, common courtesy might have led to the mention of the large whole length portrait of the Noble Owner of the Mansion, in his robes of the Garter, by Copley, at the top of the room! How came the second Lady Spencer, by Vandyke—(“a Spencer

* This picture was purchased for a comparative trifle at the sale of Quintin Craufurd's collection at Paris, and is particularly described in my Tour. Mr. Wright, the engraver, was so struck with it, that he desired (and readily obtained) permission to copy it in water-colours; and for this copy, exquisitely and perfectly finished in every particular, he asked the sum of twenty guineas. I know not its present destination; but I *do* know that a more extraordinary performance can rarely be witnessed.

by Vandyke is a treasure")—to be overlooked? And of the *Henry VIII.*, and several of the *Lely* and *Vandyke* portraits, together with the *Lady Jane Grey*, and *Diane de Poitiers*, it might as well have been observed, that all these interesting objects have been engraved, in the very best manner, chiefly in a work exclusively devoted to an account of the Mansion in which the originals are placed*. I was well pleased to read Mrs. Jamieson's spirited notice of the portrait of the third *Duc de Guise*, by Porbus—not so much because I was instrumental to its acquisition†—as to its being matter of astonishment how such a magnificent portrait of such a magnificent Persecutor of the Huguenots should have been

* Let me not be misunderstood. I desire nothing in the shape of offensive obtrusiveness; but it should seem to have been obvious, as a matter of useful information, for such as have little chance of seeing the originals, to mention, that they have a very good chance of seeing faithful *representations* of them, most admirably engraved. This does not apply so much to the *DIANE DE POICTIERS*, because there was only a very limited number (75 impressions) taken off, and the plate was afterwards destroyed. I learn that 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* has been given for a single impression of this most original and fascinating portrait.

The *Anne of Austria* and the *Ninon de l'Enclos* were offerings at my hands as gifts. Of the latter, a beautiful engraving, in stippling, on sale, is the property of Mr. Pickering, the bookseller.

† It was obtained, as well as two small and very curious heads of *Francis II.* and *Marie Stuart*, of Mr. Jarman, from the Quentin Craufurd collection. I think that seventy guineas were given for the *Duc de Guise*; and not above sixteen for the two small heads—which I believe to be thoroughly, if not *EXCLUSIVELY*, genuine. I refer the reader, with confidence, to a short, but interesting account, of the bold and extraordinary character of the *Duc de Guise*, which appears in the *Ædes Althorpiæ*, vol. i. p. 251-2.

allowed to leave the Kingdom which had been the scene of his too successful persecutions.

I take leave of Mrs. Jamieson, and of her "*Visits at Home and Abroad*," with perfect complacency and good humour; and had desired nothing better than to have been "a fellow visitor" with her at Albert Durer's House "abroad," and at Hardwicke*, as

* Her sketch of *Hardwicke* is more elaborated than that of Althorp. She says, to enjoy the former thoroughly, you "ought to sleep there one night." It has been my lot to sleep there *two* nights: in the depth of the winter of 1818, when on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. I have made mention of this visit at Hardwicke in the *Library Companion*, p. 596-7, second edit. His Grace drove me over from Chatsworth, and left me, at my particular request, to soliloquise two days within the spacious and deserted walls of this, his most ancient ancestral residence. In my bed-room were the old silver-topped dogs; and a huge fire was blazing upon the hearth when I retired to rest. (The particulars *preceding* this retirement may be sought for in the work just mentioned). Opposite the foot of the bed, over the entrance door of the room, were some small leaden casements, which caught the flickering light of the expiring flame. The walls of the room were covered with tapestry of some century and a half standing. The window was a large bay one, of the early time of James I. On retiring to rest I locked my door; and, after my first short slumber, I started up, thinking I heard a noise. The fire was yet burning, and through the casements, just mentioned, I thought I discerned human faces, looking at me—some in anger, some in sorrow, and some in laughter. I fixed my eyes upon the tapestry. I fancied I heard the huntsman's halloo, the dogs yelling: and the very trees, like those of "*Birnam Wood*," seemed to be moving towards me. I leaped from my bed, and sprung to the door: unlocked and opened it. The whole delusion was dissipated in an instant. There were no human faces; the trees, and the huntsmen and the dogs were fast fixed in their worsted trammels; and on drawing the window curtain aside, to look abroad, I gazed only upon the leads of the building, bristled with a hoar-frost, upon which the cold clear moonbeam seemed to love to be sleeping.

I had been rummaging among some old black-letter books, before retiring to rest, which may account for this "*fantasia*." I preserve a

well as at Althorp, at home. Her work is full of point and vivacity. Perhaps it is too sparkling and abounding in quotation; but it is the work of a well cultivated understanding, and of a practised hand. “*Retournons à nos moutons.*”

In the exact chronological order to be observed, an account of the publication of the *Bibliographical Decameron* should have preceded that of the *Ædes Althorpianæ*: but to keep those works in connection which have an exclusive reference to the name and property of my late Patron, I deem it best to speak of the latter in the *present* place. I took up my ground quickly and boldly. The “Decameron” was scarcely sold, and beginning to be very generally circulated, when I issued proposals for the “*Ædes*,” and at this very moment, too, I meditated my *Bibliographical Tour* upon the Continent. The beginning, therefore, of the year 1818, was full of excitement and occupation. Within the first three months of it, I had satisfactorily ascertained that my projected work of the “*Ædes*” would succeed; and that I had only to make the necessary arrangements with Artists—under favour of the Noble

drawing (now much injured), made by me, of this identical bedroom; not forgetting the key of the door, which is silver, and of the pretty workmanship of the seventeenth century. But of HARDWICKE let the reader regale himself with Mr. Shaw’s magnificent engravings, recently published in a folio volume, as the second number of the History of our National Domestic Architecture—that of HATFIELD being the first. This publication is beyond all praise.

Owner of the Mansion—as to what subjects were to be selected for their pencils. The *Original List* of PORTRAITS stood thus:

First Baron Spencer.

Earl Spencer's Grandfather and Father.

Earl Spencer in the Robes of the Garter.—Copley.

Earl Spencer when a Lad at Harrow School.—Reynolds.

Viscount Althorp when a Child.—Reynolds.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.—Reynolds.

Marchioness Camden.—Reynolds.

Sir Kenelm Digby.—Jansen.

Cardinal Pole.—Pereno del Vaga.

Henry VIII., Queen Mary, and Will Somers.

Countess Spencer.—Reynolds.

Lady Ann Bingham.—Reynolds.

Earl of Lucan.—Reynolds.

Duchess of Marlborough.—Kneller.

Rembrandt's Mother.—Rembrandt.

Cardinal Borromeo performing Mass.—Domenichino.

Philip II. King of Spain.—Sir A. More.

Algernon Sidney.

Duchess of Portsmouth.—Lely.

Unknown Portrait with a Dog.—Sir A. More.

Sophonisba Angosciola.—By Herself.

Mrs. Middleton.—Lely.

Nell Gwynn.—Lely.

Georgiana, First Countess Spencer.—A. Kauffman.

The Portraits printed in *Italics* were afterwards altered for the following:

Earl Spencer.—Phillips.

Henry, first Earl of Sunderland.

Anne, second Countess of Sunderland.

John, Duke of Marlborough.

John, Marquis of Blandford.
 Georgiana, Earl Spencer's Mother.
 Sir John Spencer, Knt.
 Colonel John Russell.

To these Portraits were added the following
 SUBJECTS.

South West View of Althorp.
 Archway.
 Dairy.
 Hawking Stand.
 A Calm, by Cuyp.
 Cartoon from Raffaele, a fragment.
 Masked Ball, by Porbits*.
 The Staircase.

I do not now remember how many, or how few, of these *Portraits* and *Subjects* were selected by me in my PROPOSALS for the publication†; but I pre-

* For this *accurate* name of the artist by whom the above beautiful picture was painted, I am indebted to Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, of Bond-street; the most knowing judge of the Flemish school in the kingdom. It will be seen, from the account in vol. i, p. 14, that I had my doubts as to the legitimacy of its being a picture by Cornelius Polemberg: it being so unlike, in subject and manner of handling, to the productions of that artist. It may be well said, that "it deserves to be held in very high estimation for its enchanting delicacy, silver-toned brightness, and extraordinary finish." It came from the Sunderland collection. A word upon Mr. Uwin's beautiful copy of this picture, anon.

† The proposals for the publication did not at first comprehend the whole plan, or entire list of portraits and subjects; and yet, at the time of issuing them, all the *large paper* copies were bespoke. The only copy of these proposals which I possess is worded thus:—

ÆDES ALTHORPIANÆ; OR,
 A *descriptive Catalogue* of the Pictures and Library of Althorp, Northamptonshire, the residence of the Right Hon. George John, Earl

sume them to have been sufficiently numerous and seductive ; since, before I started for the Continent, *the Trade* were thus responsive to my call.

Messrs. Arch	-	-	12 Large Paper	50 Small.
Mr. Evans	-		10 do.	25 do.
Mr. Major	-		10 do.	50 do.
Mr. Triphook	-		10 do.	50 do.
Messrs. Longman and Co.,			6 do.	30 do.
Messrs. Payne and Foss			6 do.	12 do.

These were the *Great Guns*. The *Howitzers* were, however, well shotted ; and I had every reason to be satisfied with Bibliopolistic Patronage. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Booksellers (Messrs. Laing, Blackwood, and Smiths) had not suffered their *Decameronic ardour* to be much cooled, and my Provincial Correspondence was as flattering as could

Spencer, K. G. &c. This Publication will form two handsome volumes, in imperial octavo, printed with a new type, at the SHAKESPEARE PRESS, upon paper of the finest quality. It will be embellished with engravings, executed by artists of the first eminence. Among these engravings will be the portraits of the First Baron Spencer (never engraved), Sir John Spencer, Knt., obit 1580 (never engraved), John, Duke of Marlborough (not engraved), John, Marquis of Blandford, his son ; Earl Spencer, K. G. (from a portrait by Phillips, not engraved), late Dowager Countess Spencer (not engraved), Margaret, Countess of Lucan (not engraved), and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire (from Reynolds). To these will be added, ten fine historical or other portraits, from paintings of equal merit and interest, in the GALLERY at ALTHORP. There will also be exterior and interior views of the house, with vignettes, characteristic of the place, &c.

The work to be published by subscription, at 6*l.* 6*s.* the small, and 12*l.* 12*s.* the large paper. All the *large paper* copies are bespoke.

be reasonably expected. My Noble Patron took four large, and eight small copies. My Private Friends were still staunch to "THE CAUSE." The Roxburghers, to a man, gave me their patronage; and, from quarters which were strange to me, I received demonstrations of support of the most gratifying description. Yet it might in some measure be considered an experimental effort. I was persuaded that, not only must the work necessarily be of a totally different complexion from its Decameronian precursor, but that nothing on the score of art (of what may be called a *distracting* variety) would be found in it at all comparable with such a precursor. The latter might even with sobriety be designated as overwhelmingly splendid. It remained, therefore, to excel in *quality* if it could not be done in quantity. Some of the replies to my letters were written with great characteristic spirit. The reader will probably rather thank me than otherwise for the perusal of a few of these answers. That of the late James Boswell—of whom see p. 383, ante—shall lead the van.

"MY DEAR DECAMERONIAN,

"Many thanks to you for your very handsome present. I should have been glad to have detained your messenger; but as I was not at home, he could not have taken my gratuity. I start this evening for Ireland, from whence I proceed to Scotland, and shall not return till November. I beg my most respectful remembrances to Lord Spencer.

By the way, I forgot when we met to request that you would put down my name for the *Ædes Althorpianae*.

“Yours very truly,

J. Boswell

The late Mr. Surtees, the admirable Historian of the County of Durham, replied thus :

“DEAR SIR,

“The *Decameron* is safe on my shelves in Lewis’s admirable neat binding—he having just hit my taste and not made them so fine as to shame my dusky volumes. I have rapidly devoured the prints with my eyes. Such an assemblage I never saw, and whatever were my expectations they have been surpassed. I *do* bite most *greedily* at *ÆDES ALTHORPIANÆ*. I beg my name may be placed on the list. You have a little error about Toby Mathew*. This was *Sir Toby* Mathew, the son of the old Bishop, ‘a buzzer and whisperer at court:’ see Suckling’s Session of Poets. Godwin (alluding to Toby’s turning Jesuit) says, he might have done well had he thought Mathew better than Toby.

“Bishop Cosin’s daughter, whom Tom Blakester ran off with, was not Miss Burton Cosin, the widow *Lady Burton*; (she undertook four husbands in her day) but her sister *Frances Cosin*, a maiden.

“Believe me yours,

“Ever truly,

R. Surtees

* See *Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 254-9.

“P. S. I wish to send Lewis a few tomes to bind ; before you leave London give him a hint that they are for a *plain* country collector. I want the excellence of his binding without the variety of rainbow colours.”

My amiable friend, the late Rev. John Eyre, Archdeacon of Nottingham, was pleased to meet my wishes in the following sportive strain :

“*Babworth, Feb. 24, 1818.*

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Calling on Mr. Holmes* yesterday, he shewed me your letter, and civilities to me ; the effect of which was, that I acknowledged it was only some suggestions of that squeamish Jade, *Prudence*, which had prevented me subscribing to your *Ædes Althorpiæ*. He chimed into the same tone : the result you will easily conceive. If women are lost by deliberation, what will become of two old men with bibliomaniacal propensities ? In short, the temptation gained strength by collision, and we agreed to sacrifice our virtue together ; and I am authorized to specify the surrender, and to request you to place our names amongst the List of Subscribers. Of course it must be the small paper.

“Very sincerely yours,

“JOHN EYRE.”

* JOHN HOLMES, Esq., of East Retford, “a thorough-bred and thorough-paced” Bibliomaniac—as sensitive in his 78th year, as I remember him to have been in his 58th year, in all matters appertaining to BOOK RARITIES. This Veteran has just published—or rather printed for private distribution—the fourth and last volume of a *Descriptive Catalogue* of his Library—with his portrait (“*Vir Ipsissimus*”) prefixed. I have to acknowledge many favours from him in the course of our mutual pursuits, and especially a good deal of nibbling criticism upon some of the later volumes of the *Bibl. Spenceriana*. It is delightful—and to me most gratifying—to see a man, at Mr. Holmes’s time of life, thus plunging about his library with all the frolic and vigour of a *Newfoundlander* in the Serpentine.

From my warm-hearted friends, George Hibbert and Charles Hatchett, Esqrs., I was favoured with the following responses.

“ *Clapham Common, 20th Feb. 1818.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Many thanks for the impressions of Cardinal Sforza. I have not thought it necessary to reply to your preceding letter, because I think I have assured you that you may consider me as a candidate for a *Char. Mag.* copy of any thing you commit to the press. I have, however (in candour I must tell you), heard some of your friends express their *doubts* about the general popularity of this intended splendid work; and perhaps they are tacitly making it matter of comparison with the DECAMERON, which many have *rashly* pronounced your “*ne plus ultra*.” For myself, I feel a sufficient interest in the *subject* (for surely it is worthy of record and of illustration), and am sure of the excellence of the *execution*. I saw the two specimens at Arch’s, and beautiful they were—Rembrandt, I presume, or Titian—for Arch could not say. As he expected to see you that day, he promised me to tell you that I must be a subscriber to the new work, and that I must take my copy from yourself.

“ Yours ever,

“ G. HIBBERT.”

“ *Mount Clare, Roehampton, Feb. 9, 1818.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ You deserve well of all Bibliomaniacs; and although I am not so outrageous as some of our friends, yet (being, as you say, “in for a penny, in for a pound,”) I must request you to insert my name in the list of your subscribers to the *Ædes Althorpianae*, for a *large paper copy*.

“ As it is possible that I may be able to shoot a bird or two for you, pray send to me by the post two or three copies of the Prospectus of your new work. I hope you do not

forget your old friend *Ames* and *Herbert*, as I should be sorry that they should suffer any *paralytic* affection?

“It is a pity that the books of De Thou were dispersed; for, from veneration for his memory, I wish his library had passed entire into the hands of some Bibliomaniac. Two of De Thou’s books are in my possession: one of them is a beautiful edition of that trumpery author *Sigonius*; it is his *Historiarum de Regno Italiæ*. The other is a beautiful small octavo copy of *Les Poesies de Jacques Tahvreau: de Mons, mises toutes ensemble et dedicées au Reverendissime Cardinal du Guise*, printed at Paris, 1574. This book is very scarce, and I am not sure if Lord Spencer has it. I believe, however, that Mr. Heber has a copy. May success attend you, and believe me

“Yours, most truly,

“CHARLES HATCHETT.”

Thus fortified (for the answers of very many were of the same encouraging description) I sought for the best *copyists* of old pictures which I was able to procure; and as about this time the magnificent and splendidly successful work of Mr. Lodge’s *Portraits of Illustrious Characters*, was making great way, and eliciting much talent in the same department, it was rather difficult to catch hold of what might in all respects suit my views. I was, however, particularly fortunate in the selection of two artists, who did ample justice to the subjects undertaken by them. When I mention Mr. UWINS* as

* Mr. Uwins had already proved the delicacy of his touch, the variety of his fancy, and the accuracy of his taste, in the initial capital letters to the “Ten Days” of my “Decameron;” to say nothing of the sweetly composed vignette to the “Introduction” of that work—which latter was murdered in the engraving. With what sincere pleasure,

one, and the late Mr. SATCHWELL as the other, and desire the reader to look at the *engravings* from their *pencils*, it may be allowed me to challenge his congratulations on the issue. Poor Mr. Satchwell died when I was at Vienna*.

Seeing matters thus methodically and smoothly

therefore, do I witness his continued progress towards perfection in his art. Since the very humble employment afforded him at my hands, by copying a few of the Althorp subjects, Mr. Uwins has visited Italy; has enlarged his knowledge, and improved his taste; and has enriched the walls of our annual exhibition by specimens of art in oil colours, which breathe of the classical air of the country in which they were conceived and executed.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to be made acquainted with the subjects at ALTHORP which were copied by Mr. Uwins for the publication in question:—

Sophonisba Angosciola,	Fragment of Cartoon, Raffaele,
Viscount Althorp,	A Calm, by Cuyp,
John, Duke of Marlborough,	A Masked Ball,
John, Marquis of Blandford,	Georgiana, first Countess Spencer,
Colonel John Russell,	Nell Gwynn,
Henry VIII., Q. Mary, and W.	Lady Denham,
Somers,	Mrs. Middleton,
Sir John Spencer, Knt.,	Sir Kenelm Digby,
Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,	Robert, first Baron Spencer.

If I remember rightly, Mr. Uwin's charges, including the expenses of travelling, did not exceed 150*l*.

* Mr. Satchwell was among the most obliging, industrious, and skilful of his fraternity. His copies of Rembrandt's Mother and of Earl Spencer's portrait, from Mr. Phillips, are of very prime quality. I possess the latter as my constant study-companion. Besides these, Mr. Satchwell copied Anne, Countess of Sunderland; the Duchess of Portsmouth; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; and the Marchioness Camden. With the exception just mentioned, ALL THESE COPIES are in the possession of Earl Spencer, and a most attractive cabinet collection do they form. It may be as well to mention, that Mr. Satchwell invariably used *gum*—Mr. Uwins never—in the copying.

arranged, I packed up my portmanteau for the Continent:—and returned at the end of the year, with a *Cornucopia of Flowers and Fruits* of which I thought the public might one day be well disposed to partake. I was not disappointed in this expectation;—but our present business is at Althorp. In the summer of 1819 my Noble Patron and his Countess went abroad; and in the autumn of that same year I took up my position to commence immediate operations at Althorp. The late Mr. Vigoreux, Rector of Great Brington—a village or parish which skirts the western boundaries of the Park—going also abroad at the same time, was so obliging as to allow me and my family to inhabit the Rectory: a short mile from the House.

The village of Great Brington lying upon high ground, you descend considerably in your approach from thence to the mansion. An avenue of elms, of some two hundred and fifty yards in length, planted by the mother of the late Earl, is the connecting link, as it were, between the church* and the private western park gate. Along this route, and from thence to the mansion, was my regular daily walk, to and fro, in the execution of my labours.

* Some account of this church, and of its double chancel, of which one is filled by the MONUMENTS of the SPENCER FAMILY, will be found in the earlier pages of the *Ædes*; together with a small plate of two ancient and grotesque ornaments upon the tops of two pews. The late Earl contributed two plates of the monuments of his ancestors to Mr. Baker, for his *History of the County of Northampton*. Their united expense was 120*l*.

During the November and December months, the daylight was necessarily scant. Of a sharp frosty morning, on my arrival, I have found the lower part of the house, for a considerable time, involved in hoar mist. Towards five o'clock, the light failing, I would wend my steps homewards to the Rectory, and before reaching the extremity of the "*Up-and-be-doing*" avenue of beech and oak*, (it

* This is the spot briefly mentioned by Mrs. Jamieson. There is no spot in the park at Althorp so familiar to me. It lies upon a gentle ascent, in the direction to the private western door leading to the church; and a beautiful vignette-engraving of it, by George Cooke, from the pencil of Mr. Blore, graces the tenth page of the *Ædes*. *Why* it is called "the *Up and be doing* avenue," is there thus explained: "To the right of the walk, on quitting the house, there is a stone tablet, perpendicularly erected upon a stone pediment. On one side of this tablet are the arms of Sir William Spencer, Knight of the Bath, with the date of 1624. On the other side is the above inscription, thus arranged:—

" VP AND BEE
DOING AND
GOD WILL
PROSPER."

The reader may not be displeased with a part of the note subjoined, in the work here referred to.—"This is a scriptural phrase, see 1 *Chron.* xxii. 16. The earlier versions of this passage come closer to the language of this inscription: thus, in *Coverdale's Bible*, of 1535, it is 'Get, get the up and be doeing, and the Lorde shall be with the.' In *Matthew's Bible*, of 1537, it is, 'Up therefore and set upon it, and ye Lorde shal be with the.' In *Grafton's*, 1540, 'Up therefore and be doing, and the Lord shall be with the.' In *Barker's*, 1607, 'Up therefore aud be doing, and the Lord shall be with the;' and in *Barker*, 1611, 'Arise therefore and be doing, and the Lord shall be with thee;' which is the present RECEIVED TEXT. It appears to have been a current expression of the day. Thus, in Cromwell's time, in an original letter of that celebrated man, in the possession of my friend Mr. Dawson, Turner,—'As if God should say, *up and be doeinge, and I will help you, and stand by you.*' The letter was written on the capture of Gainsborough." *Æd. Althorp*. vol. i. p. 8.

being nearly dark) I have been often and often regaled by a concert of owls—whose long-continued, tremulous notes, would re-echo among the old oaks planted by the SPENCERS of the *sixteenth century*. Before reaching the end of the elm avenue, the shades of approaching night increased; and yet, not so dark as to prevent me from frequently seeing a fine specimen or two of Minerva's bird flitting across the gloom. The faint cawing of the rooks, together with the scarcely heard flutter of their wings, proved also another source of pensive meditation. There was a melancholy pleasure—yea, a sort of intellectual luxury—about all this, which I know not how to describe. And then, how grateful—how joyous—in the bosom of a quiet and united family, with the yule log thrown upon the crackling fire, to think that the day had not been passed IN VAIN. Oh! how frequently—and at this composed and smiling period of my life especially—have I been struck with the beautiful lines of that most beautiful of all lyrical poets, HORACE:—

“ Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, VIXI.”—*Carm. lib. iii. ode 29.*

And thus for awhile “I LIVED:—” envying no sportsman the joys of the chace or the gun. My game was always sure, and always plentiful. In fact, the only difficulty lay in the choice of the object. What preserves! What covers! To a mind consti-

tuted like my own, it was “l'EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.” I could put my hand upon nothing but what was choice in quality, as well as in exterior splendour. The tale may be told in few words. Let the reader—and especially if he be a reader knowing in books—throw his eye over the *two hundred and sixteen pages* of which the running title—“THE LIBRARY”—is composed, in the first volume of the *Ædes Althorpiæ*—and ask himself first, whether a better choice could, or could not, have been made? and, secondly, whether the books chosen be not generally most desirable and even enviable copies? Take the department of the SACRED TEXT, alone, as a most interesting specimen; and adding the number of Bibles described in the preceding volumes—but ALL now deposited at *Althorp*—and you have the following wonderful result.

<i>Latin Bibles,</i>	<i>before the year</i>	1500	.	.	23
—————	.	1600	.	.	12
—————	.	1700	.	.	8
—————	.	1800	.	.	8
<i>German Bibles</i>	.	1500	.	.	9
—————	.	1700	.	.	5
<i>Italian Bibles</i>	.	1500	.	.	3
—————	<i>between the years</i>	1500 and 1800			7
<i>Dutch Bibles,</i>	<i>in 1477, 1788</i>	.	.	.	2
<i>Polyglot Bible*</i>	.	.	.	.	6

* Including those of Plantin and Walton upon LARGE PAPER; the former, De Thou's copy—of wonderful dimensions and condition; the latter the Lamognon copy, in blue morocco binding—magnificent, and no where eclipsed.

<i>Greek Bibles</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	15
<i>French Bibles</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	15
<i>English Bibles, including Welch, Scotch, and Irish</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	65
<i>Hebrew Bibles</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	14
<i>Spanish and Portuguese</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	4
<i>Polish (1565)</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	2
<i>Slavonian*</i> (1581)	.	.	.	.	.	.	1

Then go to the articles TESTAMENT, PENTATEUCH, PROPHETS, &c.—and admit, in these departments alone, how few *Public* Libraries even can venture to compete with that at Althorp. As rival *private* collections in this department, there is no doubt of the superiority of that of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex; who has yet, however, great essential wants in the earlier Latin and Italian Bibles. At a humble but not despicable distance, must be mentioned the biblical collection of the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, the present head-master of Eton school.

The departments of Topography and Biography readily supplied me with materials for an account of the HOUSE, PARK, and FAMILY †, which occupies the

* There are also twenty-three more Bibles (and perhaps of late still more) in all the other languages of Europe. Be it remembered, too, that these Bibles have been selected, not with a view to number, but to critical importance and rarity. Intrinsically considered, I am not sure whether they be not preferable to the countless collection which I saw at Stuttgard—distinguished for the multitude rather than for the choice of its volumes.

† Of the FIRST BARON SPENCER, an interesting account will be found from p. xiii to xxiv in the first volume of the work under consideration. He was created a Peer of the realm in 1602, and died in 1622, having had four sons and three daughters. On his death he had been a Widower

first sixty pages of the volume. Be it also permitted me to remark, that my *professional* duties were on no account neglected. They lay within a narrow compass, as the population of Great Brington was small and healthful. The church-services, especially of an afternoon, were well attended. The congregation was well conducted; and out of doors the village seemed to wear the general aspect of good order and sobriety. A secret feeling or persuasion should seem to have invaded the whole population—that, as they were under the protection, so would they be guided by the advice or regulations, of ONE BENEVOLENT MASTER. What Mr. Rose has said of

thirty years. His Wife is designated as THAMYRA, by Ben Jonson, in his Masque played at Althorp—being an entertainment given to the Queen and Prince Henry “as they came first into the kingdom,” on the 25th of June, 1603. The compliment paid to the First Baron, on the constancy of his Widowhood, is thus neatly turned by the Poet:

“Who, since Thamyra did die,
Hath not brook’d a Lady’s eye.”

See also Gifford’s Ben Jonson, vol. vi. p. 475. Ben Jonson was a learned man as well as a great Dramatist; but (not having Gifford’s edition at this moment before me) may I ask how and whence the word THAMYRA was used? I see that same word *masculinised* in an address to the reader prefixed to an edition of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, printed at Venice in the year 1488—thus:

THAMYRAS ad lectorem

“Quisquis ab insano nimium cruciatur amore:
Aut perdit stabili tempora longa fide:
Hos legat ardentes animo trepidante calores:
Fundere quos captis dura puella solet:
Discat et hinc noctem felici ludere cantu:
&c. &c. &c.

that Master*, I experienced abundantly in my frequent visits and communications with the parishioners of Great Brington.

But it is time to quit these autumnal shades†, and to take the reader up with me to London, to superintend the necessary steps for the *publication* of the *Ædes*. And yet I must detain him some few minutes; first, merely to inform him of the publication of the third volume of the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*—about which my friend Mr. Hatchett expressed his fears; and, secondly, to give him some little account of the progress and cost of the engravings for the work under consideration. It cannot be denied that the highly finished copies of the original pictures at Althorp, by Messrs. Uwins and Satchwell, required the hand of a master for their successful representation upon copper: but I remembered what Dr. Johnson had said in reference to the plates of a projected edition of the *Herculaneum Antiquities* by Messrs. Lettice and Martin. “Sir (said Johnson to Boswell), they don’t know what they have undertaken: THE ENGRAVERS WILL DRIVE THEM MAD!” Most assuredly I had my patience as well as generosity frequently put to severe trials during my intercourse with the *Sons of the*

* See page 455, &c. ante.

† A curious spectacle—phenomenon-like—presented itself on the morning of the 9th of October in that autumn. There had been a deep fall of snow during the night; and in the morning, the bunches of grapes in the vine trailed against the Rectory-house, were laden by a heavy burden of snow.

Burin. But I had also some experience to guide me. Although by far the greater number of the embellishments in the Decameron are upon wood, yet there are a great number upon copper; and some of them of very beautiful and costly execution. At all events, I was resolved not to “*starve the concern,*” and finally agreed upon the following terms.

			COST
Earl Spencer,	. . .	by W. Finden*,	£ 157 10
The same,	. . .	. H. R. Robinson,	126 0
Masked Ball,	. . .	. Mitau †,	157 10

* I have been always given to understand, that the extremely able manner in which this Engraving was executed led to the choice of Mr. Finden, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for the execution of the great plate of the late King sitting on a sofa. If this be so, it led at once to profit and to fame. And yet, methinks, a little memento (not savouring of money) might have been transmitted to the Individual, by whose means, not very indirectly, such a result ensued? Mr. Finden well knows how fond I am of art, and of *his* talents as an artist.

† It was originally intended to have secured Mr. C. WARREN upon this enchanting little drawing. He was at that time sitting on the tree-top of his art; and he would doubtless have executed it in a style very superior to that in which it now appears; although, as will be seen, the same sum was given to Mr. *Mitau*, who certainly does not appear to the same advantage in this plate as in many of those in the Tour. It was a matter of equal anxiety and distress to me to be obliged (from the pressure of time) to take it out of Mr. Warren's hands; but his family afflictions at once distracted his attention and engrossed his time. His son-in-law, Mr. Clennell, was one of the most promising artists of the day, and his death produced a deep sympathy among his graphic brethren. It strikes me that the two following letters by Mr. Warren, upon the beautiful picture here alluded to, will be read with some interest, as the effusion of a mind sensibly touched with the conflicting anxieties which beset him.

“ *Constitution Row, Gray's Inn Road, Jan. 26, 1819.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I called on Mr. Arch on Saturday, and saw the *exquisitely* finished Drawing you referred me to. From the nice execution requisite to do

			COST
Duke of Marlborough, . . .	Worthington, . . .	£ 75	0
Marquis of Blandford, . . .	Ditto, . . .	52	10

it justice, its size, and the quantity of figures, &c. in it, I find it impossible to decide *absolutely* on the price for the engraving at one view of it. I should therefore like to have it to estimate on at more leisure. But from the impression I felt on the first view of it, the price certainly cannot be *under* One Hundred and Twenty Guineas. If you could indulge me with the Drawing at my own house for half a day, it would enable me to come to a direct conclusion. From the character of the Drawing, I should like to engrave it, and I doubt not in such a way that would give all parties satisfaction. In the hope of hearing from you, or seeing you on the subject,

“ I remain, dear sir,

“ Yours respectfully,

“ C. WARREN.”

“ *Constitution Row, Gray's Inn Road, Feb. 16, 1819.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ The serious illness of my only remaining daughter, with whom I have been out of town, must plead my apology for not sooner answering your letter. I have now attentively examined the Drawing, which possesses so many difficulties, as well as beauties, that it will require a great portion of time, and the utmost exertion of the talents I possess to do it justice. I certainly wish to make it (as the Drawing deserves) the *FINEST PLATE* I have produced; and to enable me to accomplish this object, I have resolved to submit to you, as the price for the engraving of it, the sum of *One Hundred and Fifty Guineas*. After the frank offer you made, I should not have pressed an advance on it; but from a full conviction that to execute it in the way you will expect from me, it is worth every shilling of the sum. With respect to the mode of payment, I wish for no advance till the plate is finished; but contemplating the length of time it will occupy, and the trying situation I am placed in by the afflicting state of my son-in-law, Mr. Clennell, and the death of my daughter (having him and his family to support), I should be glad to receive half the amount in Cash, on delivery of a *finished proof*, and the remainder by Note as you propose. Should you agree to this arrangement, it will be a great convenience to me. It is my intention to commence as soon as I hear from you; and in the interim,

“ I remain, dear sir,

“ Yours respectfully,

“ C. WARREN.”

			cost
Rembrandt's Mother,	. . .	Scriven	£ 63 0
Duchess of Portsmouth,	. . .	Freeman,	42 0
Algernon Sidney,	. . .	Ditto,	42 0
Duchess of Devonshire,	. . .	Ditto,	63 0
First Countess of Lucan,	. . .	Ditto,	45 0
Marchioness Camden,	. . .	Agar,	84 0
Sea Piece, or Calm,	. . .	Fittler	63 0
Sir Kenelm Digby	. . .	Ditto,	60 0
Man with a Dog,	. . .	Scott,	50 0
Earl Spencer's Mother,	. . .	Freeman,	52 10
Henry VIII. Queen Mary, &c.	. . .	Holl,	105 0
Sophonisba Angosciola	. . .	Thomson,	55 0
Fragment of Cartoon,	. . .	Worthington,	42 0
Sir John, Spencer, Knt.,	. . .	Ditto,	52 10
First Baron Spencer,	. . .	Skelton,	52 10
Ann, Countess of Sutherland,	. . .	Picart,	42 10
Mrs. Middleton,	. . .	Wright,	45 0
Viscount Althorp,	. . .	Fry,	63 0
Colonel Russell,	. . .	Worthington,	52 10
Interior of the Long Library,	. . .	Woolnoth	63 0
Great Staircase,	. . .	Ditto,	63 0
View of the House	. . .	Ditto,	36 15
Nell Gwynn,	. . .	Scriven,	63 0
Lady Denham,	. . .	Freeman	47 15
Sundry Vignettes	. . .	Various,	73 10

There can be no doubt that these subjects might *now* have been executed at two-thirds of such a cost, which was little short of 2000*l.*: to which add the expenses of copperplate printing and French paper for the impressions (amounting to 350*l.*), and you have a total, on the score of ART, which had never been before devoted to the history of one Family, and to the furniture of one House.

I will frankly own that my very pride—in the maintenance of a particular reputation for beautiful works—stimulated me, equally with my affectionate respect for the Noble Owner of the mansion, to “do the thing well and handsomely”:— and so it was done. If the success was not commensurate with the pains taken, and the sums spent, it may and must be attributable to the “*Ædes*” not coming out as a *single* volume. To speak the truth, the second volume was a sort of drag-chain to the first. The public “’gan tire” of *Fifteeners*; by which I mean books printed in the fifteenth century:—or, were the second volume necessary, it might make its appearance, at a future period, with an account of treasures subsequently acquired. Had not the proposals been absolute and irrevocable, by the advance of *one-third* of the money due upon the *two* volumes, the second might have more judiciously made its appearance with the Catalogue of the CASSANO LIBRARY:—but in 1817-8, who could have presumed to dream of the acquisition of that extraordinary Collection?

Taking, however, the SPENCER LIBRARY, as consisting of *seven volumes*, I think that I have a right to say that the errors are those of *commission* rather than of *omission*. Much must be allowed to the absolute impossibility, at starting, of comprehending all the features of a work, developed by such an extraordinary, and almost endless, variety of materials. If merely dogged diligence or dry detail were neces-

sary, I could with ease have walked in the steps of Audiffredi, Seemiller, and Braun; but I wished to do better things. I looked on an old volume as a threefold object of art, curiosity, and intrinsic worth; and, therefore, I strove immediately to bring it under the reader's eye, by a faithful tracing of some of its embellishments, and as faithful a transcript of its text. In the mode of extract from the latter, the book itself may be said to be in a manner *sub oculis*. The Catalogue of the Royal Library here, and of that in France, is yet more extensive; but each has a sort of stately aridity, in presenting us with the mere titles of books, undiversified by fac-similes, and unaccompanied by disquisitions. Never were paper and print less usefully devoted. I admit that, in the BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA, very many articles are both needlessly and injudiciously extended; and that fac-similes have been somewhat profusely bestowed upon descriptions of volumes of a secondary importance. But much must be allowed to the fashion and feeling of the day. On the other hand, in the account of valuable and scarce works *divested* of embellishment, there has been, on no one occasion, to the best of my recollection, any shrinking from a close and vigorous grappling with the articles described. Cicero, Horace, Terence, and Virgil, are examples of this fullness and fidelity of description.

Undoubtedly, if opportunity and inclination served, nothing would be more acceptable to the bibliographical world—if not to the public at large—than

an ABRIDGMENT of these seven volumes in one ; divested of all ornament, and containing the descriptions of such books (and they are many) which have been acquired *subsequently* to the original publication. But it should be of the same size, and in the same beautifully executed stile of printing. It is true, the *chamber* would be the same ; but the *arras* and the *rich hangings* would be gone.

I return to Althorp. Two things will ever continue to console me in some of the results which followed the publication of the “Ædes.” I had exerted myself to the utmost to execute with fidelity and ability the task assigned to me. I had, in turn, erected a *Monument* to the name of SPENCER...

.... “ quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.”

Whatever of careful research, minute description, and varied detail—made public in a form unprecedented for its splendour—could contribute towards the substantial *materials* of such a Monument, may be found in THAT...to which I allude. Of course, it is understood that I also include the six other volumes devoted to the account of the LIBRARY. Civil wrath, rather than “the wrath of Jove—” “fire, sword, or time,” may and will, in the end, level the proudest structures which have been raised ;

.... “ but Books will live for aye*.”

* This quotation has been before the Public in the *Bibliophobia*, p. 78. It is a translation “by a Wit of the Age,” from the following Originals :

The other source of consolation is, that if I have been occasionally generous at the expense of *prudence*, in the remuneration given to Artists, I have in many instances done *good*—by having cheered a sinking heart, and excited a praiseworthy spirit of emulation.

Two years may be said to have elapsed in the preparation of those materials for the work which related to the Engravings. During that time the *Bibliographical Tour* was almost ready to be started. I had originally intended to have incorporated, in the first volume of the “*Ædes*,” an account of such books in the Althorp Library as had been in the collection of DE THOU*, and of such as had been printed

“Miramur periisse Homines? Monumenta fatiscunt.”

AUSONIUS.

“Nescia Musarum sed Monumenta mori.”

OVID.

The entire English passage runs thus:

“Men timely die, and Princes day by day
Moulder to dust; but BOOKS WILL LIVE FOR AYE,
And re-embalm us in the coldest clay.”

* The following particulars, drawn up at Althorp some sixteen years ago, relating to the library of this Great Man, may be acceptable to many of my readers.

THE LIBRARY OF DE THOU.

Notwithstanding the particular account given of the collection and dispersion of this Library, in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 476-481, I cannot but suspect that we are still in the dark relating to some particulars which seem to have intervened between the disposal of this library by the last descendant of De Thou, and the acquisition of it by the PRESIDENT MENARS. It is, however, a well authenticated fact, that the manuscripts were purchased by COLBERT, and, with the rest of that great Minister's manuscripts, were bequeathed to the Royal Library.

at the presses of the ALDINE FAMILY. My lists of these two classes of Books, which were of consider-

The question is, in regard to the PRINTED BOOKS. Did they go entire to the President, or did he only become the purchaser of the greater part of them at the sale of the library by public auction? It is ascertained that Du Puy and Quesnel drew up the catalogue of the library for the express purpose of public sale by auction.

These doubts have arisen in consequence of casting an eye over those pieces relating to De Thou's library, which are to be found at the end of the seventh volume of Bukley's edition of De Thou's History of his Own Times. The principal evidence is that of the learned and irreproachable HUET. He says (*ex Commentario de rebus ad eum pertinentibus. Augt. 1718, 12mo. p. 390, &c.*): "A few years ago, De Thou, the descendant of the illustrious family of that name—which has deserved so well of literature—returned from Holland. He was our ambassador in Holland, where he lived with the greatest splendour, and maintained the dignity of the French name most gallantly and successfully against the wiles and contumacy of the Spanish ambassador. He lived, however, in so liberal and sumptuous a manner as to injure his private affairs; which could only be redeemed by the sale of his ancestor's library—of that LIBRARY (continues Huet) which had cost the original possessor full forty years of diligence and expense in the collection; and of which, that it might be preserved entire for the benefit of his family and the literary world, he had strictly forbidden the dispersion, by any means, in his last will and testament. Notwithstanding the operation of the law had sanctioned this testamentary disposition, it was nevertheless resolved, from the pressure of domestic necessities, that the library should be parted with. I had been somewhat intimate with young De Thou for a few years past. He came to me one day, in a very dejected manner, and prefacing something about the difficulties of the times, asked me whether I thought I could persuade the king (Louis XIV.) to purchase this library for the use of the Dauphin? [Huet was the Dauphin's head preceptor] adding, that it was not less choice than extensive, and particularly distinguished for the elegance and splendour of the books. I told him that his wishes should be communicated to the king and to his minister Colbert.

"The proposal was unsuccessful. The king answered, that his own library was already sufficiently large, and that the dauphin might have the use of *that*. De Thou, dejected and disappointed, turned round in pursuit of other purchasers: but these he found so callous and parsimonious, that, not agreeing upon a price, the books continued in their

able extent, had undergone the revision of my Noble Patron ; but on second consideration it was thought

original state, and in the mean time the possessor of them died. His heirs reaped so little emolument, that although the *bindings*, ornaments, and illuminations, &c., had cost little short of 100,000 livres (so De Thou told me himself), the books were absolutely sold for little more than one-third part of that sum. I bought some of them at the public sale, and consider them as the greatest ornaments of my library." How, therefore, can we reconcile this statement with the purchase of the library by the PRESIDENT MENARS?

Perhaps the noblest specimens in the world of what are called DE THOU BOOKS, are the Polyglot Bible of Plantin, at Althorp, and the Poetæ Græci of H. Stephen, 1566, folio, at Paris. The latter has been briefly, but warmly noticed in the Tour ; the former merits a more expanded description than what appears in the *Ædes*, and is here subjoined as a specimen of the execution of any of the articles in the List above alluded to.

"This wonderful set is upon LARGE PAPER ; with the exception of the three last volumes, which probably were never printed of the same size, or they would have unquestionably found their way into the library of DE THOU. The sacred text is complete in the first five volumes, upon large paper. To say that this is the finest copy of any work which belonged to its first illustrious owner, is to say little or nothing which can convey an idea of the extraordinary beauty of the types, press-work, and paper. Yet the form is perhaps a little whimsical, it being evidently too broad for its length. The praises bestowed upon Plantin, in the fourth page of Montanus, 'preface to the reader,' are only what that incomparable printer merited. De Bure confines his description of this edition to the last three volumes ; but it may be as well to know, that after the half title of the first volume, three copper-plate embellishments (of which the first is the general title) ensue, and that the title to the commencement of the Pentateuch is cut in wood. The two prefaces of Montanus are followed by three royal licenses or admonitions, preceding the Pentateuch title. It is also surprising that De Bure mentions no copy of it upon vellum, or upon large paper. Brunet notices the vellum copy formerly in the royal library of France, now restored ; but says nothing respecting large paper. Is the present the *only known* copy of this latter description? For an account of another vellum copy, consult the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 154."

But resort, gentle reader, to No. 81, Pall Mall—and as "seeing is

advisable to withhold them—both on account of their probable want of general interest, and of expanding the volume to an unnecessary size. At length, on the first of April, 1822, I put a finishing hand to the preface; and, ere the expiration of that month, THE WORK APPEARED.

However, I look back upon the pleasures and gratifications which, for twenty-two succeeding years, I have derived from my visits at ALTHORP, without more than a common sigh at the changes which have marked the lapse of that time:—and more especially at those from the last visit to the present moment. Mortality is the destiny of man. Our meetings are short: our separations are long. I think upon those “ATTIC NIGHTS”—of Christmas meeting and Christmas merriment—to which an allusion has been made in a preceding note*, and ask myself whether the deceased, or the survivors of these attic nights, be the greater number? I scarcely know how to respond to the question. I well call to mind my *own* “Reminiscences” of these Christmas symposia. Beauty, wit, taste, goodness, on one side—learning, science, art, eloquence, public distinction, on the other—and rank in both. In more ancient times, here was Reynolds, and Garrick, and Gibbon,

believing,” contemplate the copy UPON VELLUM—in the rich binding of Charles Lewis—and wonder how this copy has not been pounced upon by the Standishes and Botfields of the day!

* See page 238, ante.

and Major Rennell, and Sir William Jones ; in later times, the Right Hon. T. Grenville ; Drs. Burney and Elmsly ; Bishops Blomfield and Copleston ; Mackintosh, Tierney, Davy, Wollaston, Buckland, and more whom I may not name. How the hours of evening used to fly swiftly away, while the blast was howling, or the snow was falling heavily, without !

But in this galaxy of intellectual splendour, let me not omit the notice of ONE, of a meek spirit, of peculiar habits, of deep learning...a foreigner, long domiciled in this Noble Family...with whom I was wont to have much familiar and pleasing discourse. MR. OCHEDA*, like the greater number of those just

* On rising from table, after dinner, it was almost my constant practice to resort to the "Raffaelle Library" for the purpose of half an hour's agreeable chat with the above worthy gentleman. I used to draw him insensibly into a long discourse, and copious off-hand quotations from Lucretius and Virgil. Mr. Ocheda's memory was great. I used ordinarily to find him close to a lamp, with one of the "FATHERS" before him. He had read them ALL twice through. His reading was prodigious ; but I do not think that his intellectual receiver digested the enormous quantity of food introduced into it. He read walking, sitting, and standing. He was a native of Tortona, and his recitations of the Italian poets—especially of Dante and Tasso—were beautifully impressive. He loved the English School of metaphysics, but suffered himself to be ensnared in the subtleties of Hume, or bewildered in the vagaries of Hartley. When Gibbon was in the habit of visiting Althorp, Mr. Ocheda (as he told me) would now and then have a resolute intellectual conflict with him ; but he was fighting with a giant in his way—whose grasp would sometimes shake him to pieces. The conversation was always carried on in the French language. He, Mr. Ocheda, had amassed a pretty income during his domicile with Lord Spencer—upon

mentioned*, is now beyond the reach of this frank and honest tribute of respect. We once had some skirmishes together, relating to the B. S.—but these very slight, and were therefore easily forgotten. I now consider him only in the light of an intelligent and amiable person—and I throw this floweret upon his tomb (“servet sepulchro!”) in the perfect spirit of Christian sincerity and benevolence. And thus,
FAREWELL TO ALTHORP!

which he retired to Italy to die in his native province. I subjoin a facsimile of his autograph—from one of the only two notes, or letters, which I ever received from him.

T. De Ocheda

* Of “those just mentioned,” let me be allowed to observe of Dr. Elmsly—one, especially qualified by deep learning, and great experience of foreign libraries—that, speaking of the library at Althorp, I heard him more than once remark, that, “even at *Paris* he could not get the books he found *there* upon ordinary subjects of science and philology.”

CHAPTER X.

PUBLICATIONS CONTINUED.

——— velut unda superveni tundam;
 ——— as in a rolling flood,
 Wave urges wave. . . .

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

SUCH frequent mention has been made of the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON, and the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL TOUR UPON the CONTINENT, that not only in the order of time, but with a view to give the reader some notion of these two opposite, but equally splendid, publications, I sit down to the Office of Chronicler of my own deeds; interspersed with collateral, but not extraneous intelligence—of a yet more interesting nature. I look upon the whole period of the conception, concoction, and publication of the Decameron as the *sunniest* period of my life. I scarcely know how its precise plan originated; but the sale of the *Valdarfer Boccaccio** seemed to have *decameronised* every thing else. I thought if I could bring together a few ladies and gentlemen of a less equivocal character than those introduced by “Il Maestro Joanne Boccaccio”—and make them

* See page 360, ante.

discourse upon subjects decidedly less equivocal than many of those started by that most original Italian writer—I might do good: the more especially if I could bring certain topics to bear upon the fine arts, typography, and bibliography. It seemed, however, in the first instance, that I was bound in honour to resuscitate the *Dramatis Personæ* in the BIBLIOMANIA—of which, about this time, a copy was scarcely to be procured “for love or money.” I found that I could easily erect my *scaffolding*; but of what materials the *building* was to be constructed, and how its *furniture* was to be supplied, seemed to require repeated deliberation.

An accident furnished a hint sufficiently strong to set me to work upon. I was walking one evening with my friend Mr. Wade*, in the immediate front of Holland House, and seeing several carriages coming up the avenue, to set down parties to dinner—while the lamp was beginning to shine decidedly in the large front room on the first floor, which is in fact the dining-room—my friend jocosely observed, that “those ladies and gentlemen were, without doubt, coming to talk about old pictures and old books, while the lamp had been just trimmed to throw a better light upon the objects before them;” that “they had all got their night-caps and morning dresses in their carriages; and that the Noble Owner of the Mansion, with his accustomed urbanity and love of

* See page 330, ante.

hospitality, meant to make it a sort of *Decameron* visit." "Upon this hint," if I did not "speak," I acted; and within a week was closeted with Mr. Uwins to give instructions for that beautifully composed, but barbarously engraved, vignette, which is at the head of the "Introduction" of my work. By that time, too, the chief outlines of my plan—as it now appears before the public—were sufficiently delineated. I had been for several years collecting typographical curiosities, in the shape of printers' devices, old woodcuts, and "*id genus omne*"—and I had also filled several memoranda books with notices of the treasures and illuminations in the British Museum as well as in very many private collections. These were materials in abundance—to which I would be often secretly wishing to give publicity in some popular shape. The moment, therefore, seemed to be now arrived when I could bring all my scattered rays to bear upon one point, and to break upon the public attention with a singularity as well as splendour of embellishment to which it had been hitherto a stranger.

The Spencer Library was sailing with a steady and prosperous breeze before the wind, when I first made public my intentions of giving existence to the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON, by a slight *avant propos*, in which the work was announced as likely to be in *two* volumes*. A sketchy account of the contents of each of the "*Ten Days*" accompanied this public announcement; but as my materials expanded, and

* See page 529, ante.

my patrons increased, I ventured (as in the case of the Bibl. Spencer)* to extend the work to its present form of *three* volumes; and having bespoke some *one hundred and twenty* reams of that beautiful paper upon which the reader sees it printed, I set to work in right earnest by the issuing of Prospectuses, and announcing its probable appearance, as in the note below†. The DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE was kindly

* See page 493, ante.

† The ensuing "Circular" was accompanied by a List of Names—including those of private friends and booksellers, to the number of *two hundred and twenty*. Of these, EIGHTY (upwards of one-third) to my certain knowledge, have "ceased to be." The announcement was as follows:

"*The Bibliographical Decameron; or, Ten Days pleasant Discourse upon Subjects connected with the early State of the Fine Arts, Typography, and Bibliography.*

"CONDITIONS OF SUBSCRIBING.—The Public are aware that it was the intention of the Author to have confined his Work within *two* Volumes; but, as is frequently and indeed generally the case, a quantity of matter has been collected, the extent of which was not foreseen, and the nature of which is presumed to be too interesting to abridge or suppress. The Ornaments have increased in the same proportion. It has therefore become absolutely necessary to encroach upon a *third* Volume, which, with copious Indexes, will certainly conclude the Work. This arrangement, however, is made with no view of *increasing the original Price*, which continues the *same*; namely, 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* for the small paper, and 15*l.* 15*s.* for the large. The only method left for the Author to meet the serious increase of expense, unavoidably attendant upon such enlargement of plan, has been to fix upon every remaining copy, on *the day of publication*, an additional Guinea and a Half; that is to say, 9*l.* 9*s.* for the three volumes complete. In the mean time the price will continue as before. The Publication will unquestionably appear in the course of the ensuing Spring. The Subscription for the *Large Paper Copies* is full: and of the Small, one half of the number is already engaged. The Work has been at the SHAKESPEARE PRESS for the last ten months, and is executed in a manner which has never been exceeded by any

pleased to accept the proposed Dedication to Himself; and artists—numerous, ready, obliging, and competent—were on all sides engaged in the fulfilment of their duties. I must confess that I had every encouragement from my friends—including the whole *Corpus Roxburghianum*—to prosecute the work with spirit. I would not readily allow a *damper* to operate, or I might have wavered a little on the receipt of the following note from my amiable friend Mr. Lang—than whom I never had a warmer Encomiast upon the work itself, after it had made its appearance. “You know best (said that worthy Roxburgher), but I should doubt whether there were 750 Subscribers for books, at 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* per copy, on literary subjects*.”

Fortunately this prediction was not likely to be

publication from the same distinguished quarter. The Artists engaged upon the Plates, whether upon Copper or Wood, will be found to have shewn themselves worthy of the reputation they have long enjoyed; and upwards of 2000*l.* *already* expended upon these embellishments may give some idea of their number and excellence.”

It is particularly requested that Subscribers send their names (post-paid) to Mr. R. Triphook, Bookseller, Old Bond Street; or to Messrs. J. and A. Arch, 61, Cornhill; or to Mr. Major, 18, Skinner Street, Snow Hill. One third of the Subscription (2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) to be paid at the time of subscribing.

* With what mingled pride and pleasure did I read my friend's answer, on his receiving his copy of the work. “Your book surpasses all expectation. It is beautiful and magnificent. I have been admiring it, and now shall read it from the beginning to the end. I wish you every success with it, and certainly do think it the CHEAPEST BOOK I ever saw published. Lord Ashtown is staying with us. His taste is good, and it has his high approbation.” This was dated from *Moor Park* on the 10th Dec. 1817.

verified; for the trade, as well as my friends, supported me gallantly; and I proceeded "right on" (as they say in Suffolk) with my Decameronic labours. So awful, however, was even the *approach* to the "*First Day*," that I dared not attack it as in its present place; but, to the best of my recollection it formed, in *actual composition*, the fourth day. The note in the last page will have informed the reader of the sum at that time spent in the preparation of materials in the way of ART; but I find that, on the last day of the year, 1816, I had received, by way of advance of *thirds* on subscription—1093*l*. Towards this sum the Trade had contributed in proportion to the following copies taken.

			LARGE.	SMALL PAPER.
Mr. Major	-	-	6	36
Mr. Upham, of Bath	-	-	6	24
Mr. Evans	-	-	5	7
Messrs. Payne and Foss	-	-	2	4
Mr. Triphook	-	-	1	25
Messrs. Longman and Co.	-	-	1	12
Mr. Mahon, of Dublin	-	-	1	6
Mr. Nicol	-	-	2	6
Messrs. Arch	-	-	1	6
Messrs. Lackington and Co.			0	12
Messrs. Robinson, Leeds	-	-	2	6

I mention only the more prominent Subscribers of the bibliopolistic fraternity on the *announcement* of the work, of whom several increased their numbers on its *completion*. From the close of the year 1815, to the summer of 1817, my application was

almost unremitting—if the getting up of the fourth volume of the *Typographical Antiquities*, in 1816, be also taken into consideration. In summer I rose early, in winter I sate up to a late hour. Taking advantage of a short day light, I would postpone exercise till evening; when, as in the case with the *Classics**, I would frequently walk upon a path as hard as marble, while a canopy of millions of stars was glittering over my head. Once I reached Chiswick and back again, by way of bodily as well as mental refreshment. But I never worked more thoroughly *con amore*. The first, fourth, sixth, ninth, and tenth Days tried my diligence to the utmost—but especially the fourth: where, at one moment, in the endeavour to reconcile the conflicting evidences respecting the origin of the Art of Printing†, I thought I *must* have given up my task in despair:—for indeed it was traversing a country, “where (in the language of Junius) little vegetation quickened, and few salutary plants took root.” Then came the incessantly recurring difficulties in the mechanical arrangement of the press—so as to make *just room* for the “thousand and one” wood blocks with which it seemed to be studded. What cuttings out, and cuttings in—

* See page 209, ante.

† It will be seen, from the note in page 326 of vol. 1, that I was hard at work with this “*fourth day*” on the second of May, 1826; for happening to notice Schœffer’s marriage with the daughter of Fust, I say, that it was on that very day that “Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg led to the hymeneal altar the Princess Charlotte of Wales.”

now compression—now enlargement—in all and every way*

“Double, double, toil and trouble.”

There sat *Mr. Bulmer*—here *Mr. Turner*; while the more ponderous figure of the careful Batsford† was put into constant motion to manage, shift, and contrive, as well as the subject might admit of. The steady *Smith* was the immoveable Compositor who was principally engaged upon the work, and who was as familiarly acquainted with every scratch and scrawl of the bizarre MS. of the author, as a shepherd is with every face in his flock of sheep. He, the said Smith, little imagined at that time that he should one day become the “*Historian of the parish of Marylebone‡*” and the successor of Batsford

* These “cuttings out and cuttings in” were attended with tremendous results on the score of EXPENSE; for thus discourseth Mr. Bulmer in his elongated bill, brought in upon the occasion, and penned by the late Mr. Henegan, his worthy, but most unfortunate foreman.

“To remaking up volume ii. frequently, two wood-cut pages extra, Greek, Hebrew, matter struck out, and extra trouble in working the numerous blocks - - - 64 6

“To extra corrections and alterations, and various transpositions 39 4”

I may just add that the work was printed at 6*l.* 6*s.* per sheet, “in small pica, with brevier notes, very heavy, done very fine, including vignettes and wood engravings.”

† An excellent, worthy, steady, invaluable workman, or overseer, was good old Mr. BATSFORD. He loved a dry joke to his heart’s content; and had always a sort of hollow, half-grumbling, half-growling, note while he was saying and doing the kindest things. He died in his 82nd year, having latterly encountered much domestic affliction and trouble. There are men in this world in *all* situations, whom we can ill-afford to lose . . . and RICHARD BATSFORD was one of them.

‡ Mr. Smith’s debut as an author bears this title; “A Topographical

as foreman in the office of the successor of Mr. Bulmer. As to Mr. Turner*, his kindness, cleverness, and endurance were beyond all praise. "Send me no more (says he, on the receipt of a subnote-upon-note-sheet), any more such as the last, or you will break up my heart." How often have I been suddenly called away from Kensington to Russell Court, Cleveland Row, to smooth a difficulty, to solve a doubt, or superintend the first workings of a *red*†!

and Historical Account of the Parish of Marylebone, comprising a copious description of its Public Buildings, Antiquities, Schools, Charitable Endowments, Sources of Public Amusement, &c., with Biographical Notices of Eminent Persons, illustrated with Six Views and a Map. By THOMAS SMITH," 1833, 8vo., 7s. 6d. A cheap, useful, unpretending, and not inelegant volume. The map prefixed is worth half the money. There are copies upon *large paper* for the Marylebone Dons and Vestrymen ... but not without "valuable consideration."

* See page 519, ante.

† Some of the workings "*in red*," in these Decameronic volumes, are not only of the most exquisite, but most difficult, execution; and it were doubtful at the time whether there was another press in *Europe* which could match them? I know of nothing from the Paris or Vienna presses—in the same line—by which to institute a comparison. It will be seen from a preceding page (513), that Mr. Bulmer was in high good humour with his achievements in this line; and I believe I am the first of *living* authors, who, in the year 1810—in the first volume of the *Typographical Antiquities*—resumed, or restored, that good old diversity of colour in our printed volumes. The reader is about to be let into an important secret. At pages 68, and 96-7, of the first volume of the *Decameron*, he will see some of these "workings in red" *let in* into, or mixing up with, the dark surrounding ornaments. Now, he is to know, that the *expense* of the process of these workings, is, in each instance, equal to that of working the entire *sixteen pages* of text; because the whole form must be shifted, and a *distinct operation*, however minute, ensues. Now, for his advice and instruction he shall be let into another secret—namely, nothing less than Mr. Bulmer's charge for these extra

The distance seemed as nothing ; especially when, on return, I had been gratified by the successful operation of the press.

But if there be one thing more agreeable than another to dwell upon—in the preparation of materials for this costly and original work—it is *that* of the pleasure and instruction derived, during my visits connected with it ; especially in the northern parts of England. What appears in it respecting York, Sledmere, Rippon, and Durham, was collected during one of those visits. How prompt—how kind—how serviceable—were the attentions of four in particular (Mr. Archdeacon Eyre, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Surtees, and the Rev. J. Raine), of whom *one* only now survives ! What pleasant, stimulating discourse—and what a September was that of 1815 for its enjoyment ! Can I ever forget *Mainsforth*, and the Historian of the County of Durham, its Owner, when

workings and shiftings, and cutting down, and propping up, in the first volume of the work under discussion.

“ To red workings in two half sheets - - - £ 3 0

“ To extra, in working the numerous blocks, and having them frequently to cut down, and repair—Greek—cutting down letters, remaking up - - - 51 10

“ To extra corrections and alterations, and repeated proofs of each sheet of the work - - - 48 0

A preceding note has given an account of the expense of some of those extra workings in the second volume ; but it was destined for this first volume to put the patience of Messrs. Bulmer and Batsford to the severest possible test ; inasmuch as the very great pressure required to work the block, representing the “ mouth of hell,” at page 218, **BROKE DOWN THE PRESS** (p. 490).

we paced together the old-fashioned terrace which adjoins his mansion!—and when he turned sharply and pleasantly upon me with a quotation from the *Bibliomania*, of which I had either forgotten, or denied the existence of, the passage! Here, if any where, were the “*Domus et Placens Uxor:*”—and alas! for the Mistress, the “*Linguenda tellus,*” in addition! Few men united so many intellectual excellences as the late ROBERT SURTEES, the Historian of the county in question; a work, in which are happily combined the diligence of the Antiquary, the attainments of the Scholar, the courtesy of a Gentleman, and the charity of a Christian. But the proudest attestation of his exemplary worth and talents will be found in the establishment of a Society at Durham, called THE SURTEES SOCIETY, of which the object is mentioned below*, and to which some of the most respectable names in the kingdom are subscribed as Members. There is ONE living, who, justly proud of, as well as grateful for, such a

* From a printed Circular, explanatory of the views of this Society, furnished me by the common friend of the Deceased and myself, William Bentham, Esq. (a Roxburgher “good and true”) we learn that “it has for its object the publication of inedited MS., illustrative of the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and the social condition of those parts of England and Scotland included on the coast between the Humber and the Frith of Forth, and on the west between the Mersey and the Clyde; a region which constituted the ancient Kingdom of Northumberland.” The Circular concludes with a notification of the objects immediately in contemplation to be made public; and I must say that these objects are of primary interest and importance. The reader has doubtless recreated himself with a humorously original letter from Mr. Surtees in a preceding page—571.

glorious monument to be raised to the memory of THE DEPARTED, will I am persuaded vouchsafe to accept this floweret planted at its base.

Nor can I readily forget the generous hospitality experienced at Sledmere*, and the ever active and kind services evinced by the late senior Prebendary of York, and Archdeacon of Nottingham; and how, about the tenth hour of the night on my return from Sir Mark's, that excellent person and myself visited the venerable library of York Cathedral, in search of "the Horse, the Sheep, and the Goose†." To

* See vol. iii. p. 405.

† A very scarce metrical tract, printed by Caxton. See vol. iii. p. 417, &c. The successful charge upon the library of the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln induced a secret belief, on my part, that similar success might attend a similar charge upon that of York Minster. In other words, I felt extremely anxious to procure the above little volume, at the price even of one hundred guineas, for the library of Earl Spencer. Through the medium of my amiable friend, Mr. Archdeacon Eyre, a negociation was set on foot. It was conducted, and it concluded, most honourably:—but my old friend William Caxton remained STATIONARY upon the shelves of the library. The two following letters upon this subject, which, as they betray no confidence, and are exceedingly characteristic of the kindness and felicity of diction of their author, cannot fail to meet with the reader's gratification. I should premise, that during my visit at the Archdeacon's, we had, in conjunction with Mr. Dallin, the librarian, several very stiff and steady rummages in the library, to find out curious, rare, and valuable volumes, which stood in need of immediate attention as to binding, &c.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"So powerful and so persuasive is your reasoning, that if I was the sole proprietor of those paltry leaves, Lord Spencer should have them immediately; and even if the rest of the Chapter proposed it, I would not dissent, though contrary to our established maxim. But I think there is no chance of it, as the same post which brought your letter, brought me one from the Dean [MARKHAM], who, upon that subject

the Rev. James Raine of Durham, I not only owed my introduction to the historian of that county, but was indebted for many kind attentions and useful suggestions; and I rejoice that HE, as well as the

says, that 'though he should really be glad to part with such black letter books in exchange for really valuable ones, yet he thinks it would be quite inconsistent with right; for as we have had many presents, and are in the custom of receiving them now, we should be very untrustworthy if we parted with any; as persons may like to deposit them in a safe public library.' However, I have sent him your letter.

"Neither Dallin nor myself have had any time to make further searches in our library, but I have no doubt we have many undiscovered treasures: 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed shelves of *Toby* bear.' I was in time to stop the external view of the old chapel. By-the-by, it was a ruin, serving as a stable and hayloft, when we began its restoration in 1806. There was sufficient of the original to enable us to restore it to its exact primitive state, except the roof, which is probably lower, and the battlements, which we copied from the oldest part of the Minster, being of the same era. It was a chapel annexed to the Archbishop's palace, which was totally destroyed many hundred years ago.

"I will send this letter under cover to my son-in-law, who will frank it forward to you; if you write to me, you may as well inclose it to him, unless you are in a great hurry.

"Yours, very sincerely,

"Residence, York, Oct. 13, 1815.

JOHN EYRE."

The second letter disclosed the irrevocable decree of the Dean and Chapter, in the following words.

"DEAR SIR,

"I find at Bishopthorpe a portrait of Toby Matthews, in every respect superior to that in our library; I intend, therefore, to stop Mr. Cave till I hear from you. He has a book open before him, on which is written, 'Mors vitam nec aufert nec affert.' It is undoubtedly original, and not wholly without merit.

"I had a letter from the Dean to-day. He wishes, as well as myself, that we could let Lord Spencer have those Caxtons, consistently with our principles. But of all obstinacies, a *conscientious obstinacy* is the most invincible. So we must rest contented with the consolation of having what Ld. S. is anxious to obtain: like children, derive enjoy-

recorder of these matters, has been yet spared from the destiny of others to think and to discourse upon these by-gone days. The Dean of Rippon, Dr. Waddelove, is even at this instant with me in the library of Rippon Minster. I see his fine and beautiful octogenarian countenance—his amazement on the discovery of the “*Book for Travellers*” and of other book-rarities* : next, our trip to Fountains Abbey by moonlight—his dainty partridge-supper—and vehement condemnation of the whole book of *Pharmacopeia* for the prolongation of life. All this is still present with me. Dr. Waddelove died, I believe, in

ment from other's envy†. I mentioned it to-day to the Archbishop, who approves our conscientious scruples. Neither I nor Dallin have made any farther examinations. I am afraid ; for it steals away time, and wearies both body and mind. It requires the spirits and mania of a * * *. Write what you wish to be done as to TOBY, or ‘not to BE†.’

“Yours, very sincerely,

“*Residence, York, Oct. 16, 1815.*

JOHN EYRE.”

* See vol. iii. p. 420.

† Lord Spencer was very easily reconciled to his fate on this subject. In a letter dated *Holkham*, 12th Nov. 1815, he says: “Though I miss an opportunity of adding to my Caxtonian list, by the final determination of the Chapter of York, which you announce to me, I must own that I cannot express much, if any, disappointment of their decision upon the subject ; which, strictly speaking, is a correct one.”

‡ There had been once an intention of having the portrait of this interesting character (once Archbishop of York) engraved for the *Decameron* ; but I afterwards gave it up. See a good deal relating to him in vol. iii. p. 255, &c.

They possess, in the fine library attached to the Cathedral of York, a most magnificent copy of the second edition of Erasmus's Greek and Latin Testament, 1519, 2 vols. UPON VELLUM. They have also some curious and valuable manuscripts, of which several were sent to London to be appropriately clothed in the *Lewisian* garniture.

his ninety-second year. I should presume that the whole arcana of medicine could scarcely have furnished materials for carrying him into *another* year.

But there were other visits, in a different direction, and in part recorded in the pages of my work, which are still remembered by me. The two days and two nights spent at Stowe*, with the amiable and learned librarian there, Dr. O'Connor (now taken from us), in company with a common friend (yet, I thank God, preserved to me), are even among the *Deliciæ Memoriz* of my present existence. Dr. O'Connor lived to complete his Herculean labour of *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, in four quarto volumes. There was a singleness of heart and simplicity of manners about him, beneath which his deep reading and knowledge of ancient *Irish History* was in a manner hidden or buried; but if you touched *the* note, the whole spirit of the man and of the historian was instantly kindled up; and his usually mild countenance was in an immediate corruscation of joyous delight. Shortly after the publication of the Decameron, his warm heart induced him to address me thus. The letter has no date; but the allusion to the present Marquis of Chandos coming of age, places it late in 1817, or early in the following year.

“DEAR SIR,

“I THIS day received a letter from the Marquis of Buckingham, expressing his satisfaction and commenda-

* See vol. iii. p. 399.

tions of your work; and desiring me to write to you a letter of thanks for your kind mention of me, which he is pleased to say has given him very great pleasure.

“I have not yet seen that work, but I beg of you to believe that I am thoroughly grateful; and that I will fulfil my promise to you, as given in my last. There is to be a great concourse of the first nobility here on the 11th of February, to celebrate Lord Temple’s coming of age*. I will avail myself of that opportunity, and let you know the result. Meantime I have written to Lord Carleton and others. I wish you every enjoyment. The “*mens sana*” you have. The *corpus sanum*, after such a task as yours, is another consideration.

“CHAS. O’CONOR.”

For the sake of juxta-position, and in strict chronological order, I shall accompany the foregoing by the following flattering testimony of my work from the NOBLE OWNER of the mansion which is described in its pages. On the Christmas day of 1817 I was much gratified by the receipt of the following letter from the Duke of Buckingham, who had a *large paper copy* of the work.

“Stowe, Dec. 24, 1817.

“SIR,

“YOUR ‘*Decameron*,’ reached me last night. I have dipped into it, preparatory to a steady perusal of it; and I already feel how much the learned world owes to you for the publication. I am glad to find the *Stowe Library* afforded you objects not unworthy of notice in a work of such literary

* In my visit to Stowe, 1815-6, I saw some of the MONSTROUS CASKS filled with ALE, which were to be broached on this memorable anniversary. The ale had been brewed at the nativity of the Marquis. To the best of my recollection, it was a regiment of barrels only exceeded in grenadier height by those which I saw at Heidelberg in 1818.

importance as yours. I hope to have the pleasure of receiving you personally here; and shall be much gratified by looking over with you some things which I trust will not prove uninteresting to you. The Sulphur, by Finiguerra, mentioned by you, is in my possession now; Mr. Grenville * deeming it as more properly belonging to a classical collection of prints than to his library, which does not include any collection of that description. The first volume of Dr. O'Connor's Catalogue is all but finished, and will afford a rare specimen of industry and learning. It will not be published, but I shall beg your acceptance of a copy of it.

“ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ CHANDOS BUCKINGHAM.”

The last letter which I received from him was the following—of which the fac-simile autograph of his name gives proof of the truth of its concluding sentence. The writer died in the year 1828†.

“ *Bath, S. Parade, No. 3, Aug. 24, 1823.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I RECEIVED your letter requesting some information respecting Irish writers of the seventeenth century. In about ten days after the date of this letter, I trust that I shall be enabled, by the Bath waters, to return to my studies and usual occupations at Stowe; and I hope I need not assure you that, if you will, in a few days after, remind me of the promise I now make, I will send you all the information I

* This exquisite specimen of FINIGUERRA'S talents is said to have been purchased of Mr. Woodburn, by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, uncle to the Duke, for three hundred guineas.

† I request the reader's attention to what is said of Dr. O'Connor, and of his labours, in the *Library Companion*, p. 268: second edit. He was in all senses of the word an HONOUR TO HIS COUNTRY.

can upon the subject, in the abridged manner you mention. I shall be always glad to hear of the good health and happiness of a man who has contributed so largely to the stock of public knowledge, in so pleasing a shape as you have done; and I beg of you to attribute to my respect for your useful and entertaining labours, and your valuable time, as well as to my endless occupations in Stowe Library, that I have not often inquired for you by letter. I never omitted verbal inquiries when occasions occurred, and am sorry that my absence here deprives me of the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Payne and you on your intended visit to Stowe*. A trembling hand forbids a longer letter.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Dear Sir,

“ With very sincere esteem and regard,

“ Your obliged humble servant,

Chas O'Connor

But to return, and to dispatch. The first volume of my Decameron was finished printing on the 1st of February, 1817; the second, on the 13th of June;

* This alludes to a visit paid by Mr. Payne and myself to Lord and Lady Spencer, at Althorp, in the autumn of 1823, when it was our intention to have taken Stowe by the way: but the unavoidable absence of Dr. O'Connor diverted our intention. In the direct route to Althorp, we visited Woburn Abbey: and there I *convinced* my worthy travelling companion, when examining the *old* library of that magnificent mansion, that the *fine* paper copies of Leland's Itinerary, of which only twelve had been struck off, were not upon large paper. And within the library of Christ Church College, Oxford, somewhere about the same time, I convinced the late Lord Spencer of the same fact: because *these identical copies* are inserted in Hearne's list of subscribers as “fine paper.” Consult the *Libr. Companion*, p. 225, edit. 1825, for a pretty full account of this important matter to a thorough-bred HEARNEIAN.

and the third on the 20th of November in the same year : a celerity of execution perhaps unparalleled—when the very many delicacies and difficulties of the work are taken into consideration*. During the course of the printing I was induced to bind up a few copies of the second and third Days, to submit to a few critical and *sympathetic* friends. Lord Spencer did me the honour to read and to commend†; Mr. Grenville was prompt in expressions of a warm and friendly approbation; while from my staunch as

* The entire cost of the *printing* of the work was 1248*l.*: of the *paper* 1033*l.*; of the *engravings* in copper and upon wood, probably 2000*l.*—as I have no very correct data here to go upon: for *copperplate printing* and French paper to print upon, 578*l.* This was at least a BOLD undertaking; and sufficiently justified me in calling upon my friends and the publishers to advance something on account. To the best of my recollection, I had paid away 2000*l.* before the day of publication. Well might my friend Dr. Bliss observe, on receiving his copy of the Decameron, bound by Lewis, and on expressing his admiration and entire satisfaction with the work, “Such a RISK was only to be undertaken by a vivacious and spirited undertaker.” This from St. John’s, Oxford, Jan. 14, 1818. He adds, correctly: “I hear that it has risen in price beyond all idea, and that you have sold every copy:”—and then he favours me with one of his *own* “vivacious” dissyllables—“BRAVO!”

† In a letter from Althorp, of the date of the 21st April, 1816, His Lordship was so good as to express himself thus:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I DID not follow your suggestion of postponing my perusal of the *Second Day* of your Decameron till to-day, but went through the whole of it on my way down hither yesterday. It is a most beautiful volume, and contains a great deal of very curious and interesting matter; which is, however, of a nature not to be adapted to all readers, though all must of course admire the beauty and correctness of the decorations. I have looked through the volume with the same freedom as I took in perusing those of the *Bibl. Spencer.*, but I have found nothing which can be dignified with the title of an *Hippopotamos* error; and, indeed, if you

well as early friend, George Henry Freeling, Esq., I got a response which shall speak for itself in the words which "hereafter follow."

"I THANK you heartily for the treat you have afforded me. I had always calculated upon a very beautiful book; but I confess it far exceeds my most sanguine expectations. It is truly magnificent. To judge from the specimens I have seen, the DECAMERON will do equal credit to your taste, research, and liberality; which *latter* commodity is, from its rarity, of some value now-a-days, in Bibliographers as well as in Bibliopoles. The Subscribers will have their "*worth of a penny*"—full measure—and must be amply satisfied From such a variety of different subjects it is very difficult to say which is the most admirable. Any particular one I could not select. The Introduction; the glorious capital P in the *Chronicle of Francis I.*; the delicious *Magdalen*; and the exquisite little *Kalendar of the Months*," &c.

Now, this I hold to be the language of a man who not only knows what he is talking about, but is in earnest in what he says.

These favourable opinions were of great en-

wish to adhere to that metaphor, the smallest kind of *water-rat* would be a more appropriate designation for any of the very trifling errors I have noted.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"SPENCER."

His Lordship, with his usual accuracy and minuteness, enclosed the "water-rat" errata here alluded to, on a slip of paper—which indeed justified his designation of them. On the 21st of the following July, on receiving the "*Third Day*," Lord Spencer cheered me by a continuation of the probationary strain, thus: "I took a cursory view of the *Third Day* as I came down in the carriage here [Althorp], and I find it full of interesting anecdotes, though less in my way than some others of your productions. The decorations are very beautiful."

couragement to me*. Another object pressed upon my consideration after the work had gone to press. I was desirous of a LIVING PORTRAIT or two (as I have been, equally in vain, in the *present work*) to give an additional interest, as well as embellishment, to my pages; and those of Mr. Roscoe and Mr. George Hibbert were thought likely to be productive of the object in view. My readers will, I think, feel equal pleasure with myself in being made acquainted with the answers of these distinguished gentlemen to the request in question.

* But from no one quarter did I derive a higher gratification—in the transmission of these “*peeps behind the curtain*”—than from that of one of my own Publishers—Mr. MAJOR. He was the largest *shareholder* (as may be seen at page 600) in the *Decameron Bank*, and it was only due to his prompt and generous support that he should have some idea of the Work to which he had so liberally lent his aid. Besides, the gallant spirit evinced by him in the purchase of the Stock on hand of the fourth volume of the *Bibl. Spencer.*, entitled him to every consideration. His reply is not less creditable to himself than it was flattering to my feelings.

“*Skinner Street, April 10, 1817.*”

“DEAR SIR,

“I return you the precious *demi-tome*, with many thanks for the foretaste you have thought me worthy to receive of a treat so highly intellectual, although in one sense bewitching and bewildering. Bibliomaniacs, ‘yet unborn, shall bless the writing of that DAY.’ ‘It was the felicity of Pope (says Johnson) to rate his talents at their real value.’ Of this felicity, I trust you enjoy a sufficient share, for self congratulation; as, after all, some will want taste to admire, though more must lack the power to express their admiration. For my own part, I will wish you no better fortune than that every one who sees, may be equally gratified with myself, and feel equally disposed to aid, abet, and comfort, the Author of such a delectable entertainment,” &c.

“Yours, ever sincerely,

“JOHN MAJOR.”

“Liverpool, July 19, 1816.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“You judge quite right in supposing that I should ‘shrink’ from the honour of finding myself exhibited, *in propria personâ*, in your Bibliographical Decameron. My ambition is abundantly satisfied with the friendly notice you have already taken of me and my pursuits; and I cannot but feel that the exhibition of my *portrait* would be an instance of my vanity, without being an advantage to your work.

“W. ROSCOE.”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I TAKE as a high compliment your proposal about my portrait, but to *that* I must decidedly say—NO. I ride my Bibliomania as I have done other hobby-horses, without any call of genius or qualification by study for that particular pursuit. It happens that good fortune now and then puts some good books into my possession; and when in your work (which will be consulted hereafter by all who adopt this pursuit) I find it recorded that I possess any such rare treasure, I consider the record as valuable to me, because it ensures, in a great degree, to me, or my successor, the public estimation of the article. But to thrust my *visage* forward among those who have, with diligence and with intelligence, rendered themselves, as it were, a *corps bibliographique*, is what I never can consent to. My taste and pursuit may diverge, as it often happens to merchants, more especially if they have upwards of a dozen children. A few years ago I had the finest private collection of PLANTS in England. I introduced many hundreds into the country. I studied Botany. I might then, I make no doubt, by some chance, have seen my nose peeping out in some page or other of a work recording the *Botanical Worthies* of the Age; and what a smile would such an appearance have excited in these days, when I have not a plant that does

not grow everywhere? This is my frank explanation; and I dare say it satisfies you, who are candid, and only on one particular subject bitten by a *mania*.

“Ever yours truly,

“GEORGE HIBBERT*.”

But I will fairly own that there were few portraits which I was more desirous of possessing than that of SIR JOSEPH BANKS; not only because, without any personal knowledge of him, I had spoken of his library in the First Day of the Decameron as I thought it *deserved* to be spoken of†, but because

* There were *other* portraits—and ONE in particular which I was exceedingly anxious to possess, as most apposite and interesting embellishments to my *Decameron* pages. But it might not be. There are sensitive minds in this world who shrink from, or startle at, the echo of their own reputation: “e’en at the sound themselves have made.” I hoped, however, to possess the physiognomy of the veteran LEONTES (see p. 294, ante), or James Bindley, Esq.; the more so, as his first refusal was somewhat coy or coquettish. He observed to me “that he could not bring his mind to say positively *yes*, or *no*; and must think the matter over more than *twice* before he ventured to *appear in public*,” adding, “that he never had his portrait painted, and now felt less inclination than ever upon that subject.” Finding it a doubtful point, I ceased to press it: although that venerable gentleman *did* afterwards sit for his portrait to Mr. Behnes; and a private plate is struck off from it. If I mistake not, there is also a print of Mr. Bindley’s portrait taken when he was about forty-five; with his hair tied behind in a club, and with formal side curls.

† The passage in question is as follows: “the incomparable library of SIR JOSEPH BANKS, in which, as in a wood of ancient growth and primæval grandeur, amidst insects of all hues, reptiles either noxious or innoxious, and wild beasts that walk abroad or love the lair—you may disport at ease, and solace yourself without injury, and to your heart’s delight. Such a collection should not be suffered *to be dissipated*; as neither years nor centuries of years can erase the name of the owner of it from the records of imperishable fame.” Vol. i. p. 246. The wish

he was unquestionless an eminent public character; and the admirable bust of him by Sir F. Chantrey had whetted my appetite to possess it. How the matter fell off, I cannot now pretend to say; but Sir Joseph's answer to my request is at least worthy of arresting the reader's attention for a few seconds.

“*Soho Square, Aug. 17, 1815.*”

“REVEREND SIR,

“THOUGH I certainly possess a library of some value, and have not hitherto spared any expense in rendering it useful to those who pursue the studies that were my delight until my eyes refused any longer to submit to the fetters of a microscope, I confess myself to have so little of BOOK HEROISM in me, as to have declined the sacrifices made by the more *Heroic Collectors* in the purchase of Books more valued for their rarity than their use. I am willing, therefore, to accept a *subordinate* station in the temple you intend to raise to the honour of *Bibliomania*.

“I am gratified, however, to learn, from your letter, that my treasures, as a collector, are valued by you, Sir, at a higher rate than I myself ever put upon them; and shall, I assure you, be flattered by seeing my admirable bust* (for so, in justice to Mr. Chantrey, I must call it) brought for-

here expressed has been REALISED; and the library in question takes its place “for aye”—in the BRITISH MUSEUM. It was so bequeathed by its late owner.

* Sir Joseph Banks was fortunate in the representations of him by the hand of art. He is all intellect in Chantrey's bust: he is the very President of the Royal Society in Mr. Phillips's picture—full of attention to what is going on—“*Vir Ipsissimus*.” And how fortunate is the latter in Schiavonetti's engraving of his portrait! It is difficult to say which is the more alive—the picture or the print?

ward in a way that will do credit to his talents, while it places me IN COMPANY WITH MEN whom I esteem above all others.

“ I am, Rev. Sir,

“ Your most faithful and most humble servant,

John Bonny

At length came the day of parturition. Accustomed as I had recently been to a progeny of no mean beauty—and splendid and stately as were the *Spencerian* tomes—I could not keep down the inward swell of delight on the first view of the volumes of the *Decameron*. The paper, the workmanship at the press and with the copperplate printer*, the variety, in form, colour, and character, of the ornaments—struck me, when united in one solid body—“compact with stiffened boards”—as something perfectly *sui generis*. But this was not the fond and

* Mr. Lahee, of Castle Street, Oxford Market; who for twenty-five years has been my principal, if not my only operator—“*hâc in re.*” If during that period he have received some *two thousand pounds* from me, we will readily hope, and infer, that “the labourer is worthy of his hire.” He is among the most punctual men of business with whom I am acquainted; and in the mezzotint department of his art the acknowledged “*facile princeps.*” But the honest eulogy of a VETERAN in his art, must not make me forget the rising merits and acknowledged cleverness of Messrs. Lloyd and Jennings in the same important department. Every body knows how imperfectly, if not in some instances, wretchedly, the plates of the immortal WOLLETT are printed. I feel persuaded that had they got into an office like either of those just mentioned, we should have seen *such* impressions from his *Fishery, Wolf, La Hogue*, and from the *Wilsons*, as would have astonished us—at the extraordinary ability of his burin.

foolish effervescence of mere parental drivelling or dotage. My friends—the Public—the world at large—partook of the same feeling* ; and such was my anxiety that the work should be delivered to those subscribers of my particular acquaintance, in as beautiful a condition as possible, that I prevailed upon them to have their copies bound by Charles Lewis, in the *first instance*, as being the safest passport to their own hands. To the best of my recollection, about 120 copies were thus bound in conformity with my wishes†. I then began to feel my way with

* I shall not easily forget the frank and warm manner in which Mr. Bartsch (of Vienna) expressed himself to me upon this subject—at our first interview—in the Imperial Library. “*Jamais de ma vie je n’ai rien vû de plus beau ou de plus intéressant.*” It was a passport to an immediate and strict intimacy with him during the whole of my stay at Vienna. Nor may I withhold a part of the eulogy of a most competent judge—dwelling in the metropolis of France. “*Cet ouvrage est dans le même genre à peu près que la Bibliomania du même auteur, à laquelle il fait suite ; mais il est imprimé d’une manière beaucoup plus somptueuse, et les gravures sans nombre dont il est enrichi en font un livre VRAIMENT EXTRAORDINAIRE : nous pouvons même ajouter, jusqu’ici, UNIQUE en son genre.*”—BRUNET. The cynical EBERT (see page 555) even grows something like admiration.

† A very pleasant correspondence, of some few dozen letters, ensued upon the delivery of the bound copies to my respective friends. A part of Mr. Bindley’s letter, in acknowledgment, may lead the van of extracts.

“*Stamp Office, London, Dec. 19, 1817.*

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I yesterday received from Mr. Lewis my copy of your Decameron, and I find myself in the same predicament with Dean Swift in possessing a Book—

‘Too nicely gilt for me to soil.’

Thus much for the outside. Now for the contents. As far as I have ventured to open it yet, I foresee much and very useful information, and

those of the TRADE who had not previously taken a particular interest in the work. Mr. Jennings, then

abundant entertainment from the perusal of it; and I think we are obliged to you for the communication of such various and curious notices of Bibliographical History." The remainder of Mr. Bindley's letter is better placed in a sub note*.

Among those to whom I had been indebted, not only for much kindness and civility, but for many substantial acts of friendship, and of a branch of whose family a distinct and interesting notice is taken in the pages of the Decameron, vol. iii. p. 371, was, and now is, JEREMIAH HARMAN, Esq., a gentleman who, as a British Merchant (that character, alas! too frequently adumbrated at the present day with many a doubtful shade!) and a lover and encourager of the fine arts, stands upon a lofty and enviable pedestal. Mr. Harman thus, in few but gallant words, acknowledged the receipt of his large paper copy. "Accept my best thanks for your kind attention in having superintended the binding of my exquisite copy of your magnificent work." The "letter missive" of my friend Mr. HATCHETT followed "hard upon."

"Mount Clare, Roehampton, Dec. 29, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am delighted with the Large Paper Copy of your Decameron, for indeed it much surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I must also allow that Mr. Lewis has done justice on his part to this beautiful and interesting Work.

"Yours, with great regard,

"CHARLES HATCHETT."

From the *country* also I had several "Testimonia in laudem Auctoris." Thus writes Richard Slaney, Esq., from Penkridge.

"Dec. 27, 1817.

"I am quite delighted with the Work. I repent that I did not attend to your recommendation in having had my copy *bound by Lewis*; but my impatience to possess it would not allow me to wait longer than I could possibly help." Is the Author of this letter—who writes so warmly, whom I have never seen, and of whom I know nothing—YET ALIVE? If so, I will not pass within a thirteen mile post of his house without a "tendere palmas."

* "Having on a former occasion, perhaps improperly, assumed to myself a designation of which it would be an unseasonable delicacy to

living in the Poultry, absolutely ventured upon a speculation abroad—and gave me a prompt and liberal order for thirty-six copies. Even the calculating brow of Mr. Bagster relaxed into smoothness and admiration. “He had never seen such sweet books”—and when he begged I would immediately send him twenty-five copies at my own price, the church clock of St. Paul’s—then striking—could not have produced, to a novice in London, a more *astounding* sensation than did the words of that order...as it “fell upon mine ear!” But when, in a very short time succeeding, I received from him written instructions “for *another* twenty-five copies,” I thought justly that “the field was already won.” Judge, too, gentle reader, of my equally-balanced surprise and triumph, on receiving the following

affect ignorance, and of the additional proof of your kind regard afforded me in your present publication, I feel, with a due sense of the honour you have done me under my *nom de guerre*, as a penny combatant in the field of BIBLIOMANY, some concern lest others should feel as I do myself; that your friendship has in this instance got the better of your judgment. Accept my best thanks and wishes, my dear sir, for the health and happiness of yourself and family, and here we will end, for I know of no other termination that can be better.

“As you must be now for some time a comparatively idle man, I hope you will find time now and then to look in upon me, as I shall always be most happy to see you.

“I am, dear sir,

“Your most obliged, and very humble servant,

James Bindley.

notification from the Adjutant-General, at headquarters, No. 39, Paternoster-Row. "I am glad there is such a demand for your work. It is worthy of it, and is certainly *cheap* to a gentleman at 9*l.* 9*s.* As soon as I had even partially examined it, I was fully convinced it would all be sold in a few months; but I must confess I could not have supposed there would have been such an incessant demand for any work of such magnitude, and of which such a number of copies was taken off.—C. R."

From other *bibliopolistic* quarters—in the country—from Bath, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Leeds, Bristol, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, "the tide" of orders set strongly in. My friend Mr. J. M. Gutch, the then leading bookseller of Bristol, and editor of the *Felix Farley Journal*, had disposed of all his copies at 9*l.* 9*s.*, and was desirous of more. His concluding language, in a short letter of Jan. 17, 1817, is worthy of himself—but it is not for *me* to quote it. The Decameronic flame seemed to catch, and to burn in, the bosom of his venerable parent, the Rev. J. Gutch, Registrar to the University of Oxford: for thus writes that most worthy Gentleman and kind hearted friend. "*On enquiring at Mr. Parker's this morning, I cannot find that a Subscription copy of your Decameron has been sent for me. I have therefore procured a frank from the Bishop of Oxford to you, and beg the favour of an answer whether I am to have a copy. Parker has disposed of the copies he subscribed for, and desires me to ask you how he is*

to send you the needful? If All Soul's College should wish to have a copy, how is it to be procured? With best compliments, &c.

Yours truly
J. G. Bulmer

But the gallantry of Messrs. Robinson and Sons, of Leeds, shot far a-head of all bibliopolistic competition. I was pressed to let them have fifty copies on my own terms; they tendered 9*l.* 9*s.* per copy for the *earlier*, and 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* for the *later*. I could only part with twenty-five impressions. This was indeed THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE BIBLIOMANIA. Those who know me longest and best will not accuse me of a cold or ungrateful heart. I could not possibly have the slightest idea of the extraordinary, not to say extravagant, sale of the work, when, *before* the day of its publication, I asked my Publishers to dine with me. They came, with Mr. Bulmer and Mr. Wm. Nicol. They saw, lying upon the table, the new offspring cradled in the morocco of Charles Lewis. I had then, to the best of my present recollection and belief, about 320 out of the 760 small paper copies unbespoke. A cabinet council had been held by my booksellers (*"en voiture chemin faisant"*) to make me an offer of 6*l.* 6*s.* per copy for *every remaining copy*. Mr. Evans, who

was the “Mercurius, or Chief Speaker” on the occasion, was to draw a cheque for the whole amount—say 2000*l.*—if I acquiesced. The safety of the world—at least of the political world—may be said now and then to depend upon a YES or a NO. The fate of lovers is often locked up in one or the other of these emphatic monosyllables. To the surprise of my guests, and to my own utter astonishment ever since, I DECLINED the generous offer. By putting this negative construction upon the proposal, I was ultimately a gainer to the amount of some few hundreds. Nothing, however, could exceed the harmony of our meeting; and I am not sure whether, of its kind, this were not a *unique* symposium.

It gave rise to ANOTHER, induced by a similar feeling of grateful generosity. Many of my kind Friends, who had so gallantly supported me during the progress of the Bibl. Spenceriana, and Typographical Antiquities—at whose tables I had so often sat, and of whose liberal kindnesses, in various directions, I had so often partaken—were good enough to accept a quaint invitation* to dine with me on the

* As a sort of counterpart to what appears of the same kind in a preceding page (531), I annex three of the characteristic replies to the “quaint” invitation here mentioned. First, for James Boswell, under the character of Aristarchus.

“Thou hast damnable iteration! What, didst thou look at thy books to find that thou hadst written me down an ass? If thou talkest to me of 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, I shall look upon thee as the fair Ophelia, and say—“I never gave you aught.” If thou biddest me to dinner, why then with

9th of December, 1817—and to carry away with them their respective copies, in large or small paper, bound by Charles Lewis, in morocco or in russia, as the orders might have been given. A back parlour was consigned to these copies, and a comely and heart-cheering pyramid they formed. About a dozen guests obeyed the summons. Somewhat of an extraordinary surprise awaited them on their arrival.

the Spirit of an Ancient Roman, I will answer with Cassius, ‘Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating!’

“Thine,

“*From the Temple Gardens.*

“ARISTARCHUS.”

“I will bid Lewis garrility.”

To the best of my recollection, the mistake was on my side, and to my disadvantage. Mr. Boswell had advanced nothing. Lewis was to settle it; but I cannot make out what precedes “garrility”—nor, as before, do I know what that word means.

The next tells its own tale admirably.

“*Right Kynde & worthy frende,*

“Thy byddyng hath safely come vnto my handes, & I shall not be vnmyndful therof, & albeit I delite not ouer muche in ‘Wyne & Was-sail,’ yet do I intende that we shall dysporte ourselves cherily, & like worthy & dyscrete Bibliomaniacs, so that we maye for the nones borrowe the pithy sentimente of the learned Bischope of Dunkeld (‘on whos soul God haue mercy’)—

‘Now make we mery, away dolf harti’s dull,
Now drynk, send offer Tapyter cowpis full—
Bryng Wyne agayne, and set therof plente.’

“Thy louynge frende,

“EDW. V. UTTERSON.”

The third from Mr. Haslewood, though brief, is not a bad pendant to what appears at page 533, ante.

“Be it well known to Mayster ROSICRUSIUS, that the devoirs of the Comte de Gabalais were never more to be depended vpon by the aerial deities, or the bewitching spell of Belinda’s beauty more certain in effect on its Slaves, than his own fiat for the feast of the Decameron is with

“BERNARDO.”

A tray, filled with several of the choicer wooden blocks, which had been used in the printing of the work, was handed to each guest, with an urgent request that he would *help himself* to one, two, or three of these woodcuts, as taste or inclination led, as a memento of the Day—which might indeed, on very many accounts, have been called the ELEVENTH DAY. My worthy friends helped themselves liberally, as I wished them to do. Some were for converting these blocks into SNUFF BOXES*, others for

* Amongst the SNUFF BOXES manufactured in part with these wooden blocks, is one, in the possession of my friend the Rev. Henry Drury, having at top and at bottom the two heads which appear as the bottoms of pages 156-7 of vol. 1. They treat “of the Chin and of the Ear in Physiognomy.” It had been more lucky had my friend obtained the upper block at page 156, which treats “of the Nose.” These blocks are embedded in silver, and the snuff is as *Decameronic* as possible. Were I a Prime Minister, I could refuse my friend nothing—if, in preferring his request, he tendered me, at the same time, a pinch of snuff out of THIS Box.

For myself, I was content with the beautiful device of NICOLAS EPISCOPIUS—the son-in-law of FROBEN—having a *Crosier* in the centre; as being elegant in itself, and of not overgrown dimensions, and seen at page 312 of vol. 1: but nothing like so beautiful and rich as that used by some Venetian printers, which may be seen at page 179 of vol. 1. Of all possessors, however, of the *Episcopus*, surely a Mr. JOHN BISCHOFF, of Leeds, should have been the Individual!—for thus wrote that (unknown) Individual to me.

“ Leeds, 29th Jan. 1818.

“ SIR,

“ A pardonable wish to obtain everything and every anecdote concerning my *Forefathers*, is my apology for intruding myself at this moment; and, though a perfect stranger, of troubling you with a request. In turning over your interesting publication, the Bib. Decameron, I was delighted to find an excellent Portrait of J. FROBEN, and enough said of his Son-in-Law, NICHOLAS BISCHOFF, to make me wish to know more. Being lineally descended from this Nicholas, and of course by

framing and glazing them, or making them the substratum of a drinking cup.

But the surprise greatly increased when another tray, filled with similar materials, was presented, with a request that every Visitor would take a block, and—*throw it into the fire*. They looked astonishment. A thrill of horror seemed to pervade every bosom. Remonstrance and entreaty were resorted to, in vain. I led the way to this unparalleled act of Incendiarism, by throwing the ugly and frightful figure of *Lucifer* (p. 219, vol. i.) into his natural element...the flames. Mr. Baron Bolland followed with the largest and most expensive block—that from the *Triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian*, about a foot square—and paused and hesitated ere he cast it upon Lucifer. These were already beginning to *enlighten* us, when Mr. Hibbert approached with the *full plumaged Knight*, of nine inches in length, from the same work—and destined to follow the same fate. Sir Francis Freeling brought forward

his Wife *Justina*, from Froben, I feel anxious to possess the best engraving of that esteemed character. I therefore made application for it in London, but in vain—and I have since seen an advertisement in the *Gent.'s Magazine* which precludes all hope. The manner in which you speak of the merits and character of my respectable Ancestors, emboldens me to address myself to you; in the hope that, if you have an impression to spare, you will favour me with it. Hoping you will excuse this liberty,

“ I am, with great respect,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ JOHN BISCHOFF.”

I cannot now charge my memory with the result; but I believe that his request was as immediately, as cheerfully, complied with.

the expressive physiognomy of *Baptista Porta* (seen at p. 158 of vol. 1) but twice hesitated ere he committed it to the flames. Mr. Alexander Chalmers groaned inwardly as he advanced, “with measured step and slow,” with the large woodcut of the *Dancing Bear*, seen at p. 215; but bruin was at length tossed upon the pile, heels uppermost. Mr. Henry Drury seemed to move “*oculis aversis*” as he threw *St. Gregory performing high Mass* (p. 67) into the midst of the crackling elements. But why further particularise?—or I might tell how my friends Messrs. Utterson, Boswell, Pontons, Markland, and Haslewood fed, in turns, the “rising flame.” Before we descended to dinner, the fire had consumed property, which may be fairly said to have cost its Owner upwards of one hundred pounds sterling.

But WHY this ruthless act—which in apparent barbarity of principle, and of its kind, seemed to have equalled the firing of the Alexandrine Library by Omar? I will tell you, gentle Reader. The property of THE WORK was in a measure *secured* by it. A small sacrifice led to a great saving. Ere my friends departed, another and another trayful of *Decameronic Blocks* followed the destiny of their precursors. The gatherings of three years anxious cost and careful selection were annihilated in less than five hours. Even after dinner there was a top and a bottom dish of Decameron-blocks, enfiladed by fruit. A very outcry was made to preserve them. James Boswell orationised. Mr. Haslewood twice rose,

and twice sat down, in vain. The “secret orders” had been peremptory, and block after block was committed to the flames! Who now could doubt about the value of the *Impressions* in my work from these identical woodcuts? Who *now* could rob, and pawn, and be guilty of PIRACY? I knew that the whispers of scepticism, and the insinuations of slander, were beginning to have currency as to a probably illegitimate use of these blocks on some future “Day.” These were silenced and set aside for ever by the bold and original measure just adopted. For the “*Festivalle*” itself, it was joyous—

“Strong, without rage; without o’erflowing, full.”

The precept of the “*Book of Demeanor*” (see page 7) was exhibited in singular perfection.

*Let forehead ioyfull be and full,
It shewes a merry part;
And cheerfulness in countenance,
And pleasantnesse of Heart.*

The symposium described in a preceding page (531) was to the full equalled by that under description; and I shall ever have reason to number this *Eleventh Day* of the Decameron as among the most gratifying of my existence. The Survivors yet do me the honour to talk of it now and then when we meet.

But now for the VOICE OF THE PUBLIC (“*Vox populi Vox Dei*”) as to the merits and demerits of

the Work. Who was to throw the first stone? Who to twine the first wreath? What said Mr. Gifford and the Quarterly? A letter from Mr. Bulmer shall here interpose.

“*Cleveland Row.*”

“DEAR SIR,

“I have seen GIFFORD since your departure. He is much pleased with the *Decameron*, and seems strongly inclined to review it; though it cannot appear in the forthcoming Number of the Quarterly. I was with Earl Gower* this morning. He brought forth the *Decameron*, and spoke of it in a way I will not tell you. Evans is selling his small papers at 10*l.* 10*s.*, and will not take less. This must be flattering to you. I am glad to find you in such high spirits in contemplating your host of subscribers for the new work†.

“W. BULMER.”

It never appeared in the Review in question; although about seven years afterwards a slight portion of it was lugged in, head and shoulders, to throw ridicule upon *that* and upon *another* work, to be noticed in due order. But what of the *Northern Critical Journal*—my friends in the *blue and buff* accoutrements? That, too, has been uniformly silent.

I am most free to admit that it were difficult to make what is called an entertaining review of a work like that of the *Bibliographical Decameron*; but still, as a production of very great and curious research, and of a typographical and graphical beauty

* The present Duke of Sutherland.

† The Tour.

doubtless never exceeded, it were but a natural, and I hope an honourable feeling, on my part, to suppose it to be as deserving of a *niche* in either of the two Reviews just mentioned, as other performances which are dispatched while the chocolate is cooling, or before the slippers are taken off for a lounge at the Athenæum. I knew, from another quarter, that Mr. Gifford was looking out for "his man;" but that the quantity as well as quality of the matter made it doubtful who should be "the undertaker." I thought I knew *four men* who were quite "up to the mark." To one of these, Mr. Roscoe, I wrote forthwith; with a view of his doing it for the Quarterly. I annex a part of his answer, as confirmative of his kind and independent spirit.

"With respect to my waving the critical rod over you, there will be no danger of either 'thumps or bumps.' I do not like the task of anonymously reviewing; and I do not like to write in a review where I consider myself as having been pointedly and intentionally ill-treated. Whatever remarks may occur to me, will, if communicated at all, be given in my *own* name, and these rather for the purpose of clearing up doubts, and correcting a few unavoidable inadvertencies, than of attaching censure to your work."

In due course I received the following communication from him, with which I confidently anticipate the reader's satisfaction as being little short of my own.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"As yet I have scarcely had time to do more than turn

over the elegant volumes—to admire the beauty of the printing, and the exquisite engravings with which they are so richly strewed; but from what I have glanced over, I promise myself a plentiful harvest of amusement at some future, though perhaps imaginary, hours of leisure. On one subject, however, I could have wished LISARDO had been a little more sparing, and had not stuck up a certain person of your acquaintance, like a dead fly in amber, to be gazed at as long as your volumes exist. Had I entertained the least suspicion of such an intention, I should loudly have entreated your mercy; but two days of mortification reconciled me to my fate; and as I am quite sensible you meant to touch these deeper notes with the hand of a friend, and moreover as I had suffered (from my own inadvertence) the stupid verses which you have quoted under the appellation of a sonnet*, to come before the public, I shall give neither you nor myself any further trouble on this head; but when I write again, shall confine my observations to such points as I hope will be more agreeable to us both.

“Yours, ever truly,

“W. ROSCOE.”

Then I thought it possible that Mr. Dawson Turner (the common friend of Mr. Roscoe and myself) might successfully brandish the flagellating flail. I wrote to him; but, avoiding the point altogether, he replied thus—alluding to my projected *Tour upon the Continent*—which was then pretty generally avowed, and pretty generally known.

“Yarmouth, Dec. 20, 1817.

. . . . “I might add, from the same source, ‘These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.’ In the midst, however,

of my congratulations, I must turn to human nature, be selfish, and express my hopes that your present success will only have the effect of stimulating you to *new* efforts. Your projected Tour to the Continent opens before you a most noble field. At Rouen, and at Caen, I have friends who may be serviceable to you. I would say the same also of Paris, but there you cannot possibly need any introduction. I could otherwise depend, I am sure, upon the kindness of Denon and of Miller. Let me know when you are going, and I should be proud to do what I can to facilitate your object.

“D. TURNER.”

But in the absence of *public* criticism, whether of approbation or of censure, it was most gratifying to receive, from *private* channels, such testimonies of the work (in many instances, too, from quarters of which I had no personal knowledge) as scarcely to leave a wish ungratified, or an object unrealised. I was of course prompt to transmit to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire—the PATRON of the work—one of the earliest large paper copies, bound in the morocco garniture of Charles Lewis. His Grace's reply was as follows.

“*Devonshire House, Dec. 19, 1817.*”

“DEAR SIR,

“I have received with great pleasure the magnificent copy of the BIB. DECAMERON. Should you be disengaged on Monday morning, between ten and twelve o'clock, it would be very agreeable to me to look at the work with you. I wish also to ask your assistance in the choice of a reprint for the *Roxburghe Club*.

“Believe me, dear Sir,

“Your sincere and obliged servant,

“DEVONSHIRE.”

The result of our conference was, the book-contribution to the Roxburghe Club of which the title is given at page 463, ante. Towards the end of the first volume of my work I had spoken of the *Record Commission*, established chiefly by the exertions of the late LORD COLCHESTER, when (as Mr. Abbot) he was Speaker of the House of Commons. I had, or rather have, in the same volume, spoken largely and warmly of a *National* or *Royal press*, similar to that established by Louis XIV. in France, under the *latter* designation. I felt also bound, in some measure, to present that distinguished Individual, who was at the head of the commission, with a copy of my work*. His answer may as well be in the reader's possession as in my own.

“ Kiebbrooke, Dec. 28th, 1817.

“ SIR,

“ I am exceedingly obliged to you for the very splendid publication which I had the honour of receiving from you yesterday, and shall have great pleasure in looking through the contents of these curious volumes. With respect to so much as refers to my share in the labour of the *Record Commission*, I am fully sensible of the kindness with which it is adverted to, and am gratified to find that it has obtained your approbation.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Sir, your faithful servant,

“ COLCHESTER.”

But among my personal friends and literary acquaintances few “broke ground” more quickly, or

* See vol. iii. p. 45-8.

in a more gallant style, than the author of the "*Curiosities of Literature*." His note is brief—but sparkling and panegyrical.

"*Bloomsbury Square, Saturday, 2d Dec. 1817.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I only received your volumes on Thursday. They not only exceed my expectation but even my imagination. I could never have conceived any work so interesting for its decorations. It is surely without a rival in the whole history of Typography..... I have already derived the most pleasing information. Fruits and comfits have been the *gôûter* as yet; but I shall sit down soon to a solid *meal*. I sincerely congratulate you on the close of your labour. The caged bird, wetting its wings with the dews of heaven, and flying once more from tree to tree, is not happier than yourself. I hope you will give us "*a Literary Voyage*" on your return from the Continent. With every good wish, believe me to be yours truly,

"I. D'ISRAELI."

The testimony of our mutual friend, Mr. DOUCE, shall "follow hard upon." In a letter from Charlotte-street, Portland-place, which has only a *diurnal* date, but which must have been written about this time, he thus disports himself.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Let me instantly convince you that I *do* love honesty and plain dealing above all things in this world: Be this the motto in all our mutual dealings. The enclosed will probably exempt me from any other interference on the part of Lewis, than the mere delivery of the Decameron (more precious to *me* than even an editio princeps of *Il Decamerone*) when it is ready. I shall not lose a moment

in executing the commission to BALME *. We talked of you yesterday over some roast beef; and I had another slice of you, *without* the beef, to-day—at Lang's; whose large paper copy of the D. may possibly render his castle an object of some future siege, by an army of *Bibliomaniacs*: though they may find the said book *proof* against their attacks. God prosper you, says

“PROSPERO!”

My friend here, by the word “proof,” puns upon the Large Paper copies of the Work, having *proof impressions* of the copper plates; and by the adoption of a fictitious name, he takes to himself my designation of him, both in the Decameron and in

* The REV. EDMUND BALME, of No. 14, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. This gentleman was the old and intimate friend of Mr. Douce, and was one of the *four legatees* to whom Nollekens, the sculptor, left his enormous personal property. His death, before that of the testator, caused a *lapsed legacy*. Mr. Balme's share of the Nollekens property would have been, I believe, about 50,000*l*. In consequence of his dying *before* the testator, his family, and relations, and all belonging to him—and all to whom he might have prospectively bequeathed the expected legacy (had he been aware of the testator's intentions in his favour) were deprived of every shilling of benefit resulting from it. That testator too was a man who would not have endured the putting out of a *feeler*. In consequence, the testator's *next of kin* was sought after:—above, below:—in England—in Holland—in Flanders—anywhere: everywhere. And I believe a very great HOLE to have been thereby made in that 50,000*l*. Such was the *working* of a commission granted by the Lord High Chancellor of England, according to the *law of the land*—a commission, which could not fail to be based upon *ex parte* motives, and to be worked with no very nice attention to expenditure. Mr. Douce, Mr. Palmer, and the late Mr. Kerrich, were co-residuary legatees with Mr. Balme; in whom I always found the well-mannered gentleman and the accomplished scholar. He died a bachelor, at the age of sixty-five, without preferment, but in very easy circumstances. See *Nichol's Literary Illustrations*, vol. vi. 826.

the *Bibliomania* *, under the character of PROSPERO. My friend Mr. Lang's town residence in Portland Place was within a stone's throw of that of Mr. Douce. Never were Christmas Holidays so joyously spent as were those immediately following the publication of *THE DECAMERON*. Notes, letters, private and public congratulations, in all the capricious and mirthful varieties of style, were showered upon me; and, for the first time in my life, the credit-side of the Ledger Book responded to the voice of public praise. I had certainly merited, by several years of incessant attention and application—to say nothing of “the bold daring” of the measure—the harvest which I

* See vol. iii. p. 31, of the first work, and page 180 of the second work; and perhaps yet more completely *individualised* in the following description of him in the *Bibliophobia*, after he had been several years in possession of the Nollekens property. “It will delight you, I am sure, to hear that PROSPERO is yet in the full exercise of his enchanter's wand; yet ‘true to his guns,’ which he sometimes double shots and treble shots. His maple-wooded bookcases rejoice the eye by the peculiar harmony of the tint with the rich furniture which they enclose. Here a bit of old, bright stained glass, exhibiting the true long-lost *ruby tint*; there, an inkstand, adorned in high cameo-relief, by the skill of *John of Bologna*; a little regiment, pyramidically piled, of the rarest China cups, out of which seven successive Emperors of China quaffed the essence of bohea. Persian boxes, Raffaell-ware, diptychs, and chess-men—the latter used by Charles V. and Francis I., on their dining together, *tête-à-tête*, not long after the battle of Pavia. Korans, missals, precious manuscripts; Marc Antonios, Albert Durers, Roman coins—the very staff with which Regiomontanus used to walk on his housetop by moonlight, after making certain calculations in his calendar!! Magic lore, and choice madrigals sung by Queen Elizabeth's private band; brave prick-songs! and the parchment roll which Handel wielded in beating time on the first representation of his Messiah. But his belles-lettres, facetiae, old poetry, and rare prints, form a combination which hath no compeer!—and, septuagenarian as he is, I wish him a good score of years to shot his guns, and to fire them off with effect.”

reaped. “It has rejoiced my heart, my dear friend (said the Honorio of the ‘Ninth Day’) to hear of the success of your Decameron. Deserved it unquestionably is; but sometimes success does not follow desert.” And on another occasion, said the same gallant-hearted friend, “should the tide ever flow downwards with the Decameron, it will be only that it may return with a more swelling and plenteous wave.” There is no *Ledger*-wealth comparable to treasures of *this* kind.

But abroad—or from the country—there were demonstrations of approbation to the full as glowing and cheering as the foregoing. Including letters from provincial *Booksellers*, I remember that one morning’s post brought me TWENTY-SEVEN DISPATCHES—a very “Argosie” of its kind: for some of them were richly laden with that sort of thin, dingy, dirty, scribbled paper, which we are told by the severe moral poet of “good Queen Anne’s” reign, only

——— “lends corruption lighter wings to fly.”

The *Uphams*, *Robinsons*, *Blackwoods*, *Mahons*, and *Deightons* were among the chief contributors of this kind; but my satisfaction was increased in a fourfold degree by the receipt of such letters as the ensuing—of which the authors were, and yet are, personally UNKNOWN to me. The following, from E. W. Percy, Esq., of Stoke, near Coventry, shall lead the way.

“ Stoke, near Coventry, Jan. 16, 1818.

“ REV. SIR,

“ I now remit you the balance of my subscription, accompanied with my most sincere thanks for the CHEAPEST GEM I ever possessed. I observe you designate the result of your labours in the undertaking as having ‘done little more than presented a sketch,’ with an Appendix which must make the whole Bibliomaniacal world all a tip-toe. My earnest desire is, that your inclination, your leisure, your health, and your Interest, may induce you to commence, and enable you to extend, the work to its most costly and elaborate finishing.

“ I have the honour to remain,

“ Rev. Sir,

“ Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

“ E. W. PERCY.”

Nor less delectable was its successor from its reverend Author.

“ Tansor, Feb. 4, 1818.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I cannot refrain from expressing my satisfaction in possessing a copy of your exquisite work, which I open with the sentiments of *Æneas*, and consider it

‘Attrectare nefas: donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.’

The part of the work that interests me the most, are the fac-similes of the ancient Foreign Printers’ Devices, to which I think that only one objection can possibly be alleged; viz., they are too beautiful, and, generally speaking, vastly superior to the original designs. This is more especially evident in the flying *Horse of the Wechels**. I cannot con-

* Mr. Wheelright is correct, generally speaking; but the identical horse is, line for line, the same. The difference consists in the working upon

clude without expressing my conviction, that your work exhibits as triumphant a specimen as could be given of the present state of the art of engraving in this country, and of every thing connected with typographical embellishments.

“C. A. WHEELRIGHT.”

Among a new set of Correspondents which *sprung up* in consequence of—or rather connected with—certain passages, events, or characters, described in the work, there was several of a most gratifying description. Yet it pained me that, of my *old* correspondents, and of all those likely to receive the most thorough and unmixed enjoyment from a perusal of my pages, ONE had not survived the printing even of the second volume! To be sure, his death furnished me with valuable epistolographical materials for the third volume; but I had frankly parted with the *whole* for one letter of congratulation from *him* on the public appearance of my labours. I allude to the Rev. DANIEL MAC NEILLE, of Edmonstown, in Ireland. Well did Mr. Mahon (the bookseller of Dublin) exclaim—on receiving his copies of the work—“our poor friend Mr. *Mac Neille* would have enjoyed every line of it. He was most liberal in his prices when he met anything to his mind; and with

the paper. The Wechels seemed to have an insuperable attachment to bad paper. Their “flying horse” is impressed upon some of the sorriest and *slowest selling* volumes in Christendom. The good people of Hanover and of Frankfort upon the Maine were easily pleased with the ballad-paper productions of their most popular printers.

the exception of some little heat on subjects, which, in my opinion he had good reasons for, he was a most worthy man. As a *Bibliomaniast* he has not left his equal behind. Had he lived these twenty years, you might have reckoned on two or more *large paper copies* for *himself*."

But among the subjects, or characters, introduced into my work, there was one, at pages 217-8 of the second volume, of the name of CORNELIUS NICOLAI, a young Dutchman, passionately addicted to, and deeply versed in numismatic lore. He died in his 24th year; but his collection of coins, and his library, is a subject of particular notice and commendation; and at the conclusion of that notice, I had observed, "on reading" the foregoing account, "who does not think of BARRE CHARLES ROBERTS?" Not long after the publication of my work, I received the following letter from the *Father* of this identical young man—an almost perfect stranger to me.

"Ealing, 4th Feb., 1818.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your kind reply to my note of yesterday called my immediate attention to the relation of Cornelius Nicolai, in the *Bibliog. Decameron*. I cannot conceive a greater loss to have ever occurred to the intellectual world, by premature departure, than in the instance of this highly gifted and extraordinary young Dutchman I am no ways entitled to draw comparisons; but I am lost in astonishment at the striking coincidence in character, habits, pursuit, and studies, and diversified acquirements, eminently

attained, between the lamented Nicolai and B. C. ROBERTS!! Your feeling Apostrophe, at the conclusion of the note, excites a bulky volume among my reflections.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your obedient and most faithful servant,

“ EDWARD ROBERTS*.”

A slight mention of a fine copy of the Stephanine folio edition of the Greek Testament, 1550, (in a note, p. 324, of the third volume) in the choice little library of the Rev. John Sackville Bale, Rector of Whithyham, near Buckhurst, in Kent, led to a short but pleasing correspondence; in which was the following *prophetic* letter from the owner of the volume in question. Mr. Bale's letter is in his own original strain—premising only that, in the library of

* Mr. Roberts died in this present year, 1835, in his eighty-seventh year. He had been sixty years connected with government; having retired, on his fiftieth year's servitude, in the full pay of Chief Clerk of the Pells. He was a most communicative and well-bred gentleman, and retained his faculties to the last. His memory was tenacious, and he loved to talk of other times. When very young, he attended the *soirées* of the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, and there saw Johnson more than once. His eldest son, above alluded to, was a very extraordinary young man, well versed in antiquities of every description, and extravagantly smitten with the numismatic passion. Whatever Barrè Roberts did (and he was a *Reviewer* in the *Quarterly* at the age of nineteen!), he did with a sort of classical feeling and relish. His works were collected by a fond and liberal parent, and printed with a view to private distribution, in a handsome quarto volume, of which a copy was presented me; and to my acknowledgment of which an allusion is made in the beginning of the above letter. It may form no mean notion of the magnificence of the son's views and taste, and of the liberal patronage of the father, when, on the death of the former, in his *twenty-fourth year*, the Government purchased his collection of coins, for the British Museum, at the price of 4000*l.*!! The *Tysen* Collection had been the basis of it.

this Gentleman, I saw, for the first and last time, an *uncut copy* of the three duodecimo volumes of *Old Ballads* of 1726.

“ *Withyham, June 25, 1818.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I thank you much for your book, and for your letter. The first full of beautiful and curious ornaments, entertaining and interesting matter—the second kind and friendly. You are a man of dangerous approach. This kind of madness is very catching; but a man, however slightly touched, would not be without it—‘*Pol me occidistis amici!*’ I look at the copy of the Greek Testament (now invaluable) with infinite great pleasure, and drink the Hock with great relish—and feel myself—what shall I say? Honorable mention was very kind in you, when you might have transfixed me with one of your keenest darts for the half bound, cut short, copy of the *Bibliomania*, which you espied on my shelf; but you were not then enraged, or concealed your rage under a most placid form; and forgave me that wrong, of which indeed I was innocent, and sympathized with you most piteously. But now that I am in possession of a specimen of Lewis’s excellent binding, I long to have more, and shall desire your advice how we may clothe these new volumes in handsome attire, worthy of themselves, by the operation of that famous *Bibliopegist*. There is such an exuberance of amusement and information from the inexhaustible well, as quite astonishes. I give you joy of the happy *parturition*, and of the produce that fully answers expectation. Our friend Harvey tells me, that in the estimation of the world, Maniacs and others are known by proofs unequivocal—and that you have enriched the Possessors by a rapid rise in price still increasing. What *next*? An active mind and body cannot rest. A *journey to Germany*? A rummage among the relics of Italy? Perhaps you will some fine day add to the obligation I owe to Harvey,

by meeting him here. I hope you will; we shall not meet with less glee than on the day recorded.

“ Believe me, dear sir,

“ Very truly yours,

“ J. S. BALE.”

From the Scavants who hover about Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I had one or two letters of considerable interest; but having touched upon the *Grange Press* (vol. iii. 452), and given an imperfect account of its productions (under the late George Allan, Esq.), the friendly sensibility of John Trotter Bocket, Esq., of that place, was excited to give more lengthened and interesting “particulars of the press in question—which has furnished the principal materials for Mr. Martin’s” picturesque pages*. Mr. Bockett’s letter to me was that of a Gentleman and an open hearted critic; but in justice it must be mentioned, that my own sketch was wholly supplied by a deceased friend, who could be rarely taxed with inaccuracy†. The contents of this third volume (for it was almost wholly anecdotal) were fertile in obtaining for me, sometimes curious, and sometimes very amusing, correspondents. The reader (that is to say, if he be in possession of a copy of this

* A *Bibliographical Catalogue of Books privately printed, &c.* 317. But it should seem, from page 419 of this same work, that there was a Typographical Society (now broken up) established at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, with limited impressions of the works, which they printed chiefly for private distribution. The name of BEWICK stamps a species of immortality upon the press of that town.

† The late Mr. Joseph Haslewood.

scarce and expensive work) may turn to pages 336-344 of the third volume—and there learn many curious particulars of the origin, or substratum, of Bishop Percy's celebrated *Reliques of Old English Poetry*. What there appears, was supplied in consequence of a visit paid by me to the late SAMUEL ISTD, Esq., of Ecton Hall, near Northampton—the elder brother of George Isted, Esq., the Roxburgher, of whom kind mention hath been already made*, and who had married the eldest daughter of the Bishop, and in whose house the precious MS. in question was, and yet is, deposited. I spent (as recorded) several pleasant days—in mid winter—at Mr. Isted's hospitable mansion, in company with the late Mr. Heber. Nearly the whole domestic party then assembled are, with one obvious exception, now no more. But it seems to be even as the payment of a just debt due to the memory of the *then* Owner of the mansion, to bring forward the two following racy, and in all respects characteristic, effusions of his pen—of which the point seems to have been occasionally dipt (doubtless by mistake) into his favourite *midnight punch*† at the time of writing.

* See p. 368, ante.

† Samuel Isted, Esq. was among the last of those old English gentlemen who loved late hours and late conviviality. He thought he could never fête his guests sufficiently ; but his midnight PUNCH-BOWL was, to timid nerves, a somewhat awful object to contemplate : the master of the feast being also the Coryphæus of punch manufacturers. To an *experienced* palate, the flavour of his treacherous liquor was said to have

“ Ecton, Jan. 3, 1818.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I fully meant to have met you to-day at Northampton, and George Isted with me; but ‘it snows, it blows, it blows, it snows, we cannot come to-day.’ G. Isted will be at Althorp on Thursday, when he will load himself with seven guineas and a half, and I will load him with nine guineas more for your ‘*Dick*—I don’t know what you call it—‘*Hammer-on*,’ I think? Are there any more copies of these extravagancies to be parted with? Answer me *that*. If you leave Althorp before Thursday, write a line by post, and we Brothers will send a draft. Mrs. Isted being not in her best health, we have sent excuses to the visitations we meant to execute during the *next three weeks*, so that we shall be found sitting all the winter, and most delighted to receive you at any time you can favor us with your company, and for as long a space as you can spare; and we will talk of MSS. and printing, old and modern; and parchment and vellum; and binding and boards; and illuminations, and frontispieces, and vignettes; and ‘when the waning night grows old,’ we will conclude with binding up Jos. RITSON* ‘hard and fast’ with Decameron. I have

been perfect: the comingling virtues of lime, arrack, saccharine materials—“*et hoc genus omne*”—being complete. To taste, was to shout approbation! A hardened disbeliever in the Pindaric system of the virtues of *water*, Mr. Isted shunned, almost systematically, the infusion of the latter element; but allowed you, with singular humanity, to make what use of it you pleased for your *own* portion. His heart was as broad as his shoulders. He attained the mellow age of seventy-five; and left a liberal inheritance for his only child and heir, the present occupier of Ecton Hall, who is stedfastly bent upon filling his upper chambers with a succession of representatives.

* Joseph Ritson was the dogged and desperate antagonist of Mr. Isted’s father-in-law, the Bishop of Dromore. He had once the insolence to deny the *existence* of the MS. from which the Bishop printed his interesting “*Reliques*.” Of course, the latter was not to turn round and pat the cheek of a man who had insulted him by his vulgarity, and traduced him by his malevolence.

lost my old and faithful servant Cavaille. As I had him from the late Lord Lucan, perhaps Lady Spencer may guess at his age—as I imagine, from the defalcation of his powers, during a few of his last years, we thought him older than he owned himself to be.

“Yours, ‘for ever and a day,’

“SAMUEL ISTD.”

“Ecton, Jan. 11, 1818.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I must positively say *another* nine guineas for the ‘*ten days pleasant conversation*,’ and I have known the time when I have paid a great deal more in *one* day for conversation less edifying—so I have the thing cheap at the money. ‘Stand to your text’ about your 20th or 22d, and I’ll give you a bottle of my Claret Wine to wash down my dullness and G. Isted’s prattle. As I know you to be a man of *Letters*, I will not bore you any longer with *mine*.

“And so, Sir, your servant,

“S. ISTD.”

Thus much for *Decameronic Epistolography*, of which a portion might have been probably well spared. But favourites—whether in the shape of a *Book* or a *Biped*—are apt to be overloaded with attention. I have only one or two more, but most gratifying points to allude to, rather than to discuss, and then shall take my leave accordingly. It would be the grossest affectation in me not to dwell with uncommon delight upon the notification of *two* ILLUSTRATED COPIES of this work: in addition to

what has been observed in a preceding page (325). The one is in the library at *Althorp**, upon large paper, in three volumes of Lewis's morocco binding, and adorned with many of the more beautiful drawings, as fac-similes, which were executed by his brother George and other Artists. It has also many other exclusive rarities, comprehending duplicate proofs of copper plates. Of its kind, it seems to me to be nearly perfect; and it ought to be so, for it cost its late Noble Owner upwards of 150 guineas. The OTHER illustrated copy is the property of my affectionate and excellent friend, George Henry Freeling, Esq., who has absolutely allowed the passion of ILLUSTRATION to

“Grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.”

The preparation of those graphic materials which have already expanded his copy (upon small paper) to *eleven* morocco-coated volumes, has been, in very many instances, a solace to him in sickness, and a “hark forward” note in health. It is at once the most felicitous and stupendous triumph of book-ardour with which I am acquainted. It has known

* I request the reader to throw his eye upon the words “*Spencer, Earl*,” in the “General Index” to the Decameron, and see, at one glance, how that nobleman's BOOK-TREASURES, in town and at Althorp, still continued to enrich the pages of my work. There is one note, occupying about fourteen pages, devoted to an account of his VELLUM BOOKS alone; and several pages are filled with a sort of *précis* of the Althorp library, and an account of the first sale of his Lordship's *duplicates*, in 1790—vol. ii. p. 346-62; vol. iii. p. 390-97.

no relaxation. Winter has not cooled it; nor summer allowed it to relax. How could it be otherwise? Hear the possessor of the treasure in question express himself, after his first visit to Mr. Lewis the binder, as he takes, in fancy, a *visto-view* of his resplendant volumes! "I was at Lewis's to-day. He proceeds magnanimously with the glorious work. If the Gods could read, they would never be without a copy of the Decameron in their *side pocket*!" In a letter of Dec. 17, 1817, he is pleased to say, "the book has nearly turned the head of one old and excellent friend of mine—*Alexander Chalmers** hight. He got 'other night so much upon stilts about it, that he found it necessary some days afterwards to write a sort of apology, hoping he had not said too much; or, to use an official phrase, that he had not 'committed himself.'"

It was, and will continue to be, one of the purest as well as keenest sources of pleasure to me, to lend a helping hand towards the completion of a fabric of such sparkling but durable materials. True it is, that my efforts have been rather cordial than extensively beneficial; but such as they are, the Owner of the treasure in question knew full well that he has only to *command* them. A succinct, but too sketchy account of the ten volumes will be found in the note below†, furnished by the possessor himself.

* See page 629, ante; but more particularly in a following page.

† "BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON, in ten volumes, bound by Charles Lewis, each volume comprising one Day, with distinct title and wood-

A second source of more particular satisfaction derived from the publication of this work, was, a late

cut. There are in addition two octavo volumes of Supplement, and one not yet quite completed, in folio.

“The ten volumes contain about FIFTEEN HUNDRED additions or ILLUSTRATIONS, which may be thus classed: 450 proofs, for the most part on India paper, and before the letter, of the ordinary decorations and plates of the book; some with variations, and some originally intended for the book, but not published. This in itself would amount to an illustration of the best class. Above 400 *portraits*, some proofs, and several private plates; 200 *drawings* and *tracings* from manuscripts and old books—several coloured in imitation of the originals; and nearly 500 other pieces, original devices of printers, views, alphabets, wood-cuts, and miscellanies of every description.

“The first volume of the Supplement is of a miscellaneous character; the principal features of which are letters from Walter Scott, Mr. Johnes, Mr. Heber, and other distinguished Collectors, &c., pending the sale of the Roxburghe Library, literary trifles connected with the Bibliomaniacs, and the accounts for printing, paper, engraving, &c., for the Bibliographical Decameron. The second volume of the Supplement is formed wholly of copies of decorations, 100 in number, from books more or less rare, executed with singular spirit and fidelity, by a near and dear relation of the owner of the book, with a masterly and appropriate frontispiece from the pencil of Mr. J. P. Neale. ‘The boards’ for the binding, are the original copperplates of the Diana of Poitiers and Lady Jane Gray. The third, or folio volume of the Supplement (not quite complete), contains a few portraits too large for the book, and title pages, chiefly from the Plantin press, many of them proofs before the letter. The contents of the Supplements are *exclusive* of the 1530 additions to the Ten Days or volumes of the book.

“The insertion of portraits in a book is the easiest of all modes of illustration, if there be a sufficiency of means wherewith to procure them. In the absence of these means, the possessor of these volumes has not made engraved portraits his particular object; his aim has been to collect materials rather out of the ordinary track of illustration, yet appropriate to the subjects treated upon in the book. Amongst the drawings are some few very pretty specimens by Uwins, J. P. Neale, G. Lewis, and the Author. Several remarkably fine *Devils* (engraved), *seven Dianas de Poitiers*, including a proof of the private plate before the letter, and one of the defaced impressions, three only of which were taken off (another of the three, formerly Haslewood’s, being in the same

offer to translate that portion of it which related more particularly to the typographical history of France in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The translator was a Mons. TREBUTIEN, who shall speak for himself in the following note ; but it is almost needless to add, after "the dreadful fire" of the 9th of December, 1817 (see page 628, ante) the request of the translator, to use the identical blocks, could not possibly be complied with. Of course nothing came by "the motion." But Mr. Trébuetien's request shall in part appear below*.

Having thus seen my new work fairly and successfully launched upon the ocean of public opinion, and

collection), *ten Sarahs, Duchess of Marlborough*, one being a splendid drawing by Uwins, and *sundry Lady Jane Grays*. It will perhaps sufficiently exemplify the range of these 'Illustrations' to mention, that from these altitudes (exclusively of the devils) they descend as low as the penny specimens of printing at the fair on the ice, when the Thames was frozen over in February, 1814."

* "MONSIEUR, *Londres, 29 Octobre, 1833.*

"En lisant au British Museum votre savant et si curieux *Bibliographical Decameron*, j'ai conçu le projet de traduire la partie relative à nos anciens imprimeurs Français, auxquels leurs compatriotes commencent à rendre aujourd'hui une justice tardive. Certes, l'ouvrage mériterait bien d'être traduit tout entier ; mais la multitude de fac simile, d'ornemens et de curiosités bibliographiques en tout genre dont il est orné entraînerait dans des dépenses trop considérables pour qu'il soit possible de trouver aujourd'hui en France un editeur pour se charger de cette entreprise. Et même la reproduction seule des planches de la partie que je me propose de traduire occasionnerait déjà de grands frais, c'est ce qui m'a engagé à vous écrire—et je crains que ce ne soit une indiscretion de ma part—pour vous demander si vous avez *conservé* ces planches, et, dans ce cas, si vous voudriez les confier pour l'impression de ma traduction, aux conditions qu'il vous plairoit d'indiquer vous même. Au reste, Monsieur, quelle que soit la manière dont vous ac-

spring coming on, when an ocean of a different description might be safely passed...

..... "lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum,"

I strapped my portmanteau, buttoned up my coat, and set my face towards

"The vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France."

This brings me immediately, as a matter of course, to some account of *A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany*, undertaken and completed during the latter nine months of the year 1818, and published in the spring of 1821. The anxiety for this trip or tour was extreme, from the year 1815; and fortunate it had been for me, on the score of further book-acquisitions, had I carried my wishes into effect about a year or two *earlier* than I did. What is said in the preface about pointing to the white-sailed vessels, as they were scudding or gliding before the wind, and wishing to be on board—with a view to some bibliographical exploit in some unexplored monastic library—is not the mere ebullition of fancy or caprice. I was earnest and sincere in the wish. The rise, progress, and conclusion of that Tour, are faithfully

cuillerez cette proposition, elle ne peut que trouver grâce auprès de vous en faveur du sentiment qui l'a dicté, le désir de rendre un hommage bibliographique à mon pays ainsi qu'à vous même.

"TREBUTEN,

"Membre de la Société des Antiquarians,

"21, George-street, Adelphi."

before the public, in three splendid octavo volumes, aided and adorned by all the luxury of paper, printing, and ART. I place a stress on the latter word, as I am well justified in doing; for the united expenses of DRAWING and ENGRAVING amounted to *four thousand seven hundred and forty pounds*; add about *three thousand* for paper, printing, copperplate printing and boarding—and you have the extent of the risk. But I was resolved to spare no pains, and to shrink from no liberal remuneration of acknowledged merit. For upwards of two years, conjointly with the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, was the Tour progressing at the press and with various artists.

Of these artists, Mr. GEORGE LEWIS must necessarily be placed at the head; not only because he attended me professionally through the whole tour, but because his pencil, with some very few exceptions, furnished the entire materials for the burin. Mr. Lewis, at starting, was less known to me than his brothers: but as he was recommended to me by a very old friend and competent judge, Mr. Masquerier*; and as his manners were simple and obliging, and his diligence, activity, and versatility, beyond all question, I consented, scarcely without a moment's hesitation, to engage him. I put forth no tenders. I made no public announcement for competition. My “*compagnon de voyage*” was to eat out of the same dish, and to partake of the same

* See page 148, ante.

fare, in all respects, with *him* upon whom the entire expenses of the tour devolved. He travelled like a gentleman, and he fared like one. For a young man, imperfectly known in his profession, the opportunity was, in every sense of the word, a GOLDEN one. It proved abundantly to be so. Mr. Lewis might have equally enlarged his knowledge and improved his taste by what he did, and been paid liberally by his employer; but *there* the matter might have ended. Not so his engagement with *me*. He had the extraordinary good luck to have his talents made known in the most favourable manner imaginable. The very first artists, as *Engravers*, were engaged upon his drawings. These drawings were carefully executed in *sepia* from his first pencil sketches taken on the spot; and as there was only one colour to manage, the facility of execution was materially promoted. There can be no doubt but that the drawings were as full of ability as they evinced versatility of talent: but when one remembers that such men as Mitau, Landseer, Le Keux, Finden, Smith, Robinson, Romney, Woolnoth, and Worthington, &c., were engaged at liberal prices, to engrave them, surely the designer had abundant reason to congratulate himself upon the felicity of his lot. In fact, such a sort of *steam-power* carried him at once to the top of the tree.

I must do Mr. Lewis the justice to add, that he threw his whole soul into the undertaking; and was early and late, as well in preparing his own designs

as in “touching up” engravers’ “proofs.” From my back parlour window, “many a time and oft,” have I seen him, with accelerated step, making towards me, brandishing a rolled proof in his hand, his countenance beaming with delight if it happened to be to his heart’s content. But what a continued sketch of mental anxiety on *my* part! What tempers to soften down—what irregularities to control—what delays to endure—what SUMS TO PAY!! In a century hence, the following list of payments to the several engravers and artists engaged in this Tour, may possibly be considered a curiosity: and if the reader have expressed his surprise at the payments for the *Althorpien* decorations*, he may be still more astonished at what he is here about to peruse. Perhaps I was the first individual to give *one hundred guineas* for a plate to be inserted in a royal octavo volume; but such was the price paid for the *South View of Rouen Cathedral*, engraved by Mr. Henry Le Keux, and for the *Halt of Pilgrims*, by Mr. Mitant†. I proceed with a statement of the sum total paid to each artist engaged in the Tour.

* See page 585, ante.

† I do not consider it possible for the ART of ENGRAVING, even in the dexterous hands of Mr. *Henry Le Keux*, to go beyond what appears in the very extraordinary plate of Rouen Cathedral above mentioned. It is the assemblage of such numerous figures which gives an air of indescribable brilliancy to the print in question. The two Le Keuxs are giants in their way. The burin of *John*, the elder, is perhaps bolder and broader, and for effects on a larger scale: but let any man view the interior of Milan Cathedral by *Henry*, and—how absurd to institute comparisons, when each talent of its KIND is equal! Had I the revenues of

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Agar -	26	5	0	Freebairn -	36	3	0
Artaria -	10	0	0	Freeman -	426	0	0
Audinet -	70	9	0	Fry -	134	0	0
Barenger	54	10	0	Hayward -	48	13	7
Byfield -	215	12	0	Hollis -	85	1	0
Byrne -	97	2	6	Hutin -	52	10	0
Cook -	43	0	0	H. Le Keux	105	0	0
Cooper -	60	0	0	J. Landseer	168	0	0
Corbould	11	11	0	T. Landseer	57	10	0
Corbould	81	10	0	F. C. Lewis*	376	12	0
Finden -	72	18	0	G. Lewis -	410	0	0

some of the Cardinals in the time of Leo X., I would allow no man to lay a finger upon the burin of either of these eminent artists but myself: and I would set them both instantly to work upon my *Alma Mater amatissima*—OXFORD. Where they asked pounds, I would make it guineas; and they should be lodged as warmly, and fare as sumptuously, as Raffaello was by Leo.

JAMES MITAN is no more. It will be seen to what an extent he was remunerated for his contributions to my work. He was an admirable artist, ready at anything, and clever at everything: but the "*Halt of the Pilgrims*," vol. iii. p. 421, is not calculated, from the heaviness and sameness of the draperies of the numerous figures, to do exact justice to his merits. I consider the *Stuttgart Market-place* (for which he had eighty guineas) to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of his talents, in the Tour; and even beyond the very expensive plate of the "*Masked Ball*" (see p. 583 ante), in the *Ædes Althorpiæ*. The street scenery at Vire, and the groups at St. Lo and in Strasbourg Cathedral, (vol. i. p. 394; vol. iii. p. 32), are singularly clever and effective.

* It will be seen that the elder Mr. Lewis (Frederick Charles) was also pretty amply remunerated as an engraver for his labours on my Tour. But ably as he has done every thing in it, that work was not the arena for the display of his admirable, and, in many respects, extraordinary talents. For fidelity, nothing went beyond him; and for expression and feeling I think him equally happy. His engravings from the pencil and tinted drawings of the late *Sir Thomas Lawrence* bring the very originals before you. I possess several; but the profile of Miss Barton is the drawing *itself*, multiplied as the impression may be. Anything more thoroughly, if not angelically, feminine, was never trans-

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mitan	-	586	0	0	Swaine	-	10	10	0
Murray	-	21	0	0	J. Thomson		120	0	0

mitted to copper. And so I would speak of his Lady Wriothesley Russell, from the elegant pencil of the elder *Chalon*. It is perfection. And so of the "*Seville Nun*," from the beautiful drawing of his son John. The black gown, and the picturesquely disordered head-dress, have all the freedom and the mellowness of the pencil. In sketchy subjects of the human figure, there is nothing to equal him. Mr. Lewis is now engaged upon bringing out twenty plates from the drawings of Claude Lorraine in the British Museum, bequeathed to that establishment by the late Richard Payne Knight. They will be executed in the manner of Earlom's engravings of the *Liber Veritatis*, and cannot fail, I should think, of securing a very large sale. Still, as was observed by me twenty years ago, I greatly desire talents like his to be applied to one TRULY NATIONAL object, the engraving of the HOLBEIN PORTRAITS in the Royal Collection. Compared with what I have seen of ONE engraving by him from these portraits, that of *Bartolozzi* is a FICTION.

I have spoken of Mr. Lewis's son:—I might have said Sons. If the reflex of his own talents as an artist can make a father happy, Mr. Lewis has just cause to be both happy and proud of his progeny. John Frederick is galloping as fast as a young man can possibly gallop towards perfection in his Art: and yet, let me whisper in his ear, "*Festina lente*." He has brought home all Spain in his portfolio—her nuns, monks, friars, monasteries, palaces, and fastnesses. His *Alhambra* is a masterly production; spirited, sketchy, and full of interest and instruction. But *Murphy's Antiquities of the Arabs in Spain* must and will never be forgotten. See *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 391. Mr. Lewis's "*Preaching Friar*" may even presume to elbow the John Knox of Wilkie. He has a brother of the name of Charles, who is taking up a position as an Aquatint Engraver, which promises to place him on the topmost branch of the tree in that department of art.

Then again we have one *Charles Lewis*—the uncle, and therefore brother of Frederick Charles and George—who may be fairly said, I think, to have *some* notion of BOOK BINDING! Thus we have a sort of *Three Consuls* in Art, of whom each may be thought a Napoleon in his way. Charles Lewis once told me, that of the *Decameron* and *Tour* together, he thought he had bound some 750 copies! It is pleasant, and to me at all times most gratifying, to see merit and moral worth moving progressively to the utmost boundaries in the calling or profession in life which has been chosen. And long after my head has

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pugin -	8	8	0	R. Thomson	10	10	0
Pye -	32	11	0	Trigs -	5	1	0
Rawle -	89	11	0	Turrell -	73	10	0
Robinson -	45	15	0	Vivares -	160	0	6
Romney -	114	0	0	Wier -	6	0	0
Richards -	8	8	0	Warren -	36	0	0
Scott -	79	12	0	Wright -	63	0	0
Scriven -	27	6	0	Woolnoth	172	5	0
Smith † -	232	13	6	Worthington	198	0	0

To all this, add 130*l.* to foreign engravers. Thus I had at least deserved well of the fine arts, even in this work alone. But to embark on such a sea of trouble, expense, and anxiety, without the prospect of something like adequate support from the public, had been madness indeed. Accordingly, shortly after my return, and after the intended publication was “noised abroad,” I put forth my proposals to my friends and to the trade; soliciting, as an indispensably preliminary measure, the advance of *one-third* of the subscription on account. The price to my

been quietly resting in its “narrow bed,” there will doubtless be a succession of LEWISES, which, in *number* at least, will have equalled those of the same name who once ruled the destinies of France.

* The talents of Messrs. Smith and Robinson are united in the landscape plates of the first volume. Of these, the “*Caudebec*” is the most striking specimen of such union. Alone, Mr. Robinson shines in the *Malherbe* of vol. i. and the boat illumination, page 468 of vol. iii. But since all this, Mr. Robinson has taken a bold and splendid flight. His “*Wolf and Lamb*” (from Mulready’s perfect picture) has grappled with and overcome all the mightier difficulties of the art of engraving. It is a fine, genuine print, but of a painful subject. Bullies are a despicable race, whether upon four legs or upon two; whether at school or in maturer years. Mr. Robinson’s *Sir Walter Scott* (from Lawrence) is in his boldest and happiest manner; and yet the head of Christ, which he engraved for my Thomas à Kempis, shall acknowledge no superior effort of his burin.

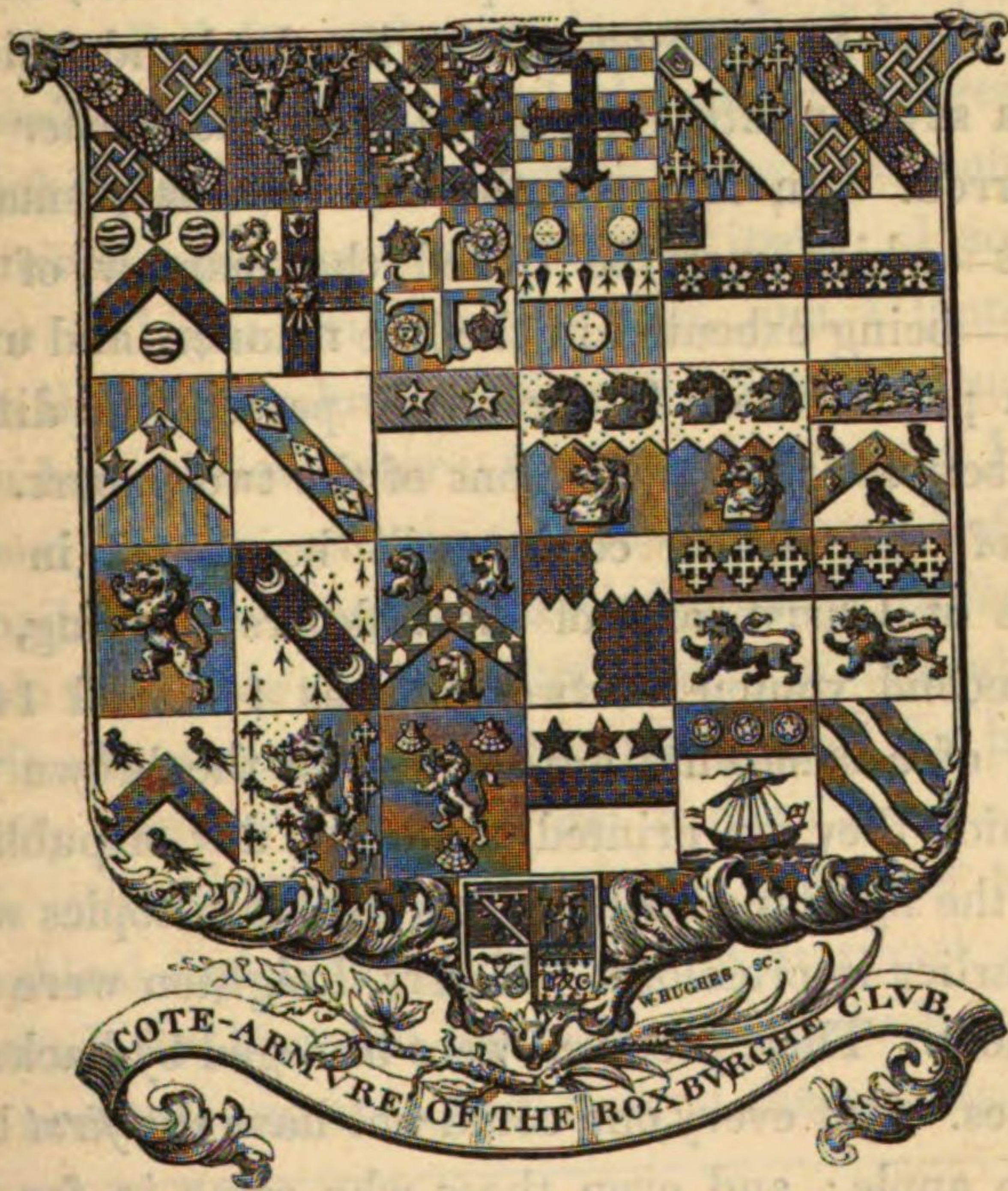
friends was 9*l.* 9*s.* the small, and 16*l.* 16*s.* the large paper; to the trade, from 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* to 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, according to the number taken, and the priority of the impressions of the plates. “*Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte*”—and this “first step” happening to be a “false” one, the result proved most unfortunate and vexatious indeed. One additional guinea upon the copies to friends, and proportionably to booksellers, had secured a reasonable, although far from outrageous, profit. As it turned out.....but this is a little premature. I proceed with equal pleasure and gratitude to the exhibition of the gallant manner in which I was supported by the trade, accompanied by a declaration that all my friends were also found at their posts, and with unstrung purses in their hands. It was clear that the *Decameron* had not been written in vain. The leading Bibliopolists were thus marshalled in my ledger: premising, that several of them afterwards enlarged the number of their copies.

		LARGE.	SMALL.
Messrs. J. and A. Arch*	-	10	100
Mr. Major	-	10	100
Mr. Triphook	-	10	50
Messrs. Longman	-	6	50
Messrs. Payne and Foss	-	6	25
Mr. Evans	-	6	25
Mr. Upham (Bath)	-	2	6
Mr. Murray	-	0	25
Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz	-	2	4
Messrs. Artaria (Manheim)	-	2	6

* Messrs. Arch had afterwards *another fifty* copies.

The work was inscribed to the "Roxburghe Club" in the following dedication.

TO THE
PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS
OF THE
Roxburghe Club,



THESE VOLUMES
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

There were 100 copies upon large paper and 900 upon small. Owing to many of the prints being too large for a sufficient margin in the small paper, the copies upon large paper are doubtless, on this account alone, to be much preferred ; but in addition, these latter contain all the earlier impressions of the plates. And yet, in many instances, so sound and artist-like was the workmanship of the engraver, that, with *one* plate—the portrait of *Pisani*, in volume two—I presented a seven hundred and fiftieth, and a seventy-fifth impression, and the *former* was preferred. In fact, all the characteristic smaller plates—which may be called the marrow of the work—being executed in the line manner, and upon India paper, there is very little perceptible difference between the impressions of the two papers. A *test* of the *earlier* copies will be found in the figure of Christ, and of the Soldiers sleeping, (in the second volume, between pages 146 and 147), being of a somewhat *darker* hue in the brown ink in which they are printed. On the day of publication, the fight and struggle was to obtain copies with the earlier impressions. Messrs. Leighton were my boarders. Their premises were besieged by hackney coaches. But every one could not have the *first* bite of the apple ; and even those who came in for the fifth or sixth bite, were at last reconciled to their fate. The apple appeared to be yet juicy and well flavoured, and was soon “bought up” in the market.

I have spoken of the “first step” taken as being

a “false one.” Had an additional guinea been put upon each copy (and a very knowing bookseller told me that the three volumes were cheap at 12*l.* 12*s.*), I might have probably realised about 900*l.* As it was, I think I lost 120*l.* as a dead book-debt—with all my travelling expenses (about 300*l.*) unredeemed. Even the sale of Mr. Lewis’s beautiful drawings left me miserably deficient. But then there was glory, and honour, and even patriotism, to reward me! I had travelled far and wide in search of books and of book-establishments; I had lost no opportunity of making known the treasures of *my own* country, whenever a fit occasion presented itself. I sought peace and good-will among men, and I found it. On a limited but honourable scale, I may be said to have been a benefactor; for in various towns I purchased largely, and upon liberal terms. Before I turned my back upon the Continent, I incline to think that little short of 900*l.* had been expended in Paris, Augsbourg, Munich, and Vienna, for books, chiefly for the library of my Noble Patron:—and this, without mention of the bold stroke of bibliographical diplomacy at the court of Stuttgart, which secured for him the *two Virgils*, of which he had for twenty years anxiously desired the possession*.

* This “bold stroke of bibliographical diplomacy” has been twice told in both editions of the Tour. In the second edition (vol. iii. p. 56) it will be seen that, together with a fac-simile of his autograph, a doubt is expressed about the then existence of M. Le Bret, the librarian of the public library, with whom the diplomacy was conducted. I since learn that he is dead. His memory will be as much cherished by me as was

Nothing gave greater energy to my exertions than the warmth of his approbation and the liberality of his requitals. When at Munich, on sitting down in an apartment, of which the floor was covered with my purchases for Spencer House—while the *Mentelin Latin and German Bibles*, and the *Aldine Greek Horæ* of 1498, were within an arm's length of me—I scarcely knew how to moderate my expressions of joy in transmitting the intelligence to His Lordship. Nor was Lord Spencer's reply less joyous and commendatory. In a letter from Ryde, dated August 30, 1818, he thus observed:—"You have indeed a right to say that your letter contains 'GREAT AND GLORIOUS NEWS;' and to borrow any boastings from the broadsides of Erhard Ratdolt* ;

his person and many excellent good qualities. It was said that I had *outflanked* him in the negotiation, and that he had yielded too soon. All that need be observed in reply is, that the King of Wirtemberg, his master, was entirely satisfied with the result. This "bold stroke" was achieved at Manheim, on quitting Germany to return through France. Lord Spencer was thus pleased to express himself, in a letter dated 18th Oct. 1818, from Althorp, on receiving the news of the acquisition of the Virgils. "Though I apprehend that it is probable that this letter will not be in time to reach you before you leave Paris, I cannot resist risking it to say with how much pleasure I received (on the 16th) yours from Manheim, dated the 7th, which proved, indeed, a glorious conclusion to your bibliographical expedition in Germany. I cannot sufficiently praise the prompt decision of your measures, by which you secured the possession of the two Virgils, and I am quite satisfied with the bargain, which, all things considered, is as good an one as could be expected."

* I had purchased a broadside (the only one I have ever seen) printed by Erhard Ratdolt, a beautiful printer of great celebrity, at Venice—in the fifteenth century—of the Curators of the public library at Augsbourg. I think the price was about three or four pounds.

or of any other more fortunate Bibliomaniac. In truth, you have really done wonders..." In this same letter His Lordship was pleased to remark, that "Mr. Grenville, who was present that morning on the receipt of my Munich letter, was nearly as much pleased with its contents as he was himself." And I have it in the handwriting of that eminent individual and profound bibliographer himself, that "he had seen, with equal delight and surprise, the extraordinary acquisitions which I had made for Lord Spencer, and which exceeded all that could have been hoped for." Indeed, I was most anxious, and at one time a little sanguine, about procuring for Mr. Grenville the *first Aldine Virgil and Horace*, UPON VELLUM, in the public library at Munich, upon terms as honourable for one party to receive as for the other to offer.

But I am not going to take the reader into my travelling chaise to make the tour with him over again; although one or two REMINISCENTIAL points may not inaptly be here adverted to. I was resolved, on quitting England, to leave behind every thing in the shape of petty prejudice and national antipathy. I left my home and my family as an English gentleman and as a Christian minister; resolving to treat mankind in the true spirit which those qualities enjoined. I found everywhere civility; and I hope and believe that I brought what I found. There was no time to form friendships; although, in some instances, a difference of language and of religion would have been no bar to their cultivation. When

I least expected it, I found an excess of civility ; and when I most needed it, an equal excess of generosity. I had very frequently only to express a wish, and it was complied with : only to hint at a possible want, and it was supplied. There are many kind and generous spirits whom I know I have left behind, and parted with for ever. The grave has received Denon, Millin, Barbier, Brial, and Bétencourt ; but Messrs. Van Praet, Gail, Duchesne ... and, above all, Le Marquis de Chauteaugiron and Durand de Lançon ... are “yet alive.” There was however, ONE, on whose decease, before he had received the intended copy of my work, I felt more than I can adequately describe :—ONE, who had not only shewn me every degree of personal civility—and from the influence of his situation had procured me a most signal and substantial service*—but who, on my departure, and during the whole of a brisk correspondence carried on while my work was at press, was indefatigable in maturing my plans and accelerating their execution. I allude to ADAM DE BARTSCH, an Aulic Counsellor, and Prefect or Chief Librarian of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

“What I have owed to THEE, my heart can ne’er forget †.”
BOWLES.

* When I reached Vienna, the public Library was about to be shut up. M. Bartsch, who was at the head of it, prevailed upon his Colleagues—chiefly those excellent men Messrs. Kopitar and Payne—to indulge me by continuing it open for *another fortnight*,

“haud equidem tali me dignus honore.”

† The last Letter which I ever received from my amiable friend, and

I remember being much struck with a conversation held with him on the very afternoon of my

most efficient Correspondent, was one, of which the following is a portion—but the reader ought to be apprised that “the loss of the twenty Ducats” (about 10*l.* sterling) originated in the carelessness of a Courier, in losing a drawing, or fac-simile, of one of the most splendidly illuminated letters in the world—from an Evangelistarium of the Fourteenth century. I had paid Fendi 10*l.* 10*s.* for this fac-simile, which had been confided by Bartsch to one of the Ambassador’s (Marquis of Londonderry’s) Couriers. But for the letter of my Correspondent.

“ *A Vienne, ce 10 Mars, 1821.*

“ MON TRES CHER AMI,

“ A l’égard de l’exemplaire que vous m’annoncez d’une manière aussi delicate qu’amical et genereuse, comme un present pour ma *propre bibliothèque*, je dois vous demander instamment la permission de le refuser. Vous souffrez déjà une perte de vingt ducats. Je ne puis, et ne veux donc, pas vous causer en même temps une autre depense qui ne seroit pas moindre. Non, mon très cher ami, vous n’avez pas besoin de faire ce sacrifice pour me confirmer dans les sentimens de l’estime et de dévouement que j’ai toujours eu pour vous. J’ai la conscience de vous avoir servi depuis notre connaissance avec zèle et exactitude; et j’ai la ferme volonté de vous rendre aussi à l’avenir tous les services que vous me demanderez et dont je serai capables, avec le même zèle et avec la même exactitude. J’accepterai avec plaisir les *trois épreuves de mon portrait* que vous voulez bien m’envoyer. Je vous en serai infiniment obligé, et je les considerai comme un beau gage de votre amitié pour moi * * * Je finis cette lettre ne vous assurant, très cher ami, que je ne cesserai jamais d’être constamment,

“ Votre très dévoué et très fidèle,

“ Ami et serviteur,

“ ADAM DE BARTSCH.”

The “portrait” here alluded to appears in vol. iii. p. 448. It is very like, but yet an unsuccessful portrait; wanting spirit and colour. While that of SCHWEIGHÆUSER (in the same volume) is full of vitality and resemblance. My friend Bartsch seems to be about to take his afternoon’s dose. He never saw it. His active friendliness procured for me a copy on large paper for the Imperial (public) Library, the Emperor’s private Library, the Duke D’Albert de Saxe Toschin (the Archduke

arrival at Vienna—on immediately betaking myself to the Imperial Library to “deliver my credentials” to him. After the first ordinary salutations, our familiarity increased; when, pacing the magnificent marble floor of that matchless book-room, and locking his arm within mine, he observed, “Je n’aime pas vos compatriotes. J’aime vôtre pays et votre littérature; mais je n’aime pas vos compatriotes.” “Eh, pourquoi donc?” “Je m’en vais vous dire. Ils sont *si fiers*: ils se comportent d’une *hauteur excessive*: les Anglois marchent à haut-pied, sans daignant même régarder un pauvre Allemand. Oui, Monsieur, ils sont froids; taciturnes: mescontent de tout ce qu’on fasse pour les satisfaire.” I parried the sharper points of this attack pretty successfully; but in my conscience I knew much of it to be true. How-

Charles’s Father-in-Law), and the Count de Freis. In this, his last letter, he describes himself as being 63 years of age, with his memory somewhat impaired—but he scarcely looked so old. Vienna may be proud of BARTSCH—as not only being an engraver of first rate merit, but as having produced works upon that art which are the constant subjects of reference as well as of admiration. Of these, his *PEINTRE GRAVEUR*, in 22 vols. 8vo., is justly the most celebrated. Some of Bartsch’s *own* etchings might, in three instances out of five, be mistaken for the Originals of which they are copies. In the whole, his name is subjoined to *five hundred and five engravings*. A fac-simile of his autograph appears in vol. iii. 394 of the second edition of this Tour. Bartsch was a cautious man in discourse, with a warm heart, and a vivid fancy. The government of his country had somewhat *austrianised* his principles, which, left to the freedom of their own operation, were liberal and large. He told me that a Review like the *Edinburgh* would not be tolerated; and even the *Quarterly* was a little too saucy for some of the Vienna stomachs. And yet every body loved the Emperor—and called him a “*BON PAPA*.” One night, by moonlight, we strolled upon the ramparts, and he gave me some very curious particulars about the siege of Vienna by Bonaparte—but these for *another generation*!

ever, a long peace has rectified this and many other just causes of complaint against the English; and the international intercourse is carried on with infinitely more mutual satisfaction than it was nineteen years ago—when every Frenchman, and perhaps many Germans, fancied they saw the *Waterloo Medal* spread upon the breast of every Englishman. The “give and take” is the great maxim, in the observance of which, travellers from all parts of the world may eschew much bickering and ill-will. Wherever I went—and upon all fitting occasions,—I cautioned every one against drawing general conclusions from particular premises: national anathemas from individual irregularities.

An anecdote (and several indeed might be adduced) may serve to illustrate this. When I drove up to the Grand Hôtel at Nancy, there seemed to be a demur to admit me. I was anxious to know the cause; and alighting, begged forthwith to see the Master of the Inn. He approached hesitatingly, and evidently not much disposed for the interview. My salutation was one of studied civility. He returned it yet more formally. “Cannot I have admission here, Sir, to-night? My train is small.” “Sir, have you any acquaintance with the ladies and gentlemen who have just left us?” On asking their names, and finding that I was wholly ignorant of them, I replied, “none at all.” “Then, sir, you may descend, and stay as long as you please, *though* I see that you also are an *Englishman*.” “What

have my countrymen done to offend you?" "Much, Sir—and to disgrace themselves." "Speak, I entreat." He then told me that they had called for Champagne, and not satisfied with it in bottles, had boiled it in a kettle, and thrown a large tumbler of it, hissing hot, into the face of his head waiter. A most sympathetic "Mon Dieu!" on my part helped to soothe his irritability—and a solemn assurance that I could not *afford* to drink Champagne, hot or cold. "But, sir, you do not wage war against *Burgundy*?" To win myself into his good graces, and to make him forget my *predecessors*, I ordered a bottle of *Vin de Beaune*, and his best fricandeau—of any kind. I begged he would come and sit with me after dinner; help to dispatch my Burgundy, and to draw up "our judgment."—"When the *second* bottle, sir, has had its proper influence," said he archly—interrupting me. He came, and before the appearance of the judgment-working second bottle, he was perfectly appeased. I never spent four pleasanter days at any hotel, and completely succeeded in establishing my hypothesis that he was not to judge of our countrymen by one capricious example of them, but to attribute what had taken place to a superabundance of *money*, and not to an *Anti-Gallican* spirit. "We'll soon cure your Countrymen of the *former*," said he—and yet never were charges more moderate than his own.

The only other point to which I crave leave to allude, is, that during the whole of this Tour my

mental excitement having much injured my health, the French critics have amused themselves with my feverish restlessness, and minute detail of sleepless or sleepful nights*. It is most true, that on the eve of examining a monastic, or public, collection of Books, I seldom had what is emphatically called "a good night." Sleep had almost wholly fled my pil-

* I subjoin a version of the criticism of Mons. Licquet, who translated that portion of my work which had relation to Normandy.

"The Author's work is not only a description of Castles, Towns, Churches, Public Monuments of every kind—it is not only a representation of the general aspect of the country, as to its picturesque appearances, but it is an extended, minute, though occasionally inexact account, of PUBLIC and PRIVATE LIBRARIES, with reflections upon certain customs of the country, and upon the character of those who inhabit it. It is in short the personal history of the Author throughout the whole length of his journey. Not the smallest incident, however indifferent, but what has a place in the letters of the Bibliographer. Thus, he mentions every Inn where he stops—recommends or scolds the Landlord, according to his civility or exaction. Has the Author *passed a bad Night*? The reader is sure to know it on the following morning. On the other hand has he had a good night's rest in a comfortable bed?—('dans un lit comfortable?') We are sure to know this also, as soon as he awakes; and thus far we are relieved from anxiety about the health of the Traveller. Cold and heat—fine weather and bad weather—every variation of atmosphere is scrupulously recorded." Second Edition of Tour, vol. i. p. xxviii.: but see p. 99. There is some point and pleasantry in this—and of the "same kidney" is the following saucy tirade from M. Crapelet.

"M. Dibdin, dans son voyage en France, a visité nos départements de l'ouest et de l'est, toutes leurs principales villes, jusqu'à tous les lieux remarquables par les beautés du site, ou par les souvenirs historiques. Il a visité les Châteaux, les Eglises, les Chapelles: il a observé nos mœurs, nos coutumes, nos habitudes. Il a examiné nos Musées et nos premiers Cabinets de Curiosité. Il s'est concentré dans nos Bibliothèques. Il parle de notre littérature et des hommes de lettres: des Artes, et de nos Artistes. Il critique les personnes comme les choses. Il loue quelquefois, il plaisante souvent; la vivacité de son esprit l'égare presque toujours."

low ; and a very unusual phantasy which possessed me was, that I might find a copy of *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum*—especially at the monasteries of MÖlk, St. Florian, Chremsminster, Göttwic, and, above all, at Closterneuburg, upon large paper—even with the third volume in that condition ! Vain bewitchery ! Add to all this book-fever of the brain, I encountered much locomotion, which, with short stoppages, and hurried glances of objects, tend prodigiously to diminish the weight of human flesh. When I returned to Paris, I was scarcely recognised by some old Kensington friends. But to return to the immediate consequences, or in other words, to give an account of the publication of a work, upon which so much time, so much anxiety, and so much money had been expended. Cooled by the result of the *Decameron*, I did not, even for a moment, anticipate any elaborate review of it in our more popular Critical Journals ; but in the mean time my subscribers and kind friends were as prompt and energetic as ever in their congratulations on the splendour of the graphical embellishments, which seemed even to eclipse their predecessors. A very odd—but I am sure a very honest—feeling possessed me at starting. I was resolved to make *presents* of four copies (with the earliest impressions) to the following distinguished public characters—with the two first only of whom I had any personal knowledge : namely, to my Diocesan, the then Bishop of London, and now Archbishop of Canterbury ; to

Sir Walter Scott, to Robert Southey, Esq. (the Poet Laureat), and to Thomas Campbell, Esq., the Poet. I considered the three latter not only to be at the head of their several departments, in genius and literature, but as veterans—*entitled* to an act of homage and respect from a “rank and file” man in the regiment of the belles-lettres. With the Bishop, I felt great delicacy in the approach. A splendid present from an unbeneficed clergyman to his Diocesan, carried with it a sort of *prima facie* doubt or suspicion about the disinterestedness of the gift, and in consequence to justify its refusal. What the exact words of the letter, accompanying the donation, were, I cannot tell, for the whole was a sort of off-hand production. But this I *can* tell—that my feelings and views were utterly unconnected with professional objects. I had long considered Dr. HOWLEY, not only as my Diocesan, but as a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Divine. The language of his *acceptance* of my humble offering, while it confirmed my appreciation of his character, was most gratifying to my feelings, and will I am persuaded be most acceptable to my readers.

“ *Fulham, May 21, 1821.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ The sentiments expressed with so much delicacy in the letter which accompanied your very splendid and beautiful work, have relieved me from the embarrassment which I should actually have felt at a mark of attention which is usually confined to publications of less expense, and to

which I feel that I have no claim. On the grounds you have stated, I accept with great pleasure this valuable present; the execution of which does honour to your zeal and attainments, and will ever be a splendid monument of your bibliographical labours.

“ W. LONDON.”

So much in consequence of the *first* donation. The result of the second is worth the reader's especial attention. It is this identical answer, which, in reference to the writer, I have called in a preceding page*, “perhaps one of the most curious on record.” I had long been fully convinced that Sir Walter Scott was the “*Author of Waverley*”—even before I had read the very ingenious and convincing pamphlet upon the subject by the younger Mr. Adolphus. “Aut Scottus aut”...was ever my secret conviction. Thus impressed, I sent that illustrious Individual a copy of my *Tour*; with the request or condition that he would be pleased to convey it to the *Author of Waverley*, as a humble proof of my admiration of those talents which, in the estimation of others as well as of myself, had so largely contributed to the delight and instruction of the British public. My letter was somewhat after the fashion of that in the case of the Bishop of London, but I took no copy of what I wrote. The *clencher*, however, was as follows. I apologised

* See p. 398.

to Sir Walter for imposing this trouble upon him ; but “after repeated inquiries, I found that the only probable chance of my Present reaching the Author of *Waverley*, was through his own kind *intervention*.” His reply at once dissipated the fiction, and convinced me that “the Author” in question, and Sir Walter Scott, were ONE AND THE SAME PERSONAGE.

“*Edinburgh, June 13, 1821.*

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Upon my return from a little excursion to the country, I found your splendid work, which I think one of the most handsome that ever came from the British Press—and return you my best thanks for placing it in my possession as a mark of your regard. You have contrived to strew flowers over a path which, in other hands, would have proved a very dull one; and all *Bibliomanes* must remember you long, as he who first united their antiquarian details with good-humoured raillery and cheerfulness. I am planning a room at Abbotsford to be built next year for my books, and I will take care that your valued gift holds a place upon my future shelves, as much honoured as its worth deserves, and for that purpose an ingenious artist of Edinburgh has promised to give your *Tour* an envelope worthy of the contents. *You see from all this, that I have no idea of suffering these splendid volumes to travel any farther in quest of the nameless and unknown Author of Waverley.* As I have met with some inconveniencies in consequence of public opinion having *inaccurately* identified me with this gentleman, I think I am fairly enabled to indemnify myself by *intercepting this valuable testimony of your regard.*

“The public have called for a new edition of old John

Dryden's Works, on which I bestowed much labour many years ago. I hope you will let me place a set of these volumes upon your shelves in return—which are just on the point of issuing from the press, and will wait on you in the course of a fortnight. I hope *Ames* does not slumber? I am always,

“ My dear sir,

“ Your obliged and faithful servant,

“ WALTER SCOTT.”

My *third* donation elicited the following reply from the eminent Individual to whom it was sent; and sent, with the most cordial good wishes for his “ long life and prosperity.”

“ *Keswick, 11th June, 1821.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I hardly know how to thank you for one of the most beautiful and covetable books of modern times. As yet I have not had leisure to do more than look through it, but that has shown me how much pleasure I may expect from a regular perusal. If chance should ever bring you this way, it would give me great pleasure to shew you my BOOKS, for though they have no pretension to the name of a collection, there are a good many Spanish and Portuguese ones among them, of considerable rarity, and a great number of manuscripts, which have enabled me to bring forth a *History of Brazil*, and will enable me to complete a *History of Portugal*.

“ If some bibliographer had done for the Typographical Antiquities of *that* country what you have performed for *ours*, my labours would have been greatly facilitated. But how much I am beholden to you, you will understand when I say that I am, and long have been, preparing ma-

terials for a *History of English Literature, and English Manners**.

“ Believe me, my dear sir,

“ With many thanks and sincere respect,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

By some accident or mistake, I have misplaced the answer of Mr. Campbell, though my memory is tenacious enough to assure me of its elegance and cordiality†. The same *spirit* induced me to trans-

* “ Oh, spring to light ! auspicious babe, be born ! ” is my immediate exclamation and cordial wish in reference to such a work. To Englishmen (and Mr. Southey is “ Englishman all over ”), it would be among the richest legacies he could bequeath. We should then have a condensation of what Warton, Henry, and Strutt had expanded over too wide a surface, and thus frittered and enfeebled by the expansion ; and this “ condensation,” too, executed in a style of ready and lucid eloquence, warmed by patriotism, and polished by taste. Mr. Southey is also a poet. The reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and those of the Charleses, would, in his hands, be invested with a sort of literary halo, with which they had never been before surrounded. To this, let us have a complete *History of England* by HENRY HALLAM, Esq., a supporter of those principles which placed William the Third on the throne of these realms ; master of a masculine style, and of deep historical erudition. His “ *Middle Ages* ” are my delight ; nor do I see that the author, as imputed to him by the most powerful prose-writer of the day, is so “ fond of putting on the black cap,” to pronounce sentence of death upon state delinquents. “ JUSTICE must take place, let the heavens be rent asunder ; ” and there is sometimes more *mercy* in the execution of her decrees, than in the yielding to a slip-shod humanity, which frequently confounds all distinctions, and mixes up the bad with the good. Besides, if the cap be black, it is usually made of *silk*, and can be easily *slipped off* the head ! Whereas, the powerful writer, using this remark, not only occasionally has his head cased in this black cap, (made of *velvet* too !) but, lictor-like, holds the axe of execution in his hand also !

† To the best of my recollection, this answer was begged, coaxed, borrowed, or — from me, to enrich the *album* of some autographical Maniac.

mit each of these four copies; and I really do not know any one circumstance of my chequered life, which, upon reflection, has afforded me a more sincere gratification. The congratulations of my friends, in sundry “letters missive,” were without number. The reader must not be deprived of the pleasure of throwing a glance over a *few* of them—nor must the author deny himself the solace of recording the *adhesion* of that steady corps, or those cohorts, of friends which had supported him during all the anxieties and risks of his Spence-rian and Decameronian toils. The veteran Mr. DOUCE shall lead the way. On starting my work, he wrote thus—“my name, and what little interest I may have, is, on the present occasion, and will ever be, I trust, at your service. For *Balme** I will positively answer. I have been loud in my commendations of *your materials*—Mr. Lewis’s Drawings—and I am sure the text will be equally curious and interesting. So no more, but

PROSPER O†!!!”

* See page 637, ante; and *Nichols’ Literary Illustrations*, vol. vi. p. 826.

† Shortly after I received the following kind-hearted and characteristic note from him:—

“Charlotte Street, Portland Place, March 18.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Are we never more to recreate ourselves in those delectable conversations, which, in these turbulent and perilous times, chiefly render life supportable? I heard, six weeks ago, that you intended me a visit, but the pleasing rumour is not realised. Do mention some day that may best suit you for a *tête-à-tête* (the only way to do business) over a

Our common friend, Mr. D'ISRAELI, shall not be far behind. His pithy and spirited note assured me that "the number, and the exquisite finish, as well as the subjects of my embellishments, claimed the grateful acknowledgments of my subscribers." "I long to travel with you (concludes he), but shall not be able to get into your chaise at least for a fortnight to come." But no words, in my appreciation of their sense, contained a warmer eulogy, than the pregnant brevity of those of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., to the elder Mr. Nichols, of *Gentleman Magazine* celebrity. "I have a great treat in D—'s Tour: it is quite a GENTLEMAN'S BOOK."

A few *Roxburghian Responses* shall ensue; and that of the gallant Honorio shall lead the way.

"Clapham Common, April 21, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It is the most splendid and liberal publication which, in my days, I have ever seen; and I presume that the execution of the work stands unrivalled. I expect much entertainment from the narration and criticisms, a foretaste of which I have snatched in turning over the leaves. I was left nearly alone at home, my family making an Easter holiday, and even our *Brother Lang* is ruralizing; so that I have had almost a solitary and gluttonous monopoly of your book. To the few who have seen it, the treat has been keen and delicious.

"Ever yours, most faithfully,

"GEORGE HIBBERT."

mutton chop and a little mock turtle, that they make *à la mode d'Epicure* at my pastry-cooks.

"Yours, *semper idem*,

"F. DOUCE."

“Brother Lang*” shall speak for himself in the following warm-hearted and encomiastic strains.

“*Portland Place, May 17, 1821.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I received all the books safe. They are magnificent, and exceed even my expectation. As to the Literary Memoirs, I shall know more to-morrow, as I devote this evening to read more of them.

“I think our Roxburghers do not support their Vice-President as they should do†. As to *monuments*, some hundred years hence, our posterity may erect one to you, and I trust will have to say that he lived to a good old age.

“Ever yours,

“ROBERT LANG.”

And with what a keen relish did I devour the various little notices (*Adversaria*!) and congratulations of my excellent friend MENALCAS‡, who was pleased “thus to pour forth his unpremeditated strain.”

“*Cockwood, August 19, 1821.*”

“MY DEAR D * *,

“The great delight of my vacation, hitherto, has been the reading, notes and all, your most captivating and joyous Tour. Father, mother, wife, and aunt, have been equally pleased; each with their separate perusal.

“Affectionately yours,

“H. D.”

And within a few weeks after: “Your *Monasteries* are delicious; but I hate your ‘*Siestas*,’ and

* See page 371-2, ante.

† This alludes to the Dedication of my work to the ROXBURGHE CLUB. I think there were about seven members whom I have reason to suspect did *not* take a copy of the work.

‡ See pages 296-7, &c.

should have drunk a little more wine with the Abbots than you did."

We will now examine the complexion of a few of the letters brought in by the *Country Post*. The Rev. Mr. Wheelright* had not allowed his warmth and kindness of feeling one jot to escape; for he thus observes :

"The *Bibliographical Department* of your Tour gives it a peculiar and novel interest, which, added to its other attractions, can scarcely fail to secure for it the patronage of the public; and I am happy to hear that it has met with a rapid sale; for, after all, *that* is the only substantial remuneration to which an author looks, as the due reward of his costly labours."

It is with feelings of no ordinary gratification that I make known the expressions of one (a country clergyman), the brother of my late respected friend, Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., with whom, in other and happier days (never to come over again!) I have spent many a social and many a rational hour, and who has not yet allowed his personal attachment to

. . . . "pale its ineffectual fire."

"Westow, April 24th, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I consider myself extremely obliged to you for the attention paid to my application, and particularly so to my brother, for once more adding to the pleasure and delight I have always received from your labours; as it affords to us *Country Parsons* an opportunity of having fac similes of those

* See page 640-1, ante.

rare gems that can never elsewhere greet our eyes. I assure you the *lads* of the *north* are as much delighted with a few months' residence in the smoke of London as you are with the rare atmosphere of *Sledmere*, and less likely to inhale it; but the opportunity of meeting you there or elsewhere, will always afford me much pleasure. We consider the residence of your friend, Mr. Todd, amongst us a great acquisition; though, I fear, with his literary habits and pursuits, he will not meet with many congenial spirits. I am happy to say that he likes Settrington much.

“ My dear sir, yours,

“ CHRISTOPHER SYKES.”

Within less than a month, my amiable and right hearted, as well as right “learned friend”—the ARCHDEACON alluded to in the foregoing letter—wrote to me, in part as follows, on transmitting his subscription for a copy of the *Tour*. My friend had not long then been in the possession of his preferment*.

* After many years of laborious and successful toil in having been the editor of Spenser, Milton, and Johnson's Dictionary—to say nothing of other minor performances, among which, I think, my friend's pamphlet upon the *Eikon Basilike* completely successful and unanswerable—it was the lot of the Rev. Henry James Todd to get at length a substantial living in Yorkshire, through the interest of the late Earl of Bridgewater. The late Archbishop of Canterbury presented him with Coulsden, in Kent, which he surrendered on taking possession of Settrington; but he was then taken away, in the autumn of life, from his talking and his silent friends, to rusticate the remainder of his days at a distance of two hundred miles and upwards from the metropolis, and from his beloved Lambeth library. Now, where had been the harm—where would not have been the glory—in the prime minister of his day, were he Perceval, Portland, or Liverpool—to have given SUCH A MAN a stall at Canterbury or at Westminster, so as to have rendered the Yorkshire peregrination unnecessary? And what are the pretensions of

“ Settrington, Malton, May 15th, 1821. .

“ DEAR D *,

..... “ These kind remembrances of you, and old Urban’s yellow notification, put me also in mind of a *certain work*, from which I shall gather the greatest delight, and for which I enclose my subscription, herein considering that I could not be wrong in following Swift, who, to save the stamp upon one of his tracts, placed a *prayer* at the end of it; and therefore, to save payment of the stamp, I have sent thee, friend D., a two months’ draft.

“ Why, I have found, in this neighbourhood, churches and buildings of which the diversified architecture—very ancient, middle-aged, and grotesque, would occupy you and Mr. Lewis a good twelvemonth, for tolerable selections. Your first visit to me, with the *Stockwell Recorder**, will soon convince you of this. The country round about is beautiful, and very superior to *Sledmere*. Do you know such a place? And also one *Christopher Sykes*, and one *Sir Mark*? and if clerical knighthood had still maintained its ground, one “ *Sir Henry*,” parson of Settrington, “ a very foolish knight,” as Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, and properly applies with ‘ *That’s me!*’

“ I fancy you do know them pretty well. Sir Mark returns in August or September. There are no literary men nearer than York (and ‘*rari nantes*’ there) except at Hunmanby, about three miles less distant, where the Rev. F.

those, who, since Mr. Todd’s possession of Settrington, have filled the numerous stalls which have become vacant? Worthy and good men doubtlessly fill them; but have they edited Milton, Spenser, and Johnson, and written professional biography, like the Archdeacon of —? It will be observed, that I argue this point as one of a *literary complexion* entirely... or I might just whisper in the reader’s ear, that my friend the Archdeacon has a family of nine daughters... joining, however, as heartily as any of his congregation in the response, “ happy is the man that hath his QUIVER FULL OF THEM!”

* Henry Petrie, Esq., keeper of his majesty’s records in the Tower of London, residing at Stockwell.

Wrangham resides,* with whom I am become acquainted. I was told indeed, before I came hither, of a most learned person, very near this place, skilled in various sciences, and (as Sir Toby says) ‘Master of three or four languages, besides playing on the viol de gambo,’ whom I dreaded to meet, knowing my own deficiencies. But how have I been relieved by the accidental meeting—when I found his diversified learning to consist in the new modes of agriculture and experiments of chemistry, which an old book-worm could not be supposed to know any thing about; and therefore I had only to ‘bow as to superior spirits is due.’

“Pray give me a line acknowledging the receipt of this, and any literary news. Remember me to any who ask after me, especially to PETRIE. If I had called upon all my friends before leaving the south, there would have been no end to it; and to this, I might add, much unexpected business, which at the eve of our departure befell me; and soon after our arrival here I was very ill. I am now quite hearty, as are all our family. I have bought an old hunter, discharged from the chace, as gentle as may be, bearing, however, the haughty appellation of *Fergus*. I would have treated you with his pedigree if time would have permitted. We are going to York, or Scarborough, or Bridlington, till the new roof of our house is finished; but we shall not leave this place for a few weeks yet, and all will be rectified by the autumn. Petrie and you will bear this in mind.

“Yours, ever sincerely,

“H. J. TODD.”

From two other country clergymen I received testimonies of a very gratifying description, although altogether personally unknown to me; testimonies, which have been in perfect accordance with their uniform *adhesion* to my humble lucubrations. The

* See page 391-2, ante.

Rev. James Dalton, of Croft Rectory, near Darlington, and a neighbour of "Friend Sams*—" although a Bibliomaniac of a very humble order, with eight children, and consequently much "let and hindered in the course he was well disposed to run"—must not only needs have a copy of this, "very amusing and instructive work," but of Mr. Lewis's etchings also†. The Rev. Frederick Ekins, a Northumberland Rector, was pleased thus to express himself in a gay and courteous epistle.

* JOSEPH SAMS, bookseller, of Darlington, in Yorkshire: a man, in all points of view, *sui generis*. Ardent, active, keen, credulous (the amiable failing of humanity!) locomotive, adventurous, ambitious, victorious. In coins, in books, in diptychs, in intaglios ... in anything, in everything ... his curiosity knows no bounds—his acquisitions have no termination. Now, standing on one leg upon the top of the highest pyramid; and now groping among the catacombs of Paris for the skull of Damien or of Robespierre. I possess various of his letters; they are original, equally for the mode of scription and of sentiment: from the first letter, E ("Esteemed friend") to the curvature of the last S ("Joseph Sams"). His address is pleasing, his voice is soft, his exordium is winning, his peroration seductive. You draw out your "pistolet," and find yourself laden with a Speculum, printed by Mentelin, or some Papal Decretals, executed by Eggestyn—too ponderous for ordinary arms to bear away—too doggedly dry for the perusal even of a dozen lines—too remotely uninteresting for the operation even of the keenest curiosity. Of Mr. Sams, and of his Hebrew MS. of the Pentateuch, I have made honourable mention in the Decameron, vol. i. p. 185. One of the most amusing letters I ever received from Lord Spencer, was his Lordship's description of Mr. Sams's visit to Althorp.

† These etchings were afterwards separately published by Mr. Lewis, from drawings taken on the spot, while he was travelling with me. They are clever, but they are coarse: not harmonising, in the slightest manner, with those engraved by the first artists, which appear in the Tour itself. I never wish to see them mixed up with their precursors—without the slightest personal feeling upon the subject, but only from their own distinct individual character; they are a thing apart, and should be kept apart.

“*Morpeth Rectory, May 25, 1821.*”

“DEAR SIR,

“Last Tuesday I had the pleasure of receiving your delightful Tour, and hasten to remit my subscription for that pleasant work. The engravings are exquisite, delicate, characteristic and exact. I have ordered a copy of Mr. Lewis’s Etchings; the letter-press amuses me highly, and affords me, to boot, much desirable information. I am still with you at Rouen, for I do not gulp my food, but take it quietly like a good boy. I should like much to see the “*Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Bleue*,” and perhaps you would have the goodness to shew it me, should I happen to be in town this summer. Living in the open air, in a fine climate, reading romances and diverting stories, and agreeable gossip, contribute much to make the French, of the middling and lower class, so lively and polite as we generally find them to be.

“Yours, very truly,

“FRED. EKINS.”

I turn to the metropolis again, or rather to its environs. It was my good fortune, between the publications of the Decameron and the Tour, to make the acquaintance of a Mr. Dobree, sen., a septuagenarian at the time of my acquaintance with him. He was a native of Jersey, and a retired British merchant—his son having a counting-house in the vicinity of that all-important street “hight” *Thread-needle*. Although our acquaintance had been of very short growth, it quickly ripened into what might have been called intimacy. In Mr. Dobree, sen., I found my old friend Mr. Tyson* revived.

* See page 197, ante.

He lived at Walthamstow ; one of the very prettiest and most picturesque (if the neighbourhood of *Ep-ping Forest* be taken into consideration) villages in the vicinity of London. I have spent more than one or two most *sympathising* days with him there ; for his cellar was curious, and his table was large. He loved art in all its varieties ; and had been a sort of Mæcenas, in former days, to Chantrey, to Turner, and to Wilkie * : having some fine sea-pieces of the second (when his style was grand from the breadth of his shadows and the sobriety of his colouring), and of the latter, the original picture of “Hiring the Servant.” In fact, the print from this latter picture was dedicated to its owner. Mr. Dobree had, of all men whom I knew, one of the most pleasant and unaffected modes of address, and reception of his friends. His heartiness of speech did not exuberate into noisy exclamation or generalising remark. It was quiet, warm, and winning. A few words, in his *sotto voce* manner of uttering them, found their way directly to your heart. His hand was always fully grasped within yours...not a sort of cold, stiff, protruding, pick-locking fore-finger—but the whole four fingers and thumb went instantly within all the wards of friendship’s lock. My intimacy with him was of too short a duration :

* Mr. Wilkie was engaged by Mr. Dobree to design his *first historical picture*—being the death of Sir Philip Sidney, in small—and engraved by Raimbach, for Mr. Dobree’s very curious book, entitled the *BOOK OF DEATH*.

but there is ONE ever swift and sure to strike, as he is resistless in his course. I believe Mr. Dobree was buried in Walthamstow churchyard, not far from the grave of one, over whom he had been instrumental in procuring the chisel of Chantrey to raise a splendid monument. It will be seen from the ensuing letter by my departed friend, that he was disposed to “revel” in more than *one* copy of the work under consideration. How thoroughly characteristic of him is the ensuing!

“ July 25, 1821.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Yesterday morning I found on my desk the long expected parcel containing the finished prints, cancelled leaves, &c., for the large paper copy, together with another beautiful *Diane*, for which please to accept my fresh and redoubled thanks. I shall now have *two* of the prettiest copies of your *Tour*, for in each of them do I intend to bestow one of your *Diana*’s. I have seen more of the malignant spirit of which you made mention; but all the harm it does, I suppose, is to render its author despicable. The whole review*, if it may be so called, was unfair, untrue, ungentlemanly, unhandsome, with a number of other *uns*—too numerous to mention. There is no one but must consider

* He alludes to a review in a weekly journal. I will not mention the name of the journal, nor the author of the review. It was smart and sparkling in the outset, and I was amused at being designated as the “Beau Brummel” of living authors, in regard to the glossy splendour of my publications. But its uncalled-for and most obtrusive severity arose from a misconceived notion that I had some secret sinister view in running down the talent of the late Charles Stothard! I might with equal justice have been charged with having intentionally manufactured the bullet which was to go through Mr. Perceval’s heart!

your book as a very entertaining and instructive performance. The *Prater*, the *Boulevards* of Paris, and other similar places, are extremely well written, and very diverting: quite in the *Yorick* style*. Make yourself easy, and write another book as soon as you can—to confound the rogues.

“ Ever most truly yours,

“ S. DOBREE.”

Armed with such testimonies, I was prepared, (“me, meâ virtute, involvens,”) to snap my fingers at the recklessness or jesuitism of a Review†. My friend, Mr. Dawson Turner, who published a very elegant and instructive Tour in Normandy about the same time—which was adorned by the singular graces of the pencil and the burin of a Wife and a Daughter—found himself, in the long run, somewhat more successful; as far as a gracious nod from the Quarterly Review was to be taken into consideration. His equable style, and cautious narrative—together with the more exclusively architectural objects of his Tour—made the “censura” of the Critic necessarily of more facile execution. I presume, however, that reviewing—like a certain other matter which need not be named—“goes by favour.” I

* So thought, and so says (see post) Mr. Schweighæuser. If there be *any* merit in the style of the author, it is that of being his *own*.

† I desire to qualify: in other words, I “rise to explain.” In the review of the second edition of my Tour in Blackwood, I recognise the skilful and exercised hand of a master: lenient, temperate, just. I admit that the “avant propos” relating to Messrs. Licquet, Crapelet, and Lesné, had been better away. But, for once, let me be allowed to exclaim ... “Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam?”

hasten to mention one or two only testimonies from distinguished Foreigners. From poor MILLIN, had his life been spared, what might I not have expected from the elastic vigour of his ready pen! And from BARTSCH, a still more eloquent and copious *censura parainetica* might have been anticipated. Yet I am equally proud and well content to record the following; the first, from a thorough Gentleman, and well-informed Antiquary, of Rouen; the second, from the learned Son of a learned Father, whose name will live as long as those works of ancient classical celebrity which he has so admirably edited.

The letter of Mons. A. LE PREVOST commences with acknowledging my present of a copy of the *Tour* to the Library of the Royal Academy at Rouen, of which he is himself one of the brightest ornaments.

“ *Ce 26 Mars, 1822.*

“ MON AIMABLE ET RESPECTABLE AMI,

“ J’ai tardé bien long-temps à répondre à votre lettre du 31 Janvier dernière, par la raison qu’elle m’a trouvé malade à la campagne, et que je n’ai pu en consequence m’acquitter qu’assez nouvellement de votre obligeante mission auprès de l’Academie de Rouen. La Compagnie me charge de vous témoigner la vive réconnoissance qu’elle éprouve de vos nombreux et magnifiques présents. J’ai moi-même de non moins vifs rémercimens à vous adresser pour le bijou que vous me promettez, et qui sera le plus précieux ornement de ma Bibliothèque. Vous ne sauriez croire combien votre *Tour* m’instruit et m’interesse—aujourd’hui surtout que je le lis à tête reposée. Vous me faites connaître nos *Richesses Bibliographiques* mieux que je ne l’avais jamais fait; et je cherche en vain à m’expliquer comment, dans un si court

séjour, vous avez pu rassembler tant de matériaux, et en composer un tableau si complet et si animé. Vous voyez que je suis bien loin de voir votre livre des mêmes yeux que *Crapelet*, ou même que mon Compatriote (*Licquet*), dont je vous envoie la petite publication. Je ne puis m'expliquer comment, après avoir lu l'expression des nobles et touchants sentiments qui occupent la dernière lettre qu'il a traduite, il a pu prendre une attention si minutieuse à chercher les moindres sujets de discussion, et un ton si inconvenant pour les relever, &c. Adieu ! Je vous prie de vous souvenir quelque-fois de

“ Votre tout dévoué serviteur et ami,

“ AUGUSTE LE PREVOST.”

Before introducing the brief testimony of my friend M. SCHWEIGHÆUSER, I ought to inform the reader that I had committed “une petite indiscretion,” in telling the public that that worthy and unsuspecting Gentleman had confided to me the key of the public Library at Strasbourg, for the sake of finishing my book researches there in quiet and in privacy. He says, “You ought to have been attended by the Apparitor, Peton. If he left you alone, it was from a just confidence in your integrity—but he was failing in his duty.” He concludes thus :

“ Vous voyez, estimable ami, que ma franchise est aussi incorruptible aux éloges, que notre *Sturdiness* l'a été à votre Or : mais ce qui vous fait pardonner beaucoup, c'est non seulement votre aimabilité pour notre ville et notre pays, mais encore l'esprit et le pinceau *Sternien* que vous avez mis dans beaucoup de vos descriptions et de vos récits. Il

est permis d'être inexact quand on est piquant et amusant, mais encore vaudrait il mieux être l'un et l'autre, &c. &c.

“ Adieu, estimable ami : je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

“ Votre tres devoué,

“ SCHWEIGHÆUSER FILS.”

I omit very much of the commendatory strain of this worthy correspondent ; and hasten, while engaged in the “foreign department” of Criticism, to take notice of one or two things which it will be seen are referred to in the letter of Mons. Le Prevost. Two names there appear—for the name of *Lesné** (afterwards noticed by my Correspondent) is scarcely worth the writing a second time.

Unintentionally on the part of one or two of the zealous tribe of French Critics, my humble performance has received the highest honour to which its Author could aspire, in having been attired in a *French dress*. The whole of the work relating to France has been translated into the language of that country, in four volumes, with a repetition of all the woodcuts. The common paper of this work is very unworthy of all the parties concerned in it. The large paper is the opposite in all respects ; it is struck off in a manner worthy of being placed by the side of the large paper of the original Work, to

* *Lesné's* bombast makes him diverting ; see some extracts from his “*Poem on Book Binding*” in the Introduction to the second edition of the *Tour*.

which it was obviously and professedly intended to be a companion. Messrs. Licquet and Crapelet, after having each discharged a separate shot* at the Author, united their forces, and by the joint production of this translation, concluded in fact with the homage of praise...towards a Work which they had separately strove to undermine. Because, as my friend M. Le Prevost observes, I had “uttered noble sentiments” about his country—and had even introduced *him* to the knowledge of MSS. and printed books at Rouen of which he had been ignorant—*therefore* M. Licquet thought my ninth letter—developing those bibliographical curiosities—deserving both of translation and attack†. M. Licquet is no

* In the translation of the ninth letter of the first volume, and the thirtieth letter of the second volume, each most beautifully printed, and with a limited number taken off.

† I sent a copy of M. Licquet’s translation to a very sensible, as well as amiable friend, Lady C——; who was in possession of a beautiful copy of the original work, and who had also procured me several subscribers. Her answer is as follows:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“York Terrace, Tuesday.

“I return you the volume, with many thanks. I have read it with pleasure and with anger, to see how well he has *translated* you, and yet how ill he has *understood* you. The notes are puerile, and beneath a man of letters; and I should be ashamed of any Englishman who could be so *childish*. However, your work will be read and liked, *non obstant* M. Licquet’s notes; and I think the feeling of the readers will be against his sneering observations. Let us have such a work from a *Frenchman* travelling in England! It is all envy, envy, envy. Oh, how they envy and hate us!

“Ever yours, most sincerely,

“A. M. C.

“P. S. I should like to write to M. Licquet *my opinion* of him.”

This is smart and clever—like the writer. But as my translator and

more ; but having “ returned his fire” in the second edition of the *Tour*, I ceased to harbour one ungracious thought, or one unworthy sentiment, towards him. We had met...and discharged our shots, and there was an end of it. “ *Inimicitie placabiles.*”

Of M. Crapelet I will only repeat in substance what I have before observed—that it was utterly impossible for me in my thirtieth Letter, descriptive of Booksellers and Printers at Paris, in which the warmest commendation was bestowed upon *himself*—to suppose, that there was anything in that letter which could possibly have “ moved his bile.” So that my astonishment on the appearance of his translation, could only be equalled by my contempt of the ungenerous spirit which could have engendered it. Having also “ returned his fire” in a very special manner—first, by my “ *Roland*” for his “ *Oliver**”,

critic is now “ at rest,” a sense of justice induces me to qualify many of his “ childish remarks,” and inconclusive deductions, by an extract from his work, which at least does great credit to his HEART.

“ A Dieu ne plaise, toutefois, que j'accuse ici *le cœur* de M. Dibdin. Je n'ai jamais eu l'honneur de le voir. Je ne le connais que pas ses écrits, principalement par son *splendid Tour* ; et je ne balance pas à déclarer que l'auteur doit être doué d'une âme honnête, et de ces qualités fondamentales qui constituent l'homme de bien. Il préfère sa croyance, mais il respecte la croyance des autres ; son érudition paraît variée ; son amour pour les antiquités est immense ; et par antiquités, j'entends ici tout ce qui est *antique* ou seulement *ancien* quelles que soient d'ailleurs la nature et la forme des objets.”

* Of this tract only thirty-six copies were printed ; and it is now become so scarce and dear, as to have brought 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* at a public sale. I possess a curiosity connected with this subject: nothing less than a *French translation* of it, by a Parisian, in MS. ; but it shall not see the light. Mr. Crapelet may be left to the “ thumps and bumps” (see page

and secondly by the observations prefixed to the thirtieth letter in the second edition of the Tour—I can only wish the Author a better taste in the exercise of his future operations, both as a Printer and a Translator. My old bibliographical acquaintance, Mons. Peignot, of Dijon, in his “*Variétés, Notices, et Raretés Bibliographiques*,” 1822, 8vo., p. 4, while reviewing the labours of my translators, took that opportunity of delivering his opinion, roundly and freely, upon the original work. I am not indisposed, upon the whole, to hold the balance as M. Peignot is pleased to fill the scales*. And

632, ante), which are occasionally inflicted upon him, and which he so obviously merits, in the second edition of my Tour.

* “Few books (says the Bibliographer of Dijon) have been executed with greater luxury. It is said that the expenses of printing and engraving amounted to 6,000*l.* [7,000*l.*] to nearly 140,000 [166,000] francs of our money. It must be admitted, that ENGLAND is the ONLY COUNTRY in which such an undertaking could be carried into effect. Who in France would dare to risk such a sum, especially in three volumes in octavo? He would be ruined if he did.” I quote these passages simply to shew under what extraordinary obliquity of feeling Messrs. Licquet and Crapelet must have sat down to the task of translation and abuse of that very work which is here admitted to contain such splendid representations of the “bibliographical, antiquarian, and picturesque beauties of their own country!”

GABRIEL PEIGNOT is one of my oldest bibliographical acquaintances. Twenty years preceding this controversy, I had done him ample justice in the pages of the *Bibliomania*: see “Bibliographical Index” of that work. Therefore it is, as I conceive, that, after *sugaring* my translation as much as he dare venture upon, he concludes thus: “Il y aurait injustice à refuser à M. Dibdin des connaissances très étendues en histoire, littérature, et en bibliographie; nous le disons franchement, il faudrait fermer les yeux à la lumière, ou être d’une partialité revoltante, pour ne pas convenir que, juste appréciateur de tous les trésors bibliographiques

thus much for the “foreign department” of criticism upon the Tour.

A very general, and apparently very hearty, opinion having been expressed, that the *information* contained in such costly volumes might be acceptable to the Public through a less expensive and more portable medium, it was resolved to bring forth a *second edition*—not divested of ornaments, but contrariwise, possessing some* which do not appertain to its precursor. This second edition, in a small octavo form, is beautifully printed, and published at a moderate price; possessing, in the running notes, critical replies, and biographical memoranda, advantages which, in these respects, give it a superiority over the first. It is dedicated to a Brother-Traveller, and Brother-Bibliographer, who now so ably fills a conspicuous situation in the University of Cambridge†.

qu'il a le bonheur d'avoir dans le main, M. D. en a fait connoître en détail toute la richesse dans de nombreux ouvrages, où très souvent le luxe d'érudition se trouve en harmonie avec le luxe typographique qu'il y a étalé.”

* Namely, the portrait of the Abbé de la Rue, the Comte de Brienne, and the Prater, near Vienna. It has also small bird's eye views of the monasteries of Salzburg and Mölk, and of the Black Eagle at Munich; a repetition (in small) of the filles de chambre at Caen and Nuremberg; with several of the groups reduced and cut in wood. There are also thirty-three fac-similes of autographs of eminent men. All the *copper-plates* of the first edition are DESTROYED.

† The dedication is in the following terms:—

“To the Rev. JOHN LODGE, M. A., Fellow of Magdalen College, and Librarian to the University of Cambridge.—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Most grateful it is to me, at all times, to bear in remembrance those

But another word, and I have done ; nor should even *that* word have been spoken, but as being in strict conformity with what has preceded it*. It will be seen, as here referred to, that I have made mention of two *Illustrated Copies* of the Decameron. It must now be permitted me to notice *one* illustrated copy of the Tour ; and it is one of singular beauty and perfection, extracting and combining the splendour of three similar copies. At first, a marygold ; secondly, a china-aster ; thirdly, a sunflower ; and fourthly and lastly a conjunction of the whole three. My friend Mr. Henry Drury was its first possessor. From his bed of jonquils it was transplanted into the parterre of Mr. George Hibbert—where it thrived amazingly. Hence it crept into the “jardin de plaisance” of Mr. Hanrott ; whence it

pleasant discussions, in which we were wont so frequently to indulge, relating to the libraries upon the Continent ; but more than ordinarily gratifying to me was *that* moment, when you told me that, on crossing the Rhine, you took the third volume of my Tour under your arm, and on reaching the monasteries of M $\ddot{u}$ lk and G $\ddot{o}$ ttwic, gave an off-hand translation to the venerable Benedictine inmates, of what I had recorded concerning their MSS. and printed books, and their hospitable reception of the author. I studiously concealed from you, at the time, the whole of the gratification which that intelligence imparted ; resolving, however, that should this work be deemed worthy of a second edition, to dedicate that republication to *Yourself*. Accordingly, it now comes forth in its present form, much enhanced, in the estimation of its author, by the respectability of the name prefixed to this dedication ; and wishing you many years’ enjoyment of the honourable public situation with which you have been recently and so deservedly invested, allow me to subscribe myself,

“ Your affectionate and obliged friend,

“ Wyndham Place, June 30, 1829.

T. F. D.”

* See page 649.

was borne away by the victorious hand of a Gentleman, who scrupled not to give 178*l.* for the prize. On hearing this, I not only congratulated the Conqueror (who was personally unknown to me), but spontaneously tendered a basket full of flowrets to add to his bouquet. The pleasant correspondence upon this chivalrous subject is annexed below*.

* I sent the purchaser my PASS-PORT, and a variety of curious and interesting MS. documents. On receiving them, Mr. B—— returned the following answer:—

“REV. SIR,

“I had the honour of receiving yesterday evening your very polite note, and in answer beg to say, that I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kind offer, by the receipt of the documents alluded to. Since I made the *fortunate* purchase (for such I consider it), I have added FOUR ORIGINAL DRAWINGS to the work, amongst which is the ‘exquisite’ bust of Denon, by Laguiche. I shall embrace every opportunity that may offer itself of further enriching the book, which has always been a great favourite with me, and, in every point of view, well deserves whatever may be expended in its embellishment.

“I have the honour to be,

“Rev. Sir,

“Your much obliged, and very obedient,

“J. B.”

Some short time after, the possessor of this many-coloured BOUQUET was induced to part with his treasure; and in so doing, he returned me all my additional communications, with the following letter:—

“REV. SIR,

“*Dalby Terrace, Monday Morning.*

“A very splendid offer has induced me to part with the *Tour* to a gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to disclose. Under these circumstances I feel it my duty to return you the papers which you were so kind as to send me, and beg to repeat my grateful acknowledgments for your very handsome and obliging communications.

“You are very well known to the present proprietor of the book, and I have apprised him of the existence and nature of the documents, and also of my intention of returning them to you. If, therefore, he should wish to possess them, you will probably hear from him on the subject.

“I remain, &c.”

I do not know to whom my correspondent referred; but I do know

And thus I take leave of a Work, the most costly on the score of embellishment, and the most perilous on that of responsibility, in which a Traveller—relying upon his own resources exclusively—was ever engaged. That it has failed, in an eminent degree, to remunerate me in a *pecuniary* point of view, is most certain and notorious; but that even *now*, when eighteen years of life have spread

“their broad pinions, swifter than the wind,” and fled away since I first put my foot upon the shores of France—even *now*, I say, were the PATRONAGE in all respects commensurate, I would strive to do for *Italy* what I have done for *France*, *Bavaria*, and *Austria*; and, lastly, should it please a gracious Providence to prolong health with existence, I would yet strive more lustily to surpass what had gone before ...for the COUNTRY IN WHICH I LIVE*. I must not

that I immediately transferred all these “addenda” to my intimate and affectionate friend, George Henry Freeling, Esq., the possessor of the unrivalled copy of the *Decameron* (see page 650, ante), whom I knew to be desperately well disposed to do for the *Tour* what he had done for its *Precursor*.

* It is, however, but due to the spirit of the London booksellers to add, that there was an attempt, some ten years ago, to put me in motion upon this “voyage of discovery;” and advances even of the respective quotas were made—but clouds of one description or other in the public as well as the private horizon of hope, rendered it necessary to abandon the execution of the work altogether. It was on so liberal a scale as to allow 250*l.* for travelling expenses. Since that year (1825) what tempests, as well as clouds, have darkened the bibliopolistic hemisphere! But intelligence of this projected tour soon got abroad. Mr. J. Adey Repton thus wrote from Essex:—“I am glad that your TOUR IN ENGLAND is undertaken. Pray give us plenty of wood-cuts, and also some interior views of old halls, particularly *Hardwicke House* [see

say the "country of my *birth*"—for THAT, as the reader will see in the first chapter of this book, lies some ten thousand miles away!

page 566, ante], with minute details of furniture*. The needle work of Queen Mary's bed, &c., and even the old iron lock of a door, are worth engraving. The old binding which I saw at Lackington's would make a beautiful plate, and perhaps better than the rude cuts of stunted legged gentlemen with clubbed feet, or wolves that look like cats.

"May 17, 1825."

"Trahit sua quemque voluptas:" and such are the objects of taste or of mania with my amiable and intelligent correspondent, Mr. Repton. But I should have been disobedient to his wishes; for metal more attractive would undoubtedly have occupied the attention, and exercised the pencil, of the Tourist.

Another friend wrote, "Don't let an old gateway or a crumbling buttress escape you:" a third, "If you don't give us a *raisonné catalogue* of every original picture in every ancient mansion, your labours will not be worth a brass button!!"

What a perilous undertaking do I appear luckily to have escaped!

Of a far more encouraging and rational complexion was the exhortation of my excellent friend, Mr. DOUCE. He concluded a long and chatty letter thus:

"I have been rambling through most of the south-west counties, with a great deal of clerical and very pleasant intercourse. I wish you would do the same, and treat us with another (ENGLISH) TOUR, and with the interesting embellishments that you know so well to select. The subjects are innumerable, and with the aid of a professional companion, you might publish a volume every year. Such a work remains a desideratum in this curious age, whilst the rubbish of that blockhead Stukely keeps up its enormous price. Whatever you undertake, may it be crowned with that success which you so well deserve.

"God bless you, my dear friend! Ever yours,

"E. DOUCE."

* For *old furniture* betake thyself, antiquarian, or antiquated reader, to the delightful performance of Mr. Shaw, which is to be obtained at a moderate cost at No. 57, Chancery-lane. He represents the very metal of the furniture copied. The silver ornaments of James the First's bed-chamber, at Knowle, are inimitably executed.

I must now be permitted to make a sort of *parenthetical* mention of a Weekly Journal of the name of THE MUSEUM; to which I occasionally contributed either in the character of a *Critic*, or in that of a Supplier of *Original* matter. Of this publication, Mr. Abraham John Valpy (of whose spirit of enterprise, as well as love of honest literature, I have said no more in the Decameron* than is justly his due) was at once the Patron, the Printer, and Publisher. The first Editor was a Mr. Peter Bailey, a gentleman wholly unknown to me; but apparently a man of an elegantly constructed mind, and by no means deficient in the ordinary topics of taste and criticism. He was gentlemanly in his manners, and mild in his discourse. Mr. Valpy, Mr. Bailey, and myself met at my house to concoct the *Introductory Address*; always the most awkward, generalising, and little meaning, piece of composition in the whole work, and usually as *safe*...as a speech from the throne. I composed an address myself, which was approved in part: two others were composed—but neither of the three was *adopted*. This is by no means an unusual proceeding.

“The Museum” continued to be published every Saturday, from January 1822, to December, 1825. I never knew the extent of the sale, nor the amount of the profits—including even my own. Nor indeed

* See *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 412-4.

do I remember upon what terms I was engaged ; but I was true to my post, and tolerably abundant as well as regular in my contributions*. Of these contributions, the most remarkable in its effect was that entitled "*A Day at Dulwich College.*" Perhaps the personal history of Literature contains no instance of stouter courage than that of a Writer coming forward, in the most solemn manner which the law could impose upon him, to avow himself to be the *Author* of a production, supposed and believed to have been written by *another*, for the express purpose of wounding the feelings of a *third* person. This is all I choose to say upon the subject at this present moment. But I may refer, with a keener relish, and with the certainty of giving offence to no one individual person, to the account of another visit, under the title of "*A DAY AT HARROW,*" which will be found in the pages of the same work, and from which I select a portion from the beginning, the middle, and the end ; thus assigning to it

* My contributions were miscellaneous. The principal of them are noticed above ; but in ART and BIBLIOGRAPHY I criticised the public exhibitions of pictures, and wrote some rather lengthened articles upon those of Mr. Wilkie. Nor did the *Chapeau de Paille* nor *Gerard Dow's enamel* escape me. The book sales of Mr. Watson Taylor, Mr. Perry, and Mrs. Garrick were also anatomised. Several works were also reviewed by me ; and that of Mr. Butler's *Reminiscences*, Mr. Ottley's *History of Engraving*, and Major's edition of *Walton's Angler* in particular. Giulio Clovio ; Sir Harry Inglefield ; Cotman, Irving, Burnet, Vivares, &c., and (cum multis aliis) were all embodied in my Cornucopia of contributions.

all the *Aristotelian* requisites. The scene described took place on the 4th of June, 1822, when Dr. Butler was head master.

“A DAY AT HARROW—

“AND A SPEECH-DAY too! On Thursday, June 4, I ascended, as had been ‘the custom of my forefathers,’ the hill of Harrow, in order to witness the gay sights, and to hear the grand speeches, which are usually made at that distinguished seminary about a fortnight or a month before the Midsummer recess. It is all mirth, joyance, and jollity, on these occasions. Every tongue breaks out into rapturous exclamations; every eye sparkles with delight, and every bosom beats with expectation. It is difficult to say which of the two classes, the lads or their parents, feel the greater gratification; and may I not add a *third* class—the *Masters*? * * * *

“No well-educated human being, I verily believe, whether or not he have a son there, can visit Harrow on these occasions without feeling his spirits dancing within him. The road, the country, the ascent, the view, the RECEPTION—always render such a journey among the pleasantest of my existence. And if the day be fair and fine, it is hardly possible for any thing to exceed the rich and unbounded *champagne* which lies out-stretched before you. So much for proHEME. I ascended, as I said—and according to the custom of my forefathers—the hill of Harrow, on the 4th of this month; but not *on foot*. It was agreed that my old friend BERNARDO should put his well-known pair of black, fleet coursers, to a neat tea-coloured carriage, which might be very easily mistaken for a physician’s, and that, with a postilion, in a sort of *Epsom* livery, (being a white silk jacket, with chocolate-coloured stripes), we should move forward, &c. &c. * * * *

“We rattled onward at more than a swing canter, passed every thing and every body, to the admiration of the lads, who were now, like bees, all swarming over the place—and pulled up, as a postilion so attired ought to pull up—that is to say, at something like the peril of tearing the horses’ tongues out of their mouths. We made our salutations to our excellent old friend and right-hospitable host, MENALCAS, as well as to his fairest of all fair *sposas*, BELINDA, and then lost no time in endeavouring to secure good seats at the forthcoming exhibition. And what an ‘exhibition’ do we behold, of matter as well as of mind! Ladies,

..... ‘—whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and decide THE PRIZE’—

occupy almost every bench, each rising above the other, displaying

themselves like beds of tulips—attired in every colour, prismatic or blended! There is nothing pleases me more than such a sight; and, further, I will be free to remark, that such a sight is almost peculiar to ‘dear old England.’ The cleanliness, the smartness, the taste, even the expression, conveyed by certain forms and colours of dress; add to which, the transparent complexions and ‘the eye’s blue languish’ (as Collins hath it) of the wearers—are, if I may so speak, the peculiar characteristic of this country; and beauty, *genuine*, gentle beauty, hath always a softer tint, and a tenderer expression, when it is fanned by the morning breeze, and lighted up by the morning sun. * * *

“Dr. Butler is clothed in his academic robes, as indeed are all the masters. The patrons of the school sit beside him, to the left, and in front of the orators. Every parent’s eye is fixed on his beloved child, who is to figure in this Marathon scene of classical competition. Hope, joy, delight, confidence, alternately possess and mark their countenances.

“Up rises the junior orator. Not a sound, but that of *his* voice, is heard. Gently suppressed plaudits crown his address. We have, in short, within this narrow arena, a representation of real life (as it is called), which cannot fail to strike every thoughtful observer. Cicero speaks here, and Chatham there; Horace strikes his lyre in one place, and Virgil in another; Juvenal and Johnson—Sallust and Shakspeare—Callimachus and Collins—start up, alternately, within the narrow arena of twelve square feet; and characters and times, long gone by, re-appear with all the fascination of youthful enthusiasm. I shall draw no invidious comparisons; except that it seemed to me that the *Latin* orations were delivered with better intelligence, or a clearer perception of the exact sense, than several of the English. But ALL the auditors were delighted, as they had good reason to be. The captain of the school, hight *Merivale, Sen.* * * *

* This “Captain” has since proved himself to be a *General* in his academic campaign. He went to Oxford, having been entered of Oriel College... stood for, and obtained, the FIRST “*University Scholarship*” founded by Dr. Ireland, of Christ Church College, and the present Dean of Westminster. The examination was novel; and as sharp, tough, and trying as it was novel. The opponents were young men of metal and of acknowledged scholarship; but the “ripest and best scholar” was young Merivale. Indeed, he is said to have “won in a hand canter.” Proudly might the heart of the *Father*, as well as of the son, swell on such a triumph! But more honours awaited him. Besides that of being a first-class man, he went through another trial, in standing for a fellowship at Baliol College. “He came, saw, and con-

"The company rise, break up, and depart; some to repossess themselves of their carriages and cabriolets, others to partake of the hospitality of the several masters, under whose care their sons are placed. Every house and every table is crowded to excess. The banquet does not *smoak*; for it is (necessarily) all *cold*. Pigeons, fowls, lamb, lobsters, tongues, hams, jellies, *concettos* of every description, flanked by sallads and sauces, sparkle on every table, and whet the appetite of every beholder. If hospitality, and a generous Englishman-like feeling prevails anywhere, it prevails at HARROW. All are 'honourable men.' Every master's heart is as brim-full as his cup. The rooms, the corridors, the galleries, the halls, are filled, chiefly with those 'living tulips' (now disclosing yet lovelier petals) of which I before made such honourable mention. Knives, forks, plates, glasses, yea, even dishes, are in motion. All is classical quotation and pleasant parlance. They eat, drink, and are merry. My friend and self, with sundry Roxburghers, take up our quarters with Menalcas; being guests at the ABBATIAL table—whence, at one dart of the eye, we traverse a track of country of some 24 miles, and view the twin hills of *Hurley Bottom* (unde derivatur?) gilded by the glow of sun-set. The window of Menalcas is gemmed with stained glass, and golden fret-work irradiates his vaulted cieling. The feats of conversation—the frequent and well-directed vollies of wit, from intellectual batteries furnished for a ten years' siege—the streams of good humour and of old wine, flowing in parallel lines, delight us till long after the welkin ceases to reflect the sun's parting ray. It was then high time to bid adieu to our host and hostess, and we renewed those hearty demonstrations of friendship which marked our arrival. The black steeds of my friend were neighing at the door, and both the left flank of his near horse, and the pannel of his tea-coloured carriage had, fortunately, escaped contusion. We returned even more rapidly than we came; and agreed, on a comparison of notes, that the day of merriment, described in a certain *Bibliographical Tour*, as having taken

quered." He is now at the bar; and it must be his own fault if, within some fifteen years and a half hence, he has not the attorney-general's silk gown upon his shoulders. Why not add that his christian name, like that of his accomplished father, is HERMAN? And why not yet say, in addition, that my learned and excellent friend, the Rev. Henry Drury, was his private tutor at Harrow?—he, who hath recently experienced the *same kind* of parental swellings in the bosom, by his own Son having gained the Latin and Greek-epigram prizes at the recent Encœnia at Cambridge!

place at a certain monastery in Austria, was nothing in comparison with that of a HARROW SPEECH DAY*."

* Some few years after this event, it was my good fortune to meet—as it is *generally* my good fortune to meet, at these anniversary symposia under the roof of Mr. Drury—some rare, pleasant, scholar-like guests; among whom was ONE gentleman who delighted us all vehemently, as well by the subject chosen, as by his manner of handling it. The individual in question was the Rev. WM. WAY (of whose elder brother the pages of my *Tour* had made particular and honourable mention), of Glympton Park, Oxon; and it pleased him to favour us with some verses, in Latin and in English, upon the "*Statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny*," then exhibiting at Old Bond Street, and sculptured by Mr. Thom, the Teniers of the chisel. A portion of the classical part of my friend's banquet is transferred from *his* table to that of the reader.

"GRAIAS mirari, aut Romanas nescius artes,
Sculptor adest novus, emeritoque virescit honore
Arte potens mirâ Sculpto inclarescere saxo:
Indoctus licet, exegisse perennius ære
Sculptile opus tamen, et studiis imitabile nullis
Sic potuit, cæcâ ut sæclis fugientibus ætas
Invida nocte premat nunquam immortalia saxa.
Vocibus hinc Populi est Sculptor celebratus, ut alter
Praxiteles! Adsunt Animi Simulachra, laborum
Æmula Praxitelis, mutum haud referentia corpus!
Miræ adsunt Statuæ! aspicimus spirantia saxa,
Sutoris spirantem umbram, et ridentis Amci!
O qualis Facies, et quali digna tabellâ!
Quanta Figurarum est, duce te, Natura! Venustas!
Audimus sine voce jocos, risusque videmus!
Risus inest oculis, et quantus in ore Cachinnus!
Aspice vestimenta, pedes, caligataque crura
Digna ita plus uno superesse perennia sæclo,
Artificumque futurorum exemplaria haberi!
Sculptor magne! Opifex Statuarum maxime! Salve!
Tu rudis, indoctusque antiquæ haud indigus Artis;
Sculptor ades novus, et jam vix sit imagine vivâ
Mira magis Medicæa Venus, vel magnus Apollo,
Quam Sutor tuus et ridens Sutoris Amicus!"

&c. &c. &c.

The most important contribution in the shape of *original* matter, was a series of communications entitled "*The Picture Book*," of which I believe only a dozen numbers were published. Some notion may be formed of what was comprehended in this proposed work, by the words of the prefix—in one of the numbers of the Journal, thus:—

"London—The Banks of the Thames—The Oxford Election, or a Revisit to St. John's College—National Historians—The unexplored Library—Isaac Walton—The New Moon—The Widowed

"Two laughing Statues are from Scotland brought,
The works of Nature's Child, by art untaught;
But tho' untaught their Sculptor, Time must end
Before the Cobler and his tipsy Friend
Losing their power to please, neglected lie,
And cease, unseen, to charm the public eye.
These Statues no mute Bodies' Image give—
The mind they represent—they breathe—they live—
Voiceless, they magnify the Sculptor's name,
And give him, great Praxiteles! thy fame.
Sculpture's strange powers our senses so beguile,
We hear the Cobler's tale—we see his smile—
We hear his Friend's applause and hearty laugh—
We see them both th' inspiring tankard quaff,
Join in the jokes of Souter Johnny's Tale,
And long to pledge him in his jug of ale.
Genius made Tam O'Shanter's wond'rous hose,
And made not Genius Souter Johnny's clothes?
Ycs! Genius from his apron, cap, and can
Chopp'd off the marble and brought forth the man.
More honest praises Tam O'Shanter's hollo
And Souter Johnny's queerest stories follow
Than criticks give the Venus or Apollo."

Bride—Street Architecture—Newspapers—Reviews—Schoolboy Days, &c. &c."

"It will be evident, from such a list, that the author has it in view to supply us with a sort of supplemental volume to '*The Sketch Book*,' and that his materials are of a nearly similar miscellaneous character. The task appears to be a somewhat bold one; for there is a freshness, vigour, and raciness in the performance just mentioned, which will long secure to it a place among our purest British classics."

Next to the "Picture Book" in extent of matter, was the *Fonthill Fever*, or a *Trip to Fonthill Abbey**—before the memorable sale of the furniture of

* Mr. Phillips, the Royal Academician, and the late Mr. Haslewood were my companions in this trip; and I did not fail to describe in it the very delightful day we spent at *Stourhead*, with the venerable and most learned antiquarian who calls that "proud domain" his own. Sir Richard Colt Hoare's venison and claret were deemed, by my companions, perfect of their kind; and as we returned to the inn where *La Belle Gabrielle* presided—"imminente Lunâ"—my friends were not less copious in commendation of the breadth of the septuagenarian's hospitality, than of the quality of his pictures and books. A correspondence of some twenty years since, or longer standing, with this distinguished baronet, justifies as well as prompts the assertion, that England has no prouder inhabitant to boast of than HE! His collection is, under very many points of view, a *national* one. He has done more for his *county* (Wilts)—and thereby for his *country*—than all the lord-lieutenants who ever presided over it. "Ecce signum"—in the works which have issued from his elastic pen.

Recollections Abroad, 4 vols. 8vo., 1815-18, *private*.

Shrievalty of Sir Richard Hoare, 4to., 1815, *private*.

Family of Hoare, with numerous portraits, 4to., 1819, *private*.

Monastic Remains, 4to., 1824, *private*.

that not less memorable residence, when every horse's head in the kingdom seemed to be turned in that direction. My communication was under the signature of *Cuthbert Tonstall*, a favourite name, and once attached to a Bishop of Durham, of whom I am always disposed to speak warmly in commendation of his bibliomaniacal enthusiasm.

Of occasional communications upon the passing occurrences of the day, I know of none which gives me a livelier pleasure (a pleasure, however, mingled with keen regret) to reflect upon, than that which was inserted respecting *Mr. Canning's* (supposed) *Farewell Speech in the House of Commons*, previously to his planned departure of taking upon him the government of India: a plan, however, which the unexpected and premature death of Lord Londonderry rendered void. I heard the Orator make his speech, from the front row of the gallery of the House; and I also heard Lord Londonderry speak briefly and effectively, on the same evening, and upon

English Topography, arranged in Counties, 8vo., 1815, *private*.

ANCIENT WILTS, 2 vols. imperial folio, 1819.

(Modern Wilts, South District, nearly completed.)

Giraldus Cambrensis, translated, and illustrated with plates, 3 vols. 4to., 1806.

Hungerfordiana, 8vo.

Camulodunum (Colchester) 12mo., 1827.

Tour in Ireland, 8vo., 1806.

Chronicon Wiltunense, folio, 1830, *private*.

Registrum Wiltunense, Saxon and Latin, folio, *private*.

Catalogue of Italian Topography, 1812, 8vo. *Given to the British Museum!*

the same subject!! The communication was sent by me to the Museum, the day after the speech, in the following words:—

“ On Friday, the 10th of this month [May, 1822], Mr. Canning is supposed to have made his farewell speech in the House of Commons, on the second reading of his own bill for *the restoration of the rights of seven Roman Catholic Lay Peers to sit in the House of Lords*. The first reading of this important bill was carried by a majority of *five*, in a House so crowded, as to want only *one* towards the number of 500 members. The second reading was carried by a majority of *twelve*, in a House wanting about forty of the same number. This shows what a lively interest the country took in the discussion. But, if we mistake not, an interest almost as lively was taken, by the House of Commons in particular, to witness the *last* display of senatorial eloquence by the Rt. Hon. Mover of the bill. It was evident, both from the complexion of the debate, and the general feeling of the House, that this ‘last speech’ was anticipated with that sort of vehement desire, and personal fondness, which we take in the farewell of any favourite *public character* who has charmed us by his talents, and won us over to him by his attainments. The triumph of Mr. Canning—on his taking a temporary leave of his country, for the highest of all situations in the Asiatic world—was indeed complete; for he received alike the applauses of the Treasury Bench, and the cheers of the Opposition. Now, we contend that nothing but *absolute* and *unequalled* talent, in the way in which it was exhibited, could have called forth this general and simultaneous demonstration of respect. We have nothing here to do with *politics*. In the devious and intricate mazes of a political life, especially in the higher departments of it, we know perfectly well how difficult it is to judge from a partial knowledge, and from imperfect glimpses; and that general and damnatory conclusions are drawn where the premises have been limited, and where a consequent restraint has been imposed when acting within such limits. We believe, however, that we are speaking ‘the words of truth and soberness,’ when we observe, that there is not a single member of his majesty’s privy council, nor one of the most active and able leaders of the opposition, who is not ready to express both surprise and regret at the withdrawing of so radiant a star from the political hemisphere.

“ The political life of Mr. C. is about to receive rather a premature suspension, than decease. He leaves us, with the regrets and wishes of every benevolent heart that his return may be speedy and safe; and in his absence, we shall dwell upon the recollection of his talents, as we do

on the pencilled resemblance of a dear and separated friend. Our present business, however, is to say a few words on the character of Mr. C.'s ELOQUENCE; of that eloquence, which includes reasoning, wit, imagery, declamation, and persuasion. It will be better, perhaps, to mix all these points together in our remarks; for nothing is more tedious and uninteresting than a lecture on each of these distinctive peculiarities of eloquence.

"Longinus seems to concentrate the whole excellence of oratory in *action*. If this be so, Mr. C. will not be very remote from perfection. The charm of action may be said to depend a good deal upon the charm of person; and especially on physiognomical expression. With a figure a little above the mean or middle stature, the countenance of our orator is most expressive. A broad open front, elevated forehead, large blue eyes—now beaming with gaiety, and now flashing with indignation—with an action, always animated, and not unfrequently graceful, aided by a full and melodious voice—these have always obtained for Mr. C. that attention, which, even unconnected with other causes, an orator is pretty sure to obtain. Yet there is a mannerism in his voice and action. In truth, all first-rate geniuses are mannerists. Mr. Pitt was a mannerist, and so was Mr. Fox. There is, indeed, a mannerism in all the speeches of the House of Commons; a mannerism, decidedly capable of improvement. Hence we observe that swing of the arm and sway of the body, that frequent jerking at the close of a period, and that violence of action, where the matter is not proportionably weighty and convincing. If, however, Mr. Canning be not free from some of these objections, he possesses many qualifications which more than counterbalance them.

"Whenever he rises on a subject of which he is full, and in which he confidently anticipates the cheering of the House, nothing can be more delightful and gratifying than his strain of eloquence. His thoughts seem to breathe, and his words to burn; and the country, as well as the House, seems to hang upon the music of his periods, and the energy of his appeals. Sometimes, at the end of a long and didactic speech—and in which there was necessarily much official detail—we have seen him break forth in a strain of brilliancy, like stars from an expiring rocket, which made you forget all its preceding dryness. In argument, Mr. Canning is not so close, vehement, and irresistible, as was Fox. We cannot say of him as Plutarch said of Pericles—*βροντᾶν μὲν αὐτὸν καὶ ἀστράπτειν ὅτε δημηγοροίη, δεινὸν δὲ κεραυνὸν ἐν γλώσση φέρειν λεγόντων*—and as, indeed, we may say of Fox. But then Mr. Canning is not wanting both in clearness of conception and acuteness of reasoning; and in all the constitutional speeches which he has made, at Liverpool and in London, (in which, doubtless to his own disbelief, there is nearly as much of *whiggism* as of *toryism*), one cannot but discover the traits of

a mind singularly adapted to comprehend all the philosophical views, as well as the minuter machinery, of the British Constitution. Cradled in whiggism, it was natural that our Orator should at times betray the proofs of a mitigated Tory.

"In *wit*, he is now without a rival. Perhaps he is not so brilliant as was Sheridan; and, if *irony* be considered a constituent part of wit, not so caustic and cutting as Pitt. He has a great portion of *humour*, and is singularly playful and splendid. At times, however, his wit has great force; and, as a proof of it, is generally dreaded by his opponents. Who is *now* to make a finishing speech—commenting on the conflicting arguments in the debate, and interweaving with his comments a hundred little brilliant flowers of classical gaiety—it were perhaps vain to inquire. Who is *now*—after a hot and tempestuous night of angry discussion—to cheer and refresh the wearied combatants by a display of beautiful fancy, enlivened by apt quotation? Have we not, on many such evenings found the remarks of Quintilian on Cicero abundantly verified in our Canning?—'Non enim pluvias (ut ait Pindarus) aquas colligit, sed vivo gurgite exundat, dono quodam providentiæ genitus, in quo totas vires suas eloquentia experiretur. Nam quis docere diligentius, movere vehementius potest? Cui tanta unquam *jucunditas* adfuit*?' The Attic salt and pleasantry of Mr. C. will not indeed be easily supplied from other quarters.

"In imagery, our Orator is inferior to Burke, and in declamation to Pitt: but he *combines* more of these two properties than either of his great predecessors. His love of classical lore mixes itself with almost every thing which he describes: but this weakens in some measure the effect of his own natural powers. His periods are sometimes moulded in Ciceronian structure; and yet this is not always accomplished without inversion and obscurity. There is less verbosity about his speeches than in those of Mr. Pitt; from some of whose most elaborate orations you rose rather with astonishment than conviction—that great man being frequently, like Julius Africanus, 'in cura verborum nimius, et compositione nonnunquam longior.' In point of polish, or finish, perhaps the preference is to be given to Mr. Canning; in whose exuberance, even, there is generally something classical and impressive.

"The art and end of eloquence, let Longinus and Quintilian declaim as they please, is *persuasion*. Now persuasion depends a good deal upon personal authority, or relative situation. A minister is sure to be more persuasive than an independent member. Both shall be equally *sincere*. But if we could put relative situation out of the question, we

* *De Inst. Orat.* lib. x.

can conceive nothing more persuasive (even without the recent evidence of it furnished by Sir 'T. Lethbridge*) than the eloquence of Mr. Canning; and supposing him to have held the high and responsible situation of Pitt, the world would have beheld in him perhaps the most perfect orator of the British Senate."

Mr. Canning *did* afterwards hold "the high and responsible situation" of his early friend and patron, Mr. Pitt; and just as his commanding talents and magnificent views were about to be triumphantly developed, it pleased a mysterious but all-wise Providence to take him from us. Like the leader whom he succeeded in the House of Commons, HE, too, sunk prematurely...but from a cause of a wholly opposite nature. It seemed to me, on my last view of him in the House, as if the weight of the world were sitting on his brow: so deeply anxious the mind—so palpably yielding the body! I did not hear his marvellous speech in justification of sending troops to Portugal—then, in fact, upon their march—but more than one or two friends who *did* hear it, and who were old stagers in the House, and Whigs into the bargain, assured me that it was something almost unearthly. But a truce...for the present.

Upon the death of Mr. Bailey† I was offered the Editorship of the Journal at a salary of 200*l.*, with a

* Sir Thomas Lethbridge avowed that Mr. Canning's eloquence or argument had induced him to change his mind—in *favour* of Roman Catholic emancipation.

† His death was sudden, and free from pain. He had been long afflicted with an aneurism, and his cough was at all times deep and *ominous*. On returning in a carriage from the opera (an entertainment to which he was passionately addicted), he had just time to turn to his wife, and pronouncing her christian name, expired in her arms

share of one-sixth in the proceeds : but the duties of an Editor are one thing, and those of an occasional contributor are another. The former was as the *Town* mouse ; the latter, the *Country* mouse. Preferring, therefore, the

..... “ hollow tree,
My crust of bread and liberty,”

I declined the offer unhesitatingly ; and it was then put into the hands of George Soane, Esq. son of the celebrated architect, and author of several vigorous and successful dramatic pieces. The property was ultimately disposed of to some bookseller, who engaged a Mr. Graham for the editorship. Mr. Graham shortly afterwards went to America, and was shot in a duel. Thus much for the fate of THE MUSEUM, which I believe fills two comely quarto volumes, and is now so scarce that Mr. Valpy, the original publisher, was unable to supply me with a perfect copy of it. “ Paullò majora canamus.”

I approach that particular period of my literary life which was rendered as interesting as any preceding portion, by the publication of a work, in one octavo volume, unadorned with cuts and unattractive from beauty of paper or printing. It will be evident that I allude to THE LIBRARY COMPANION*. What-

* The entire title was as follows: “THE LIBRARY COMPANION; or The Young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort in the Choice of a Library.” The reader will be pleased to bear the latter part of this

ever I had done before—however laborious—however curious—and however splendid from the united attraction of art and press-work—it might still be designated as “*caviare* to the multitude.” Something more intelligible—more useful—better adapted to the capacities and tastes of the generality of readers—was yet a desideratum. I ought also to have been, as I at length *was*, conscious that the public could not go on giving from five to ten guineas for my humble lucubrations, however embellished by art, and splendid from press-work. It seemed, therefore, that I had only to apply the key in my possession to the door of that Cabinet, in which, for so long a time, a great mass of bibliographical materials had been gradually accumulating.

Under this impression, I sketched the outline of my LIBRARY COMPANION, and submitted it to my Publishers, of whom Mr. Joseph Harding, not long then established as the successor of Messrs. Lackingtons, was the principal. His proposals for the purchase of the copyright, along with Mr. Major, each to have a half-share, were so liberal that I hesitated not one moment to accept them; and I went to work with as much zeal and alacrity as had ever possessed me. From the first conception to the moment of parturition, that zeal was not only unintermitting, but my notion—or opinion about the *real*

title in recollection; as many *points* in the letters of my friends, in the following pages, bear or play upon it.

object to be accomplished—was never for a moment varied or shaken. *Information* was the first object—and *anecdote* mixed up with it was the second; and these, if I mistake not greatly, will be found combined in the eight hundred and forty-four pages of which the work is composed. To these were added a synoptical table of Subjects and Authors, with an Index compiled with great care and copiousness, by Mr. R. Thomson*. So that altogether there was a bulk of book-intelligence such as the public had never before witnessed in one octavo volume. But I had many aids, abroad and at home; or such a labour could not have been so creditably accomplished in so short a period. It was my good fortune to possess *two* friends, who, of all others, were the most competent to furnish useful hints, to correct errors, and to supply ready and valuable information, especially in the department of *English History*. These were HENRY PETRIE†, and THOMAS AMYOT,

* Great was the gratification of all who knew this amiable and intelligent antiquarian, to find him casting anchor in the London Institution "Bay" as one of the librarians. His talents as an illuminator may be seen to exquisite advantage in the Magna Charta deposited upon the shelves of the Althorp library. See the *Ædes*, vol. i. 207—225.

† To Mr. Petrie, the friend of my early youth, I also owed many obligations for corrections and additions in my "*English De Bure*," and the "first day" of the Bibliographical Decameron. His knowledge of ancient MSS. places him second to none; while in those which appertain to "*BRITISH HISTORY*," I consider him the *facile princeps* of living antiquaries. How well and wisely are hands like his employed, by the government of his country, in erecting and consolidating the fabric of our Ancient History! Saville, Twysden, and Gale will be suc-

Esquires. To the latter I had, and ever shall have, a weight of obligation to acknowledge, which is not likely to be effectually discharged without attaining to the age of twice "threescore years and ten."

Other aids abroad, were the libraries of *Earl Spencer, Right Hon. T. Grenville, Mr. Heber, Mr. Hibbert, &c.*; and as *a test* of the weight and importance of such aids, I request the reader to turn to these respective names in the "INDEX"—and to see how they *each* stand out and shine forth

. . . . "velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

I have endeavoured to express my sense of thankfulness for such and other aids in the preface to the work*. Those arising from "at home," were the embodying of all that was useful in my previously privately printed tracts*—as well as from a collection of extracts, memoranda, letters, and a variety

ceeded by *One* who will have dug infinitely deeper below the surface of that soil of which *they* may be said to have comparatively only turned up the turf, or upper stratum. With what sincere gratification did I learn (when meeting my friend at his annual visits with myself at Althorp) that the late Sir James Mackintosh had declared that "he should be proud to carry a *straw* towards the erection of such a building as **THAT** which Mr. Petrie was then occupied in raising."

* It is not a little singular that, in the fourth, and by far the richest, part of the library of the late Mr. Heber, there will scarcely be found one rare poetical tract, or piece, but what has been more or less noticed in the "*Library Companion*,"—or in the 3rd and 4th volumes of the "*Typographical Antiquities*."

† See page 338, ante.

of details, which required a very vigilant re-examination, as well as a judicious pruning. The pearls were all loose—in a large box—and I had only to string those, as from *Ceylon*, which should maintain their lustre for the longest period. It was necessary to give the *text* a sort of readable character, as I felt pretty confident about the *notes*; and I am willing to believe that this point has been accomplished. The departments of *Divinity*, *History*, *Voyages and Travels*, and *Poetry*, were those which required a minuter attention, and exacted a greater labour. Some of the notes were incorporated and written in a very small hand, measuring four feet of copy when extended, and poor Batsford* used to growl dreadfully as he held them up to the Compositor!

There was, however, one thing which I thought needful before publication—and that was, a *Dedication* of the Work either to some “Young Man,” or “Old Man.” My thoughts at first were naturally directed in the *former* channel, to the Hon. and Reverend George Spencer, youngest Son of the venerable Earl to whom the “Spencer Library” had been as naturally inscribed; but Mr. Spencer not only declined the intended honour with a delicacy peculiarly his own, but approved, and even applauded the choice of the “Old Man†,” to whom

* See page 602, ante.

† In a second letter upon this subject—after having, in his first, declined the acceptance of the offer of the dedication, my amiable correspondent wrote thus: “I was anxious to look at the page next to the

the volume was in fact inscribed. And that venerable individual was the late Mr. THOMAS PAYNE*. When the volume was ripe for publicity, the Publisher announced and subscribed it at what is called a *trade sale*; and I own that the number of copies (twelve hundred) subscribed for, exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I had however a few confidential anticipations. My friends at the corner of Cornhill had not only had a “peep behind the curtain,” but had expressed themselves well pleased with what they saw†; while the more interested but sharp and critical examination of *that* bookseller, whose name stands at the foot of the title-page of the volume—and whose name, ALONE, I am as proud

Title, as you may suppose; and I think the name which appears in it, in every way and on all accounts, most suitable: much more so than that of a certain *other person* that shall be nameless. In fact, I don't think you could have chosen better; and a very kind and proper feeling appears in it—knowing, as all do, the kind of intercourse which you have always had with that *veteran Bibliopole*.”

* The Dedication is simply thus—“To Mr. THOMAS PAYNE, Bookseller, this Work is inscribed, with every sentiment of respect and esteem, by his faithful and humble servant, the AUTHOR.” This excellent man, and highly respectable Bookseller, died in 1833, in his 79th year. What is said of him in the *Bibliophobia*, p. 28, is said truly as well as feelingly, “and he is yet before me,” as he rose and spake the “Z—ds” recorded in a preceding page:—550. But another word of him in an ensuing Chapter.

† “We are much obliged (says Mr. John Arch) by the sheets of the L. C., last sent to us, which teem with curious and interesting matter—to be voraciously devoured by both YOUNG and OLD—who will owe a debt of gratitude to the author for the series of publications on *Bibliographical* and *Antiquarian subjects*, which he has laid before his countrymen.”

as prompt to put in front of these "*Reminiscences*"*, assured me that my labours could not fail to be

* It is out of my power to add another word of praise to what is said in the *Bibliophobia*, p. 20, &c., in commendation of the *Walton*, *Walpole*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Hogarth moralised*, put forth in the most creditable and attractive form by the above gallant-hearted Biblioplist, now residing at No. 71, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. His *Walton's Angler*†, has just reached a *third* edition, so that thousands of copies of that delightful and instructive volume have been circulated. The *Lives* are now scarce, and the large paper of both these twin-volumes is running to a low ebb. Some squeamish Sentimentalist had attacked the pure memory of ISAAC WALTON by an indirect imputation of cruelty—from the apparent cold-blooded minuteness with which his instructions are given for fastening the frog and the worm baits. Mr. Major fired up at the supposed charge—and his Muse dictated to him the following vigorous couplets on the occasion :

"Go, hypocrite ! indulge thy secret hate
Of all that's open, manly, good and great ;
For *slight* obliquities affect remorse,
But act *enormities* as things of course.
Spare the *blunt insect* from thy just control,
And save thy tortures for the *human soul*.
Strike at *man's heart* ; and then serenely sleep—
Assured the wound is *exquisite* as deep."

But Mr. Major has since taken loftier ground as a Bookseller and Publisher, in coming forward, conjointly with Messrs. George and William Nicol, in the publication of THE CABINET GALLERY OF PICTURES *selected from the splendid Collections of Art, public and private, which adorn GREAT BRITAIN*, with Bibliographical and Critical Dissertations by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, in 1833, 2 vols. imperial octavo. These two magnificent volumes, executed in all the luxury of the Shakspeare Press, contain not fewer than *seventy-two Engravings*—by the best artists—with various degrees of merit : but all chosen with discriminating taste. The letter-press, by Mr. Cunningham, is a treasury of instructive criticism. It is written throughout with the judgment of an artist, expressed

† See a copious and excellent review of this enchantingly decorated and got up little volume in *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, 1823.

productive of the most substantial as well as honourable reward.

And thus the LIBRARY COMPANION—the last bibliographical and most elaborate octavo volume from my pen—came forth. Perfectly persuaded, as well of the upright spirit of my book, as of my motives in its publication, I felt quite sure that the former could not give the slightest possible offence, nor the latter receive an improper construction. As before, I was swift to acknowledge obligations by presents of copies of the work to those who had aided me during its concoction, or to whom I stood in that sort of relative situation as should seem at once to call for and to justify such a mark of its acknowledgment. Of the first description, there was in fact no one so thoroughly entitled to it, as my excellent friend Mr. Amyot: of the latter, the Bishop of London and of Norwich, and the Earl of Liverpool* had the only claims. Mr. Amyot—who had so often “scribbled my margins,” especially in the historical department of the work—and whose honesty was of yet greater service than his kindness†—did not

in the frequent language of poetry. Mr. Cunningham seems always to look at a picture with feelings as strongly poetical as Johnson says Thomson did, even at a couple of candles burning on a table. And he treats *foreigners* with the same even-handed justice as *natives*. He should edit a new *Dictionary of Painters*. From “hose to hat” he is full of the POETRY OF THE ART.

* I had then just obtained the living of St. Mary’s, Bryanston Square, Marylebone, from the Crown, through Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister.

† I annex a few “proofs positive,” of the original and racy style of

fail to acknowledge the gift in the following off-hand gallantry of style and expression.

“James Street, 25th Aug. 1824.

“MY DEAR D**,

“A thousand thanks for the *Book of Books*. It looks admirably, and much less bulky than I expected. Indeed I hear that it is by no means too bulky to *move*, and that it leaps down from a Bookseller's shelf as nimbly as poor Madame Sacchi used to do from her tight rope. We have no new edition of Madame Sacchi; but I have heard more than one Bookseller talk of a second edition of the Companion being likely to be called for. I trust it will, and I have no doubt you will in that case receive literary contributions from all quarters which will enable you to render the work a perfect and complete one, by cleansing it of the

my friend's correspondence. Thus: “A thousand thanks for the perusal of your proof-sheets, which I thoroughly accomplished last night. My appetite was *too keen to be stayed*.” “Pray continue to send me your proofs, if you find it convenient to do so, and I will readily and gladly return such observations as occur to me.” And in the same letter, a little below—“I am afraid, by the by, that being myself, or, rather *wishing* to be, a bit of a book-buyer, I shall have to make a complaint against you similar to Launcelot Gobbo's against his Master, when he charges him with raising the price of pork by converting Jews to Christians. You will certainly bring into the market more lovers, and consequently raise the prices of ‘stately folios and beautiful duodecimos.’” On a subsequent occasion: “I have scribbled away most furiously on your margin. Some few of my notes must, I fear, be attended to.” But again, to balance this rough treatment, in a letter of some few days following: “When a Judge on the circuit meets with what is called a *maiden Assize*, he demands from the sheriff a pair of white gloves as a perquisite. I think I have a similar claim on *you*, on account of the proof which I return; for its maiden purity can hardly be sullied by two trifling observations which I have made in the margin.”

trifling mistakes which were incidental to so novel and extensive an undertaking. In the meantime, however, the public and the Booksellers too would be ungrateful if they were not satisfied with it in its present state; as I have no doubt they will be, both 'old man' and 'young man,' the 'comforted' and the 'guided.'

"Yours, ever most sincerely,

"THOMAS AMYOT."

But the following communication from the same intelligent quarter will probably be more acceptable to my readers.

"Saturday Morning.

"MY DEAR D**,

"I am always proud to perform the office of warming-pan in airing your *wet sheets*. I hope you do not think I am apt to throw a *wet blanket* over them. In the present instance, as there is nothing to be noticed about Editions, I have not found occasion to scribble your margin. But as a matter of taste, I must say that I think your praises of the Poets of the day (with the exception of Scott and Crabbe) are a little extravagant. You know my almost peculiar opinion of Lord Byron's poetry, in which I will venture to prophesy that the world will pretty nearly agree with me a few years hence. They will then have 'supt full with horrors,' and will be as tired of the monotony of his gloomy ravings, as they already are of the alternate barks and growls of Kean, the Byron of the stage. Not that I would deny Kean the merit of being a capital *Caravaggio*, a *Spagnoletto* Tragedian. Nor do I find fault with your comparison of Byron with those painters, and indeed I am well pleased with many of your remarks on him; but *Caravaggio* and *Spagnoletto* are not painters of the *first* class, however ex-

cellent in their peculiar styles, nor are they by any means models for imitation. I therefore think you decidedly wrong in calling Lord Byron the ‘greatest Poet of the age;’ a title due to Scott alone in my mind—though without wishing to push him to a competition with those with whom the worshippers of Byron would place *their* idol on a level. I admit your encomiums on Scott to be just, and your estimate of the relative merits of his poems to be discriminating. But I am a very heretic with respect to some others of your heroes. I will not trust myself to say any thing about Wordsworth, whom some of my friends (walking nevertheless at large without a keeper!) extol above Milton!...

“ Ever yours, most sincerely,

“ THOMAS AMYOT.”

My Diocesan, of London—the present Archbishop of Canterbury—was not slow to acknowledge the receipt of the volume, adding a brief and “comforting” testimony of its worth; inasmuch as it appeared to him to be “a useful and entertaining volume, replete with curious matter of great interest even to those who have no touch of the *Bibliomania*.” My other Diocesan was not less commendatory, and a little more diffuse.

“ *London, Dec. 6, 1824.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Accept my grateful acknowledgments for your very kind and valuable present. It will give you pleasure to be assured that I have never received greater amusement, or more useful information from the perusal of any single volume, than from the ‘*Library Companion*,’ and that it has revived in the breast of an *Octogenarian* Bishop that

attachment to literature which formed the delight of his early life; and bids fair, through the medium of your labours, to afford him a never failing source of 'Comfort' in his 'Old Age.'

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your affte. and obliged,

"HENRY NORWICH."*

My friends, *the Roxburghers*, very speedily, and quite spontaneously, put their pens into motion, and wafted their congratulations upon the wings of the twopenny post. First came Mr. Hibbert, with an avant-propos—or knocking at the study door. "When am I to be comforted as an 'Old Man?'—for, alas! 'tis out of the question to instruct me as a 'Young Man.' Am I to look to *you* for the Book?" On getting possession of it, he wrote thus:

"Portland Place, 20th Aug. 1824.

"MY DEAR MASTER,

"I got my Book last night. Many thanks for it, and let me know what I am in a more worldly sense indebted. I have glanced into different parts with 'comfort and instruction.' If, however, you are preparing for another edition, I will point out some trivial errors, such as in a work so

* These were not mere complimentary words of course; for my friend Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, had written to me, two months before, in the following style:—"You will be glad to hear that the *Bishop* has read much more of your book than I, and is no less pleased. He expressed himself very kindly respecting you, and was particularly glad that you had got the new church in London, which was news to him till this morning."

various, and so bulky, could hardly fail to slip in. I am going out of town for three or four days, and shall carry my *Comfort* with me.

“ Ever faithfully yours,

“ GEORGE HIBBERT*.”

And in a subsequent letter of the date of December, he says, “ I hear the book very frequently spoken of with much commendation ; and I am persuaded that it is powerfully contributing to “ the *Cause of Bibliomania all over the world.*” This latter sentiment is the concluding toast of the Anniversary dinner of the Roxburghe Club : see page 375, ante.

My excellent “ PUPIL ” shortly afterwards wrote thus :

“ Still there will, I apprehend, remain a labour for your future life. I mean a work in the alphabetical form which shall give a critical, brief, and tasteful character of all our literature. This, I presume, to be the *Corps d'Ouvrage*, to which your present work may be the preliminary dissertation†. Twenty years ago this had been worth a serious reflection. Now, it cannot have a thought. ‘ Eheu ! fu-

* In a letter previously to the publication, my friend expressed himself thus : “ Many thanks for the entertainment I have had in an attentive perusal of the further portion kindly lent to me of the new work. It will be very useful, full of gratifying information, and, I trust, will be in every body’s hands. For the last wish I have more than one reason. Do not be in a hurry to get it out—’twill be a pity that it should not be the record of all your own recollections that are directly connected with the subject, and also of what you may easily collect from accessible sources, living or dead.”

† In a subsequent letter, Mr. Hibbert thus judiciously enlarged upon the subject :—

“ I know nothing more desirable than a very good Critical Index to

gaces labuntur anni!"—and the current of life would now be frozen ere the outline of such a gigantic undertaking were correctly got in—besides other occupations, other thoughts," &c.

The next Roxburgher, a nephew of Mr. Hibbert, whose testimony I shall "bring to book," is that of my old and amiable friend James Heywood Markland, Esq.; a gentleman in all respects qualified to give good counsel, and to appreciate bibliographical lore.

our English literature: nothing that requires more diligent research and more varied talent. Helps there are, both in print and living. These of both sorts are accessible to you, together with a large fund of knowledge on the subject, already treasured up in memory or put upon record. The work should be *critical*, or it would be little worth; but the criticism should be liberal, scientific, tasteful, and terse: authorities should be briefly cited where more extended information on each article could be found. Of the rarer works, copies should be indicated, or MSS. Prices also of these rare works should be cited, and a few well-chosen anecdotes as to the history of the existing copies. The work itself should be strictly grave, historical, and critical.

"There exists at present a dispersed multitude of luminaries, which if combined, might produce this brilliant constellation; but how may their scattered lights be collected together? Does there not exist, in certain quarters, a notion that an initiation into all the craft and mysteries of *Bibliography* is a privilege too valuable to be laid open to the vulgar? that those who have been let into the secrets of the *bona dea*, cannot impart their information to the public, without at once being guilty of profanation and of lessening their own importance? I think I have now and then observed symptoms of such a spirit; and farther, to a certain degree, it might obstruct those means of information of which the undertaker of such a work, as we are thinking of, would wish to avail himself. The more's the pity, if it be so!

"However, be assured that you have my hearty prayers for your success, should you undertake the task; or such a *prodromus* as you think might be an expedient herald, so as to invite and obtain assistance—But enough, and more than enough, for the present.

"Ever yours,

"G. HIBBERT."

At first, on taking a glimpse of some of its earlier sheets, he observed—"Your pages have afforded me much pleasure. The book will not be exactly what I expected. I wished for one *not so entertaining*; but which would give us the requisite information as to editions, sizes, dates, and variations. You are now and then too cursory, and dismiss eminent men too much in the lump." On obtaining a complete copy, his joyful heart broke forth thus :

"Dorking, Aug. 24, 1825.

"MY DEAR D**,"

"I have now devoted three nights to the perusal of your Library Companion, and must express my astonishment at the quantity of information contained in the notes. You are a singular man to have accomplished such a labour in so short a time, with various heavy calls upon you, *professional* and otherwise. The book is written in a gayer tone than I quite approve of, considering the subject; but upon this point I know that we should not agree.

"Ever yours, most faithfully,

"J. H. MARKLAND."

The third Roxburgher, whose testimony it is to me upon all occasions most pleasing to record, is the Rev. Henry Drury, to whom the reader has been before pleasantly introduced. My friend had made a rapid and pleasant tour with his family through France in the summer of 1824. On his return he wrote thus:...."Now in all this riot and running, there was not much time for the leisure contemplation of *books* or pictures; and the only two of the

former which I took and read, were Mde. La Roche Jacqueline, and the *Library Companion*. I have diligently perused the whole (note and sub-note) of your entertaining and instructive bantling. It is an excellent work—but you cannot always keep up ‘the Old and the Young Man.’ Did you not find the twins to *bother* you at times?” &c. This, from a writer full of vivacious, original, and most entertaining intelligence. A neighbour and a Parishioner—of no mean rank and influence—was pleased to tender the following most gratifying testimony of the satisfaction he had derived from a perusal of the pages of his Rector, to whom he was scarcely personally known. It was the more acceptable, because it contained intelligence of which I availed myself in the second edition of the Work*.

“SIR,

“*Clumber, Oct. 1, 1824.*

“I have received so much pleasure from the company of your very agreeable and useful *Library Companion*, that gratitude should make me return thanks, and restrain me perhaps from pretending to assume the office of a detection of errors. I am persuaded, however, that you will pardon my officiousness, and attribute this communication to the only real motive.

“May there not be some mistake in page 292? where, in a note, you mention that Mazerar on getting ink of us, always consulted his *barometer*—should it not be *thermometer*? In page 299, you remark that there has been no

* At page 118.

engraved series of Bonaparte's Coins and Medals. Is there not a Medal-History of Napoleon, in 2 vols. published about five or six years ago? I must beg of you to forgive these remarks, which may perhaps be misplaced. Amongst your great histories I do not see one, which I should think was of sufficient importance to be mentioned: it is entitled, '*Fides Regia Britannica, sive Annales Ecclesiæ Britannicæ. Auctore R. P. Michaeli Alfordo, alias Griffith, 4 vols. folio. Leodii, 1663.*' It treats of the Church history very elaborately, and of course of the general history of the Country also, from the earliest period down to the end of the reign of Henry II. Are you acquainted with the 'Champ Fleury' par Maistre Geofrey Tory de Bourges? It is a very curious book, published in 1526, treating scientifically the mode of making capitals and devices for illuminations. On looking into the Decameron, I see no mention of it*. You must be so used to being pestered with letters, that I hope you will forgive my intrusion.

"I remain yours,

"NEWCASTLE."

Sir Francis Palgrave volunteered the transmission of his sentiments in the following manner:—the more gratifying, as undoubtedly coming from a quarter not only thoroughly competent to appreciate, but where there could be no possible motive for flattery or disguise.

"Parliament Street, 6th Sept. 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I must return you many thanks for the pleasure and instruction which I have derived from your most valuable volume. From the title-page to the Index it is full of new,

* It is however a book perfectly familiar to me; and I have had more than one copy of it.

valuable, and amusing information: and although less gay than its elder brothers, there is no one of the works produced by you which has better claims upon the public support and approbation, &c.

“Believe me, my dear sir,

“Your most obliged and faithful servant,

“FRANCIS PALGRAVE.”

I will fairly and fearlessly avow, that the opinion expressed in the latter part of Sir Francis Palgrave's letter was decidedly my own. If the book stood any chance of standing at all, it must have been from its own intrinsic solid worth. There was not a feather of an ornament, except the group of books in the title-page, to recommend it. I wish I could here contrive to cut out a piece from a letter from my friend Mr. D'Israeli—on his return from a Continental Tour—which related to Professor Wyttenbach, and the public library at Treves...but it may not be. In the course of this entertaining letter, the author graciously contrives to entwine a small chaplet to put round the brow of my “Companion *.”

* His language is precious, because it is not that of unqualified commendation.

“Worthing, Sept. 28th, 1824.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Your ‘Companion,’ I may venture to predict, will be that of all persons who, like myself, return home with suppressed longings after what you have well called ‘Library Comforts.’ By your classification you have given unity to your labours. The heterogeneous matters lie condensed together; but all may be found readily on the proper shelf. I discover many hundred new things in it, and your skilful reference to existing objects (such as Upcott's Cat. and a multitude of literary

My friend Mr. Dawson Turner thus lets off a flying rocket of commendation.

“What I have seen of it I have enjoyed prodigiously, and I have observed no other errata than that at page 8, you call my poor friend Mr. Sparrow, ‘Thomas,’ instead of ‘Robert.’ What you have said of the *Workingham Library* in that and other places surprises me greatly. You have observed circumstances that had escaped me, often as I had seen them—which is only so far extraordinary, that I never saw you take a single note; indeed never perceived you to make one. Please God I will go through your book regularly, and will note down all I see that appears to me to be inaccurate, though I am persuaded it will amount only to half a dozen verbal or literal emendations.”

From several quarters the language of praise was accompanied, and rendered more acceptable, by the suggestions of *improvement* and the detection of *errors*. Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham was, for him, *expansive* upon both points*. Mr. Tooke, the Mem-

anecdotes of the day) is most happy and peculiar. Your pages teem with information, and all curious book-men in the country must surely buy your ‘Companion.’ I have been too delighted to read with a pen in my hand, but there are unquestionably *corrections* and *emendations* to be made. In your rapid views, you sometimes fall short of information; and in some cases you have fallen into mistakes; but these are evils unavoidable in a labour so varied and so extensive. I shall often be looking you over, and I have no doubt I shall be able to supply some important corrigenda for a future edition.

“Ever yours,

“J. D’ISRAELI.”

* His letter from Hunmanby, August 26, 1826, observes thus: “Well! I have eased my conscience, at least, in telling you how much I am delighted with your *Library Companion*. May I tell you of a few

ber for Truro, and son of the Rev. William Tooke, the celebrated historian of Russia, in offering some corrections in my account of his father's works, thus pleasantly commences his letter.

“ *Bedford Row, Sept. 16, 1824.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Though of that *middle-aged* class to whom your book professes *not* to be addressed, I am inclined, judging by myself, to think, that men of your and my standing, will derive equal, if not greater, ‘*guidance and comfort*’ from it, than either youth or declining age; with greater experience than the former, and more active habits than the latter, they will be better able to appreciate the labour of the publication, and profit more by its substantial merit,” &c.

This kind letter was accompanied by a present of the translation of *Lucian*, in 2 vols. 4to., by Mr. Tooke's father, of which I had unaccountably omitted the mention. I do not scruple to avow, that to those quarters whence I received notices of errata and hints of improvement, I was doubly grateful for the intelligence. It is in these points that genuine friendship and a kind and considerate feeling betray themselves. Among the former was a long, pains-taking, and most acceptable letter from my old friend Mr. DOUCE—who prefaced five pages of close writing, containing corrections and additions, by the following facetious and *comforting* exordium.

errata . . . ‘*quæ humana parùm cavit natura?*’” And he then directs my attention to about a dozen points. I should have heartily thanked him had he *trebled* the number.

“Kensington Square, Feb. 12, 1825.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“You see you are not out of my *thoughts*, though you are out of my *reach*. Whilst I, miserable creature, am ‘thrown by and forgotten like a tattered garment,’ as said the worthy old * * * and disciple of Dr. Squintum. Since your elopement from this spot to your terrestrial paradise, ‘vix duo tresve mihi de tot superestis amici:’ and I am now as solitary as the *Hermit of Hampole*; but, thank God, without his ‘*prick of conscience*.’ I hear you are about reprinting your ‘Companion.’ Doubtless you have heard of the good-humoured ‘guide to the companion and company to the guide.’ Such an one here, in all humility, waits upon your good reverence; but if you find him, like many other guides, a *blind* one, or like many other companions a dull and stupid one, kick, buffet, batter, bruise, and tear him to tatters. I have been too much bothered to do any thing like ample justice to the said ‘Companion,’ whom I always find a ‘comes jucundus in via.’ Now and then he got on too fast for me, and then I would stop and talk to him somewhat in the following strain*.”

* Then follow his corrections.—The very first are characteristic of himself: thus, “page 40, ‘The York Missal is allowed to be’—state boldly that it *is*. It is now before me:” and he then gives me its colophon at full length. Again, p. 42 (Libr. Comp.), “None of you have got the clue to the *editio princeps* of the Book of COMMON PRAYER of 1549†. Sometime or other I will put a candle into your dark lanthorns—till when you must remain in *caligine nigrâ*. Lord Oxford and his friend Humphrey Wanley thought they had caught it after a long hunt: sed qu? *A propos de Homfri*. He tells us, somewhere, that at Freebairn’s sale of books, Vaillant, who catered for Lord Sunderland, bought the Virgil printed by Zarotus, *circ. an.* 1472, for 40*l*; and huzzaed aloud, and threw up his hat for joy that he bought it so cheap! It might be *dog cheap now* at that price; but surely *then*, it was *ass cheap!*”

† Mr. Douce was very rich in editions relating to the *Book of Common Prayer*. In one of his letters to his friend Mr. Markland, he thus expressed himself:—“I have the Primer of 1534. It is the first in

But from no quarter have I greater obligations on this score to acknowledge, than from the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne—who was sure to pounce with avidity upon a closely printed octavo volume, brimful of miscellaneous literary intelligence. He appears to have eyed every page with pen-in-hand to note down the errata, and to warn me of the same “with no unfriendly voice.” My margins should seem to have been lustily scribbled with his crow-pen. What he discovered and transmitted, was to me a source of triumph rather than of discomfiture; and yet, as he justly observed, he might have embodied them in a printed *review*, and rode the high horse of criticism with a grand display! He thought it both wiser and more gracious to apprise me through the private channel of epistolary communication; and I believe the second edition bears proof of the incorporation of his corrections. Some of his remarks rather amused than surprised or disturbed me. “In *Jurisprudence* (says he) you have not one book—not a single *Cyclo* or *Encyclo-pædia* mentioned!” No, good Mr. Horne, nor in *Grammar*, *Lexicography*, *Geography*, and *Philosophy*! Where-

English only, and is a very singular curiosity in many respects. But this is not, strictly speaking, the *King's Primer*, which is that of 1545, and supposed to have been compiled or arranged by his *pious majesty*, he having only licensed the others. The Rev. Mr. Barrett, of Westminster, has that of 1535, not so *rare* as the first, but likewise a book of great value and curiosity. I have also Primers of 1527-36-38-39-57, all quartos; and above a dozen more duodecimos, of the respective reigns of Henry VIII., Edw. VI., and Mary: any, or all, of which are at your command.—F. D.”

fore? The work is yet incomplete; but in the most important objects which it *does* embrace, I hold it to be sufficiently full and satisfactory.

The first edition, of 2000 copies, was sold off within six months. A second, in the ensuing year (1825), comprised half that number; and that I understand to be approaching a state of *exhaustion*. At length came forth THE REVIEWS. It was clear *now* that I was both understandable and assailable to "the many." The *Monthly Magazine* (of which Sir R. Phillips was then the reputed editor) led the way*. The *British Critic* quickly followed in the wake of the "Monthly Magazine"—less coarse, less caustic, less declamatory, less absurd: but tart, saucy, superficial, and well disposed to give a rib-thrust. I

* Surely it is out of my power to make a more effectual reply to the above review, than by quoting the language of a shrewd and intelligent correspondent, conveyed in a letter, of which the following is a faithful transcript.

"Hare-street, West, Rumford, Nov. 30, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have just concluded the LIBRARY COMPANION, and my copy is now covered with *pencil marks*. I have also seen the critique upon it in the *Monthly Magazine*. The editor seems to have mistaken the object of the work: it is intended for the use of *gentlemen*, and not mechanics; and I cannot help fancying, when reading the *Monthly Magazine*, that I am in the company of a strange sort of people; such as tax-gatherers, with pen in mouth—good sort of men—hearty fellows in worsted stockings—clumsy fists—black waistcoats with white stars; whose conversation is made up of General Washington—Buonaparte—fine fellows—politics—grumble grumble—steam engines—patent machines to feed workhouse brats. 'A penny saved is a penny got,' as poor Richard says: 'patent fences, which break cows legs,' &c. &c. The *Gentleman's Magazine* is a very different work, and is excellent.

"I. A. R."

had not read twenty lines of it ere I recognised its author. We had been neighbours and friends at Kensington, and occasional oppositionists at vestry meetings. In fact, we were as *pitted champions* in the disputatious arena of those uproarious assemblages of the human race. Sometimes he was the *Demosthenes*, and I was the *Æschines* of the day: at other times, it was *vice versa*. I forget who bore the palm when *the crown* was awarded to the victorious champion of eloquence.

Almost simultaneously with the exhibition of the judicial powers of the British Critic, appeared the "Censura" in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW—the most elaborate, but the most violent and vituperative of all the reviews of the work in question. Nothing, from beginning to end, can exceed the solemn foppery and fierce invective of this piece of composition. There should seem to have been, in the motto or rule assumed by the writer of it, the following words—borrowed from the *Trachiniæ* of SOPHOCLES:—

“Πείθου λεγούσῃ χρηστὰ
 κἀπ’ ἐμοῦ κτήσεται χάριν.”

V. 477-8.

Indeed that very writer himself may be thus described, in the language of the same great dramatist:

“Βλέπω γὰρ ἐχθρὸν φῶτα, καὶ τάχ’ ἂν κακῶς
 Γελῶν, ἃ δὴ κακοῦργος ἐξίκοιτ’ ἀνὴρ.”

V. 1061.

The latter is from the *Ajax Flagellifer*—no bad designation of this splenetic Zoilus himself. Of *him*, too, I shrewdly suspect that I had some personal

knowledge. Intentionally, by inference, by word of mouth, or in deed, I never gave him cause of offence. I once assisted him in some trifling directions, rather than instructions, in a meditated trip to Munich; and I have openly praised several of his contributions to the RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW*, of which he was the reputed Editor. He has shown a *grateful* sense of such conduct on my part.

But severity, or rather vituperation, was "the order of the day;" and down came the *Quarterly Review* upon my heterodox volume. Now, as a Review, strictly speaking, is the opinion only of *one writer*, I might have rested, and *did* in fact rest, satisfied with those commendatory opinions from characters of undoubted literary distinction, with which the preceding pages have abounded; but as such opinion, when incorporated in a *large body* of *criticism*—or collection of opinions—in one volume, or journal, gains an additional force, its effect, whether in favour of, or in opposition to, the work reviewed, is apt to be more influential. This I believe is the secret history of almost all reviews, and of the sensitiveness of authors in consequence. Moreover, there are *some* people who have no eyes of their own to perceive, or judgments to exercise or depend upon, in the perusal of an author. They *must* borrow the intellectual optics of others. They

* See an expressly honourable mention of this Review at p. xvii, of my Preface: edit. 1825.

must lean upon the arms of an unknown, and, in some instances, an interested judge. From the *Quarterly*, I had both right and reason to expect at least "fair play." The principles of my book were in strict consonance with those of the established church and state. I had impugned no rites and ceremonies which had been sanctioned by time and practised by the learned and the good. I had bespattered no gentleman with the dirt and filth of slander and detraction; nor had I, on the other hand, been the slave of a sneaking hypocrisy. I had compromised no just and liberal principle. My heart dictated what my pen indited. Moreover, the publisher of the *Quarterly Review* had been known to me for a long period—even during his residence in Fleet Street, where, for the first time, I met his friend Mr. D'Israeli at dinner. Mr. Murray's father had been one of the publishers of my unfortunate volume of poems; and had shewn kindness as well as readiness in the bibliopolistic patronage conferred. In Fleet Street the *Quarterly Review* took its birth. I had watched, with anxiety and even fondness, its first struggles for distinction—its earliest efforts at flight. I saw it flapping the ground with the tips of its wings, till, confident in the strength of its pinions, it soared, eagle-like, in the blue sky...

"Parva metu primò; mox sese attollit in auras."

I had in an especial manner noticed many of its

ablest articles in the pages of the "Library Companion," and suggested that plan for a Collection of some of the Articles upon *Voyages and Travels* which was in a measure subsequently adopted.

All this might at least have blunted the edge of a coarse and ruthless weapon, which was exercised in tomahawking my volume. That it did not lay in the breast of the Publisher to have *softened* such acrimony, or to have *diverted* or *omitted* the attack altogether, is a position which I cannot bring myself to admit; for I know that such intervention has been, both before and since, indisputably and effectually exercised by the Publisher and Proprietor of the Review. I must be among the weakest of mankind to take any protestation to the *contrary*, as based upon *truth*. Who the *then* Editor was, I can have as little curiosity to know as inclination to respect. The report was, he was "a Gentleman of the Law." A *member* of the profession he might have been; but the genius and the judgment of its late editor, Mr. Gifford, certainly did not appear to possess his successor. He might have put the helmet of Minerva upon his head, but the *bird of inspiration* did not grace its front. It should seem, however, that matters had a disposition at that time to retrograde at head quarters, and that there was a "screw loose" somewhere. In consequence, the following and *sixty-fourth* number of the Quarterly Review came out under *fresh* editorial auspices. A gentleman succeeded who not only brought with him

a large share of necessary experience in the mechanical management of a periodical journal, but superadded genius, taste, and eloquence; a poet, a novelist, and a practised critic. That gentleman now brandishes the editorial sceptre of dominion over the same Journal; and I hail, as an earnest of future good, and of increasing fame, the omission of ALL POLITICS in the last number which has issued under his control.

But I should be ungrateful, at the close of these remarks, if I did not notice the opposite line of conduct pursued by a writer in the BRITISH REVIEW, wherein appears an article as kind as it is copious; betraying a thorough knowledge of the subject-matter reviewed; and evincing, as I have before observed*, “the feelings of a Gentleman with the taste of a Scholar.”

* Advertisement to the second edition.

CHAPTER XI.

KENSINGTONIANA.

"A SIGH the absent claim, the dead a TEAR."

POPE.

It may have been observed in a preceding page*, that in the year 1803 I came from Worcester to Kensington, where I resided for the next twenty-one years of my life. This was a long time for a young man to become stationary. But so it was—and during that time I must have necessarily seen many shiftings, and changes, and losses, and gains, in the circle in which I moved; together with numerous alterations in the external face of things. Houses, and its concomitant, population, quickly spread over lawns and pastures; and trees were felled to make room for Villas, Places, or Terraces. Upon *Camden Hill* not a single house for the first five years was erected—except the large brick mansion upon the brow of the hill; tenanted latterly by the family of the DE VISMES†. Between Lord Holland's and

* See page 165, ante.

† A respectable, well-informed, and exceedingly agreeable family. There were few homes where "fare" was more intellectual as well as

Mr. DELAFIELD'S (now inhabited by Mr. South of astronomical celebrity) there was not one mansion to the right or to the left*. This gave the neighbourhood a tolerably rural aspect; and the last eleven

hospitable. Drawing, painting, music, and a knowledge of languages, delighted and instructed in turn. Of this fine and handsome family—or rather of all those whose faces I was wont to meet at their joyous banquets—ONE only survives. My friend, Gerard de Visme, the eldest son, has but lately paid the debt of nature. I knew his widow, and visited her family (Major Torriano's) long before Mr. De Visme's father came to settle at Kensington. I believe no union to have been closer or more affectionate than that of my friend with his surviving partner.

* Mr. Delafield, a widower, was latterly my immediate neighbour. He was the active partner in a great and long-established brewery, and had married the sister of the late Alderman Combe, one of the best chief magistrates of which the City of London could ever boast: active, honest, patriotic. Mr. Delafield was a sensible and highly respectable man. His house was enfiladed by two avenues of elm-trees, of beautiful effect, at a given distance; and the house, though small for his establishment, had the snug and picturesque air of a country villa. Now, all is changed. The elms have disappeared; a brick wall encircles the garden; and the tube of the astronomer is nightly levelled at the stars, where, erst, the quiet rubber and the *pétit souper* resuscitated and enlivened the parting guest. Mr. Delafield always entertained like a gentleman. Judges of port wine allowed none to go beyond his. I was more intimate with his peaches and nectarines. Late in life—and I believe in a great measure at my suggestion—he undertook the reading of Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall*." He read it through—steadily, and unflinchingly; and told me he had been astonished how a man working with such materials, and through such darkness and barbarity, could have BUILT SUCH A HISTORY. He loved the society of intelligent and clever men. He met Dr. Jenner at my table, when living in Hornton Street; and was delighted with his pleantry of manner and generality of information—as he well might. In after years he met Mr. Roger Wilbraham, whose talents struck him with equal force. Dr. Gosset and Mr. Delafield had long been great cronies. The former died in a good old age, and his eldest son is the inheritor of his worth as well as of his fortune.

years of my residence, at the extremity of Hornton Street, was, upon the whole, a cheerful and a desirable position. From the drawing-room and bedroom windows, we had an uninterrupted view of the avenue leading to Holland House. This was something for a residence within two miles of Hyde Park Corner. Within this house were celebrated the *Spencerian* and *Decameronian Symposia**.

But the lapse of "twenty-one years" marks other changes in a variety of channels, and of which *some* are of a serious complexion...

"A sigh the ABSENT claim, the DEAD a tear."

And of *both* this description of changes I have had my share of experience. I first tasted that bitterest of all sorrows which is brought to our own homes, and to our own bosoms...in the loss of a beloved child†. I could, however, even without such sharp experience, have sympathised with others, surrounded by darker distress; and among those earlier afflictions, which fill a parent's cup with woe, there was not one, *without* my own threshold, which touched me more sensibly than that of our then Vicar, Mr. ORMEROD, on the loss of his younger son Holden: a Wykamite full of talent and of promise‡. Of those who paid me the earliest

* Pages 531, 625, ante.

† Page 282, ante.

‡ I got intelligence of this melancholy event when at Manheim in 1818, on my return to England; and the same post that brought such sad news, conveyed intelligence of another similar event, that affected

attentions, HENRY NORTON WILLIS, Esq., was among the most forward and cordial. He was a gentleman and a scholar, and a man of a broad and liberal understanding. His amalgamation of whiggism and toryism was admirably managed, so as to offend neither party; and during the threatened invasion of this country, by Bonaparte, my friend Mr. Willis, (*par courtoise* Colonel) who was the second in command of the Kensington Volunteers, (Major Torriano being the Colonel), felt as gallantly and as eagerly disposed to cut off the head of the Invader as the Right Honourable William Pitt himself.

His loyalty was not to be questioned; but he would pin his faith, and fasten his creed, upon no man's sleeve, unless he had liberty to form and to defend it to the utmost—as the result of his own unbiassed conviction. There was no slavish succumbency about him to any man, however exalted by rank or condition. At one time he was considered to have been intimate with the Prince—afterwards George IV.; but he would cultivate no society where there was not a thorough congeniality of feeling. He was one of the Gentlemen of the Board of Green Cloth, and had been half a century a servant of the King. When Lord Grenville was Prime Minister, he was chosen by that lofty-minded statesman to become Treasurer to the Prin-

me more nearly; the demise of my niece in her twenty-eighth year. She lies buried, together with her mother, who was burned to death accidentally, by the side of my dear son in Kensington churchyard.

cess Charlotte of Wales; a post which he filled with undeviating correctness and integrity. Mr. Willis was very much above the ordinary run of gentlemen-scholars; and, like the present venerable Bishop of Norwich, having an aptitude in quoting Latin prose, he would frequently, in my hearing, give us many eloquent passages from Livy—an author to whom he was particularly attached. But how delightfully was his day wont to *commence*! Visit him, as I have often done, by ten in the morning, and there you found him *tête-à-tête* with his daughter ****†, both rolling out the hexameters of Homer: now frowning with Achilles, and now weeping with Andromache! and both, curious and dexterous in all the mysteries and niceties of the *middle-verb*. My friend reached his seventy-seventh year; and died, I may truly say, “universally respected.”

Of the Rev. Dr. Gosset, who afterwards removed to town, I have before spoken, as well as of the Rev. Thomas King‡; both, men not only of very opposite principles to each other, but in very little union with those of Mr. Willis. It was amusing to see these three learned gentlemen, with the Vicar

† This amiable and talented lady was, and for aught I know to the contrary, now is, the ablest and most faithful draughtswoman, in copies of ancient pictures, in the figure line, with whom I am acquainted. I scarcely know such specimens as those which came from her pencil. Her kindness furnished me with a head of my beloved Sir Thomas More, in miniature, upon ivory, from the original of Hans Holbein in Kensington Palace. It has been these twenty years the inmate of my study.

‡ Page 167.

“cheering them on,” having occasional gladiatorial skirmishes with each other—chiefly upon politics. At that time there was little or no *half tint* in men’s opinions. They thought boldly and spoke roundly. Mr. King was for pouring out the whole contents of his vial of wrath upon the head of Mr. Fox and of Bonaparte. The income tax and the assessed taxes were always the *Incubi* which sat on Dr. Gosset’s pillow. Mr. Ormerod strove to frighten them away; and Mr. Willis* would come in coolly, after Mr. King’s vial of wrath had been entirely expended, to joke and to jeer in the pleasantest and most reconciling manner imaginable. He was always sure of Mr. King’s heart being in the right place.

The earlier years of my residence at Kensington were spent in Hornton Street, a very humble mansion, in rather an inferior quarter of the town; but which, in the time of William III., is supposed to have been inhabited by many of the lordly attendants on the court at Kensington Palace. This house

* My friend, Mr. Willis, had a large and a good society, in which he was fond of moving. He was a great *Clubbist*. He must have been conscious of topping the generality of his acquaintance upon ordinary literary subjects. His powers of conversation were considerable, and his voice was soft and melodious. As he was a resolute thinker, so he was occasionally a resolute speaker. When a certain general was appointed to a West India command, he did not scruple, upon every occasion, to declare his conviction of his being “a coward at heart;” and this, accompanied by an action “suited to the word.” The late Duke of Kent had a high opinion of him, and they had frequent and lengthy correspondences together. Under few roofs have I passed pleasanter or more improving hours than under that of my DECEASED FRIEND. His bodily sufferings were excruciating before his departure.

was full of timber, and full of inconvenience in consequence. Yet I left it with a sort of regret; for though it had witnessed some acute scenes of suffering, it had witnessed more of vigorous labour and of joyous recreation*. The *Bibliomania*, the *Classics*, the first three volumes of the *Spencer Library*, and the first two volumes of the *Typographical Antiquities* had been completed in it—to say nothing of *More*, *Fenelon*, and *Quarles*. Here too I composed my Lectures for the *Royal Institution*†. The little recess, or boudoir, in which these Works were anvilled and shaped, was always dear to me; and provoked, rather perhaps than justified, its intrusion upon the public attention at the end of the third volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron*. From this identical spot I walked into the pulpit of Kensington Church to preach my first sermon before a congregation that might have awed stouter and

* At one of these “recreations—” when Mr. D’Israeli, Mr. Alex. Chalmers, Mr. Markland, Mr. Haslewood, and a few others, dined with me for the first time—it chanced that Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Haslewood sat opposite each other; and a very warm discussion took place about two small rival editions of *Prince Arthur and his Round Table*. Neither of the two last named gentlemen had known that his opposite neighbour was the editor of *one*. After much cross-examination by all the rest, Mr. Haslewood was compelled to confess himself the editor of *that* edition which had scarcely *any* sale; and Mr. Chalmers the editor of *that* of which the impression was nearly *exhausted*; but to the disgrace of the age I add, that Mr. Haslewood’s had all the exceptionable passages *expunged*, and Mr. Chalmers’s all the same passages *retained*. Mr. H. “wrapped himself up in his virtue,” and construed defeat into triumph!

† See page 290, note; where some local anecdotes are mentioned in connexion with the composition of the *Bibliomania*, in the above residence.

older nerves* ; and I obtained my first piece of preferment by preaching a funeral sermon upon the death of the Rev. Archer Thomson, at Quebec Chapel†, for which I had notice of preparation only on the Saturday morning preceding.

And here I commenced my combat-trials for preacherships, and public situations of literary distinction. Let no young man's "heart fail him" on first, second, or even third discomforture. "*On*"—the "*contrà audacior ito*"—should be his motto; if he have any confidence in his own powers and moral courage—and any reliance upon influential friends. London is a vast field—an unequalled "*champ de Mars*"—for the exercise of warfare of every description. I know not for how many preacherships I

* Of course I never thought of preaching a first sermon of my own composition. It was one of Carr's, with the text, "And Isaac went out into the fields to meditate at the eventide." Upon this very text I heard the once famous Mr. Irving preach, on my *first* acquaintance with him in the pulpit. He disappointed me. I had been taught to expect more eloquence and more passion.

† Mr. Archer Thomson was the eldest son of the Rev. Seth Thomson, one of the most winning and apostolical of preachers as to persuasiveness and sincerity. His son was what is called a fashionable preacher; but he was fundamentally wrong in his idea or doctrine of preachment: not because he was *impassioned*, but because he gave the colouring of passion to *all* topics alike; and would be tearing the heart of the hearer, as well as of himself, out of its very socket, when there was no necessity or intelligible ground for such excitement. I heard him preach his last sermon on Good Friday, in Kensington church. It was the most painful exhibition I ever witnessed, and became almost terrific at its conclusion. No physical energies could sustain a frequent repetition of such violence. He died, justly beloved and respected, in his 35th year, in 1805.

strove; but Dean Andrew did not allow me to preach a *second* time when he offered me the pulpit of Archbishop Tenyson's chapel in Swallow—now Regent-Street. I loved the name of Tenyson on a thousand accounts; and not the less for the Owner of that name having had a vehement passion for *Bokes*, and for having left behind him a library from which the public is at no time excluded*. But I cast my eyes around for a more lofty object of professional ambition. The Philanthropic Chapel was just erected, and, as usual, scores of Candidates were in motion. There was no chance. My friend the Rev. Mr. Yates, with his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Jackman, had been engaged to fill the pulpit alternately†. There was a talk too of the Rev. Sydney

* I refer the reader, with a pleasurable confidence, to what is said of this exemplary archbishop in the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 273.

† They are now both *AT REST*, and both, while living, had always my cordial and respectful attachment. Mr. Yates was chaplain to Chelsea Hospital for many years. On his death, that situation was conferred by Lord John Russell, then Paymaster of the Forces, upon the Rev. John Gleig, a name well calculated to excite attention and bespeak praise. He commenced his career as a "militant" of a different description. His *Subaltern* will never want a reader: it is among the most sparkling and captivating of modern prose specimens. It storms the heart, and takes all its affections captive; but there are yet scenes (witness the night battle, see page 79, ante, in the *New Orleans Campaign*) of a higher class of writing. Had that hapless and most spirited campaign terminated victoriously, a livelier interest, and more prosperous sale, had attended the publication. There is a natural, if not invincible repugnance, to read that which ends in one's discomfiture, if not disgrace. Oh! that those ten thousand British bayonets, which gleamed upon the plains of New Orleans, had been directed by the same British arms upon the plains of Waterloo!...that stupendous battle had terminated at four in the afternoon. What then? The victory might not have been *so* complete.

Smith coming forward—the admitted pulpit-giant of the day. He and Dr. Moore, the present rector of Pancras, were about that time filling the evening pulpit, alternately, of the Foundling Hospital. They were powerful preachers—and attractive from very different causes; the first being considered as the Caravaggio, the second as the Guido, of painters of the human heart and passions. The one sometimes came down upon you as an overwhelming hail-storm of reasoning and invective...not unmingled with that occasional thunder and lightning of moral power, which drives the erring wretch into his lurking place and strong holds—if vice can be said to have *strength* any where! The other taught the contemplation of human nature in its more trying moments of illness, distress, and helplessness; and few men could be said to draw the curtains of a death-bed with a more graceful hand than Dr. Moore.

But in my personal history of competitor-ship, nothing equalled the struggle which I endured for succeeding to the Secretaryship of the Society of Antiquaries, vacant by the death of Mr. Brand*. Mr. Brand was rather the *acting* Secretary for the *quasi* Secretary; that situation being held by the Rev. Mr. Wright. My eyes were now fixed upon nothing but the *List of Members* of the Society in

* He died in 1807; and some account of the sale of his library may be seen in the *Bibliomania*, page 605.

question. In every room, and upon every table, *there* was the list. The pen was always in my hand. Letters, notes, mementos, memoranda, promises doubtful and positive, negatives equivocally shaded ...in short, for many weeks, all the anxieties, doubts, and fears, which are the attendants upon all candidates' hopes, prevailed. But I had powerful friends within and without Kensington. Alas! I had *one* Enemy, or rather Opponent, more powerful than all my friends united; one, who, in proportion to his support of the *favourite**, was as unintermitting in his opposition to myself: an opposition, which was never allowed to cool—over the morning chocolate or the evening negus. In short, I had to combat the Director of the Society in the person of SAMUEL LYSONS, Esq.†. However, I did not allow a feather

* The "favourite" proved to be the present NICHOLAS CARLISLE, Esq. a worthy and respectable gentleman, and author of many laborious and useful works, which it was found he could execute in perfect compatibility with the execution of his duties as Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries. There was a third candidate, whose name I have forgotten; but I believe he had not a dozen votes.

† Mr. Lysons must not be defrauded of his DUE. He was opiated, dogmatical, and, at times, overbearing. There was only *one* dictum to which he, apparently, deferred—and *that* was, the opinion of the man by whose instrumentality he is reported to have become the successor of Mr. Artle, as *Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London*; a situation of equal respectability and responsibility, and not destitute of a substantial revenue. The "man" here alluded to, was the late Sir Joseph Banks. Mr. Lysons could "bear no rival near his throne." Few men intrigued so deeply in all matters connected with the Society of Antiquaries; and to oppose him was to seal your own doom, if you had any material object to accomplish. He did not care whose knocker he lifted, or whose chamber he invaded, when an important election

of my wings to droop. The morning, or rather the evening of contest, at length arrived. My Kensing-

was going on; his whisper was about equal to three human voices at full stretch; and his elevated tones would have split *tumblers*, where the man, recorded by Morshof, split one *wine-glass*, by the sonorous powers of his voice. See this curious matter referred to in the *Bibliomania*, page 61, note.

But this is NOT Mr. Lyson's "due," because the more commendable part of his public character ought not to be withheld. He was ardent, active, and indefatigable in all measures which he believed to be conducive to the Society's credit and well-doing. He had scarcely a rival in antiquarian and tasteful acquirements. He had a ready pencil and a faithful needle; and he *etched* with the facility that he *drew*. You might depend upon the general truth and character of all that came from his pencil. His productions were numerous, for their labour and expense. In the "*Environs of London*," in which he largely assisted his Brother, the author of the work, he may be said to have scarcely done more than executed an elegant outline of an interesting picture. His *Roman Antiquities* are all of a grand and striking class of character. He spared no expense, and he risked a great deal in some of those publications. His *Magna Britannia* is necessarily little more than the foundation-stone of a work, which, if completed according to such a beginning, would have immortalised the name of LYSONS. Yet its Author was not a deeply read English Historian. His impressions were quick and strong, therefore often erroneous; nor till pushed to the last extremity or stronghold, would he surrender the post he had at first obtained. He was the Crib of all antagonists, "never knowing when he had had enough." His works are indispensable to all well-selected libraries.

It has been a matter of surprise to me, that, to the active and enterprising mind of the late Mr. Samuel Lysons, it never struck him that the appendage of a MUSEUM to the Society of Antiquaries might be both an appropriate and a highly instructive appendage. There would be only two modes of accomplishing this: a grant or loan of money, in the first instance, and a subscription of 1*l.* per annum from each member, to cover the loan and contribute to occasional contributions. When one thinks what annual sums are paid for *eating* and *drinking* Clubs, one has a *right* to expect countenance and support in a matter of such comparative "pith and moment." On the appointment of my friend James Heywood Markland, Esq., to the *Directorship* of this Society, in

ton friends—the Vicar, Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Mr. Willis, and Mr. Delafield—accompanied me to Holylands' coffee-house, hard by, where we dined : before “the note of preparation” was heard. The issue is well known. On “the house dividing,” there appeared one hundred and twenty votes for my Antagonist, and seventy-seven for myself. I yielded, and withdrew; but the most gratifying circumstance of the night to me was, the merited severity with which Mr. Ray, a barrister, chastised the Council of Antiquaries for allowing the disgraceful practice of a scored, or *House list*, with the name of the favourite candidate to be thrust into the hands of the unwary*, and strewn upon the table around which the Members sat. And yet this practice was again resorted to in an election of greater “pith and moment” than that just recorded.

It was during my residence in Hornton Street, that I made the personal acquaintance of a man, at the stroke of whose pen all understandings were enlightened, and whose hand the proudest upon earth might have been yet prouder to grasp. It is [Sir] WALTER SCOTT, of whom I now speak. He breakfasted with me twice, and met Mr. Heber at dinner

1827, that gentleman wrote and published a very sensible and convincing letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, the President, upon this identical subject.

* Seven of my voting friends went over unintentionally to the enemy from having this “scored list” put into their hands. The fact is, that several, seeing this list put upon the table by Council-craft, did, without the use of their own eyes, go and put them into the balloting box—under the impression that they were supporting *myself*.

once. Our conversation was animated and incessant—and as instructive, on the part of my guests, as animated. The first time he breakfasted with me, on attending him to the street door, and slipping the bolt, he stopped me, and grasping my arm, asked me if I had seen the Hon. Mr. Spencer's poems, just then published? On replying in the negative, he repeated the first stanza of one of them—"sent to a Lady in apology for not having attended her evening party in consequence of having been at a ball...

“ Too late I stay'd: forgive the crime—

Unheeded flew the hours;

For noiseless falls the foot of Time,

Whene'er he treads on flowers.”

and pronounced the whole to be very beautiful. He had not then long published the *Lady of the Lake*, and I amused him exceedingly by telling him of the eagerness with which I had carried that poem, on its publication, to a countrywoman of his (Mrs. Drinkwater, the wife of Colonel Drinkwater*) then residing at Kensington—and read to her the whole of the first two Cantos (*not* in a “sotto voce”) on a Saturday evening, when I had to preach a Charity Sermon on the ensuing morning—for which two thirds of my voice were gone! and the congregation in consequence requested that “a gentle-

* See page 150, ante.

man in the possession of *lungs* might be engaged on a future occasion."

I cannot name the *foregoing poem* without calling to mind how the public used, from time to time, to anticipate the periodical returns, as it were, of the MUSE of Scott, and to hail her with renewed joyfulness upon every appearance! They looked forward to "another and another still succeeding," with an absolute "increase of appetite," which seemed to "grow by what it fed upon." The blaze of his *prose* has now perhaps reduced his poetry to a fainter tint; but Sir Walter Scott is the *second* of modern poets only because Lord Byron is the *first*. What a prelude to his *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*, was his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—the most finished, as well as elaborated, of all his poems. I saw it in MS., with a friend in London, two years before its publication...and only marvelled, as I well might, how such a Gem should not have before seen the light*. I had more than a glimpse of the coming splendour of *Marmion*, by Mr. Miller the bookseller (who had a fourth share in the copyright), reading to me its gloriously picturesque opening, when

* Of all the sweet and spirit-stirring passages in this romantic poem, not one, in my humble opinion, *quite* comes up to that of the poet's address to his country...

"O Caledonia! stern and wild;"

Had Burns lived to hear it, or to read it, he must have gone half crazy.

But I fancy I yet discover in the *Glenfinlas* of Sir Walter Scott—first published in Matt. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder"—the dawn of the noon-day splendour of his *Lay*.

little more than the second Canto had been printed. From the first it was my favourite; although I apprehend the general verdict, from principles of *gallantry*, will be in support of the *Lady of the Lake**. Yet there are parts of *Rokeby* equal to either. I tear myself away from these themes reluctantly... and almost growl, as Ajax did, when he was compelled to retreat with his full-moon shield thrown behind him, from the "iron sleet of arrowy shower" of the Trojans. But surely no more pleasurable excitements ever took place in the breast of the public, than on the announcements, and yet more on the deliveries, of the quarto volumes of these immortal poems!—poems, in which a strict principle of morality is combined with the loftiest romantic daring; in which virtue can be yet braver, and more beautiful, than vice; and in which all the stirring sympathies of *kind* and of *country* are most singularly developed, and pressed home upon the bosom of the enchanted reader. But I leave all this—and ten thousand times better than "all this"—to

* Sir Francis Freeling and Mr. Heber were among the first of Sir Walter Scott's friends to whom *early* copies, accompanied by letters, were sent of his respective poems. I remember Mr. Heber's repeating to me the whole of that Canto of the *Lady of the Lake* in which Roderick Dhu and his men make their suddenly magical appearance from their subterraneous hiding-places:—and this, nearly a month before the PUBLIC FEAST commenced! I seem to have something of a sort of twilight "*Reminiscence*" of a copy of *Rokeby* having been in Mr. Heber's library, in which there was a letter, from its author, stating it to have been composed *within four months*!

Mr. Lockhart. I dare not trust myself with the *Dramatic Novels* of this SECOND SHAKSPEARE*.

Not long after the first visit of Sir Walter Scott, my humble mansion was illuminated by the presence of another great Scotch Don, in the person of Dr. JAMIESON, the author of a *Dictionary* which has probably no equal in a living language. He is also author of a great deal of profound antiquarian lore—especially in Mæso-Gothic researches. He must now be verging fast towards Octogenarianism; though I understand his faculties to be as sound, and his

* To have had *something* like a correct notion of the various, as well as astonishing, powers of this extraordinary man, the reader should have been present (as many might have been) at the *personifications* of his leading characters by the whole strength of the *Corps Dramatique* of Drury Lane, shortly after his decease. It was represented, when I saw it, after the play of *Rob Roy* . . . when Mr. Macready walked across the stage in the very dress in which he had played that character—with a discrimination and force to leave all rivalry at a distance.

I yet hope to see a good bulky octavo volume, entitled SCOTTIANA, developing all those curious, amusing, and *collateral* circumstances connected with the literary life of this GREAT MAN. Mr. Lockhart will doubtless do much; but his line is more direct and exclusively biographical. Two things were always the attendant upon the introduction of the subject of Sir Walter Scott's Novels: first, who was the AUTHOR? secondly, which was the MOST DELIGHTFUL? I remember being privy to rather an angry discussion upon the *first* point: a Lady having boldly declared that they were written by one of *her* sex, an American, and regularly transmitted from Baltimore across the Atlantic! This was indeed *very droll*! . . . but cheeks reddened, and eyes flashed fire during the discussion. Had it been from "the sterner sex," something *else* might have also "flashed fire!" Upon the *second* point, if all the suffrages could be collected, would it be in favour of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*? and yet my own would not exactly go in support of this selection. Which then? Gentle reader, they are ALL my FAVOURITES—with two (obvious) exceptions only.

habits of literary application as unsubdued, as ever. But if there were any one tie, or circumstance which, on retrospection, binds me to the memory of this my humble residence, it was that, here, I made the acquaintance, on very extraordinary grounds, of one of the warmest and most generous-hearted of friends—GEORGE VANDER NEUNBURG, Esq. I have said that our acquaintance originated (as our friendship was afterwards confirmed) upon “very extraordinary grounds.” Thus it was. Opposite to me there lived an amiable lady, a widow, whose husband had been lost at sea—off the Cape—in that terrible storm in which Admiral Trowbridge went down in the *Blenheim*—that vessel being the convoying ship to a large fleet of East India Merchantmen. She was about to retire into Kent, with a numerous little family, and to economise upon what her stinted income allowed. The bill for the letting of her house was affixed to the window, and some tradesmen had also a written notice of her intended departure.

It chanced that Mr. Neunburg, who was a widower, and a retired City Merchant, had taken up his quarters at the King’s Arms Coffee House, at Kensington; being not only desirous of change of air, but of a small commodious residence in the immediate neighbourhood. By accident, he called where there was an announcement of my friend’s house about to be let. He was directed to the house itself; its owner happening to be at the time engaged

at dinner. He examined the furniture, attended by the Servant—expressed himself well satisfied with what he saw, and asked, on retiring, for her Mistress? He received an answer that she could not then, conveniently, see him; but if he would call on the morrow, the business might be further gone into. He called on the morrow. Not Edward the Fourth could have been more struck with the presence of Elizabeth Woodville, than Mr. N. was with my opposite neighbour. She was in truth a handsome woman, and in the prime of life. The Visitor had turned his sixtieth year.

He ran his eye quickly, but confusedly, over the several items of furniture, and expressed himself entirely satisfied with the charges—"but, Madam" (said he, addressing himself directly to the fair mistress of the house, who at the time was surrounded by her large and blooming family), "there is ONE, and, as it strikes me, the MOST ESSENTIAL, piece of furniture which you have *omitted*?" Now few men could assume a more gentlemanly air, and tone of voice, than the Visitor in question. The lady could not comprehend what was meant or alluded to. She thought there had been a strange neglect in making out the *Inventory*, and begged the unknown "would be more explicit?" "Madam," rejoined that unknown, "CAN I be more explicit? On *what* object are my eyes fixed upon, BUT YOURSELF...in making this declaration? You will forgive me, but I speak as I feel." I would here ask the most experienced

of novel readers, or novel writers, whether "the Romance of *real life*" furnished anything more *romantic* than THIS? But so it was—and within six months of this memorable interview, the parties became man and wife at Kensington Church—the ceremony having been performed by myself.

Mr. Neunburg took his Bride down to his mansion at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, where he had long resided, and ably and faithfully performed the duties of a magistrate for the twenty preceding years. He was the very next neighbour to the Marquis of Exeter, whose park enfiladed the back part of his house. His connexion with the late Marquis continued uninterrupted till the day of the death of the latter; and more than upon one occasion of election did my friend's influence with the freeholders of Stamford stand the Marquis in "good stead." I was not long in paying a visit to the "Happy Pair," and found them not only extremely well disposed to give me the warmest reception, but the *Library** of the bridegroom had more than ordinary attractions to prolong my sojourn. Mrs. Neunburg latterly became afflicted with the severest rheumatic affec-

* He had been many years collecting rather a curious, than a generally serviceable, library. My expedition with him to Dash, the bookseller, at Kettering, is recorded in the Biog. Decameron, vol. ii. p. 53; and his precious little volume of a collection of black-letter Catechisms is described at page 528-9. This was the last book I ever put into the hands of the late Bishop of Ely, who seemed to devour it, as he placed it upon a shelf within reach. It was valued to the Duke of Devonshire, in the sale of that prelate's library, at 10*l.* 10*s.*, and it was worth it. The

tion, so as to render locomotion, even to the shortest distance, almost impracticable; and for the last twelve years of her life she may be said to have been both a prisoner and a martyr to her afflictions. The affectionate attention of Mr. Neunburg never for one moment knew diversion or decay. He died in his seventy-second year in 1822, and was followed by his widow in 1831*—after sustaining her protracted sufferings with christian-like fortitude and resignation.

Towards the year 1814 I quitted my residence in Hornton for one at the top of Hornton Street—then just newly built; and although my house was very little larger, the situation was more airy and agreeable: for nothing intercepted my view of the avenue

crack volume of black-letter rarity, in my friend Mr. Neunburg's library, was, *Fulwell's Flower of Fame*, which was sold for 30*l.* 9*s.*, at the sale of his library after his decease, which sale produced 1750*l.* Many an hour have I tarried with the owner in his library: many a drawer opened: many a shelf cleared, filled, cleared, and filled again. He was delightfully exulting over his fine and perfect copy of Bentley's *Monuments of Matrons*; or, *Seven several Lamps of Virginity*, 1582, 4to.; *Nichols' History of Leicestershire*, which was sold for 51*l.* 9*s.*; and, above all, his *Illustrated Granger*, which produced 210*l.* But my hospitable friend had as curious a *cellar* as a library; and, open-hearted and generous to excess, was himself little beyond a sipper and taster of vinous fluids. Some few dozens of champagne and burgundy were one day denounced as acid and worthless: "I'm glad they are not my books" ... was his only reply.

* Mrs. Neunburg's second son is now Rector of Carlton Scroop, near Grantham. The father-in-law had purchased the next presentation for him, some eight or ten years before he came into the possession. I am proud and happy to call this exemplary young man my "right good friend." He lives as comfortably as a bachelor—*can* live.

of elms leading to Holland House. I might indeed in some measure say

“Largior hinc campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo . . .”

for the sunsets had frequently all the colours of a Painter's pallet. It was in many respects a desirable and cheerful residence. I had not long entered it, when my friend FRANCIS DOUCE, Esq., came to pitch his tent in Kensington Square, so as to reconcile me yet more to having resisted all attacks and appeals for transferring my *Penates* to London. The reader has been repeatedly introduced to Mr. Douce in the previous pages in the character of an *Epistolographer**, in which he certainly maintains no despicable reputation. But he must now know a little more of him as my neighbour at Kensington.

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri” seemed, of all others, to be the motto by which he was guided—the pivot upon which his intellectual machinery turned. This necessarily at times led him into errors if not into scrapes. He would neither bend nor bow to any man breathing. Freedom of thought and of action was his birthright, and he was determined to show it upon all occasions. This may be very well of *itself*, provided the individual, resolving to shape his course accordingly, live apart from the world—in the centre of Salis-

* See pages 308-12, &c.

bury plain, or of the "Great Desert," or in Northern wilds, inaccessible of human foot...

. . . "where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows."

But, for a man, warming himself by the side of Newcastle coals—living in London; roofed in by a large and commodious house; surrounded by ample and highly-polished maple wood book-cases; ever keen in pursuit of art and antiquities; and loving something like conflicting opinions upon these subjects—for a man, I say, of such complexion, it was the most indiscreet and indefensible system which could have been adopted! Yet it was surprising how, in a great measure, he lived by such a rule, and harassed himself, in very many instances, in consequence.

Of this indiscretion, my amiable and generous friend was not, strictly speaking, fully sensible; but he was nevertheless an eminently amiable and generous man. The gentle attentions and civil courtesies shewn to him by Dr. Bandinel and others, at the Bodleian Library, secured to that magnificent establishment the bequest of his library. The cordial hospitality extended to him by Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, at his residence in Monmouthshire, won the visitor's heart; and his collection of curiosities, antiquities, &c., were bequeathed to his host in consequence: so that there must have been no small susceptibility or consciousness of kindnesses and at-

tentions bestowed, on the part of Mr. Douce*. My friend died a very rich man, although a dozen years before his death he was scarcely in possession of a fifth of what he left behind; with the exception of his library and curiosities. It may be doubted whether his peace of mind was not a little broken, and his serenity of temper a good deal ruffled, by the NOLLEKENS LEGACY. I do not think that he was ever afterwards so happy as he was before—notwithstanding his increased ability to meet all the taxes which the state and the parish might impose upon him! Indeed I have the evidence of his own confession in writing, that this suggestion is but too well founded. A portion of a letter, written under great morbidity of feeling, ends thus:

Upper Gower Street, 26th April, 1828.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

“How strangely things go in this incomprehensible world! You keep up your spirits amidst occasional adversity. I lose mine in the bosom of that *prosperity* which men falsely call *happiness*. Thus is the balance between us rendered

* He observed in his will that he hoped his friend, Sir S. R. Meyrick, would build a room to receive these curiosities. Sir S. Meyrick has done so, and will never repent it to his dying hour. What a singular and precious cabinet it is—the fruit of half a century’s quiet but persevering collecting! How often have I caught but mere glimpses of it, sufficient to convince me of the pleasure derivable from a leisurely survey. GOODRICH COURT may well be a show-house, on more accounts than one. How admirably is it placed, and by what a country is it surrounded!

even: and this is the INSCRUTABLE WISDOM* that we are bound to acquiesce in and to venerate." He concludes: "I might as well attempt to fly as to walk to you on such a day as this—which, while it enlivens other INSECTS, paralyses ME.

"Yours, ever most cordially,
"F. DOUCE."

Such is the dispensation of things which reconciles us to our thatched roofs and our "dinners of herbs." The letter was in all respects teeming with personal kindness towards me. What was rather singular, I saw my friend the very morning when he was fastening on his sabots to go to London to hear Nollekens's will read; and quietly observed to him, in the ignorance of my heart, "I hope you have not been *forgotten*?" He was *remembered*...to the amount of 50,000*l.*—and was carried through all the contingent expenses and worries of law litigation with a high and triumphant hand, by a common friend, who was certainly not over-rewarded by two of the legatees for the trouble and difficulties encountered†.

* The same kind of feeling possessed him a dozen years before; for thus most considerately did he express himself to me, in one of his letters of this date, on the loss of my younger son:—"I am apparently using you very ill, in not noticing, otherwise than through Mr. Ellis, your obliging letter and *Catalogue Raisonné of Hearne's Pieces*; but I really forbore to molest you, until I thought time had, in some degree, mitigated the affliction you have undergone, and for which, indeed, I am most heartily sorry; I cannot doubt that you submit with *fortitude* to measures, to us INSCRUTABLE, but undoubtedly JUST."

† I allude to what all our common acquaintance know full well—the exertions, as well as discretion and judgment, displayed by JAMES HEYWOOD MARKLAND, Esq. I could have wished, in addition to the hono-

It will be over and over again imagined that Mr. Douce, as a *sensitive* man, would be obnoxious to all external, as well as internal, nuisances. He happened to be the neighbour of the late Mr. Cobbett: that is to say, their gardens, behind, joined; or rather a brick wall only separated them. Cobbett kept dogs to protect his property. My friend complained bitterly of their barking by day and howling by night. In return, his neighbour thought he had a more serious cause of complaint or charge against Mr. Douce, for he threatened to bring *an action* against him on account of the trespasses committed by his *slugs* and *snails*. The mind of my friend fired up at this imputation, and he sought counsel and advice in the following truly original effusion—furnished me by our common friend.

Kensington, 28th April, 1825.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Will you believe that I am menaced with an action of damages from Mr. Cobbett, as to whom I am more ‘sinned against than sinning.’ He complains that he has suffered immense loss by the *migration of the snails and slugs* from my garden into his; and that I do not feed them at home by cultivating my ground in a proper manner. I really imagined I was starving the enemy to absolute destruction, by *not* feeding him, and that he would die at home. I at-

raire received by that gentleman, that our departed friend had bequeathed to him his *beautiful vellum Pliny*, with illuminations, of which a distinct notice is taken at page 769, post. He would have prized, as he would have justly merited, such a richly book-legacy.

tempted to see Mr. Cobbett yesterday, but the great man was writing his Register and inaccessible. Pray be kind enough to look into *Bridgman's Index*, article *snails*, if it be there, and tell me the law on the subject. I must apply to some Catholic priest to sprinkle them with holy water, or, what is perhaps better, to exorcise or curse them by 'bell, book, and candle.'

"Ever yours, sincerely,

"F. DOUCE."

"To J. H. Markland, Esq., Temple."

I agree with my friend Mr. Markland in thinking that this was a *hoax* practised upon him.

But the LIBRARY was the charm and the boast of Mr. Douce's mansion. THAT was eminently rich and curious: and its owner might have been called the *Baillet* or the *La Monnoye* of his day. Not a book but what had its fly-leaf written upon. In short, no man ever lived so much with, and so entirely for, his books as did He*. He had long absented himself from society: though once the intimate friend of George Ellis, Col. Johnes, Mr.

* "The BIBLIOTHECA DOUCEIANA is now enclosed within the walls of the BODLEIAN LIBRARY. It occupies a noble room of 44 feet in length by 24 in width; with six extra presses, double shelved, three on each side of the room; and two huge oak tables, with shelves to hold the prints." Such is the spirit-stirring language of my friend, Dr. Bandinel, who adds, that "when all the books and papers, on which they are catalogued, are numbered, we shall instantly go to press." The sooner the better, rejoin I. Among the books which grace this very valuable, if not extraordinary, collection, is ONE upon which I desire somewhat to pause. Look, gentle reader, at the OPPOSITE PLATE. It is a fac-simile from a curious and resplendently illuminated large octavo, or small folio, improperly, by a later hand, designated as "*vigne mysterieux*;" but, in reality, as my friend Dr. Bandinel well observes,



S. Freeman, sc.

FAC SIMILE FROM AN ILLUMINATED M.S. IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE FRANCIS DOUCE ESQ. NOW IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Cracherode, and Sir Joseph Banks. In later life there were few with whom he was so familiar (and hardly any one else with whom he dined), as Roger Wilbraham, Esq., who had a sincere regard and respect for him. In social habits, never were two men wider asunder: the latter full of burgundy as well as of the Bréton language—joyous—generous of good fare, delicious deserts, and diversities of wines: the former adhering rigidly to all vinous abstinence,

le desrain liure de la vigne nostre seigneur ("vigne nre s^r"). The preface contains a short sermon on the passage in the Gospel relating to the payment of the labourers in the vineyard.

This MS. volume, executed probably at the very conclusion of the fourteenth century, was once mine. I had purchased it of Mr. Triphook for £20. It then became the property of Mr. Anderdon, jun., at the sale of whose library it was purchased (at my particular instigation) by Mr. Douce, for precisely the same sum, or a pound only under. It is most extravagantly decorated with illuminations: and the most gorgeous is the one here selected, being the *Assumption of the Virgin*. The back-ground is all gold, and unsoiled. The draperies are fresh and rich in colour. The entire illumination is in a blaze of splendour. And what DEMONS! Here is Beelzebub himself at full-length; an upright figure, with a head-attire which should seem to be a Tower of Babel! And what demoniacal groups of smaller dimensions—grotesque, savage, wild, murderous! My deceased friend used to chuckle aloud on expatiating upon these oddities. Great was the surprise, and the murmur not small, on the bequest of *such a library* to the Bodleian! All tongues pronounced the *British Museum* to be the fitter spot for the deposit of so very miscellaneous a collection. Latterly Mr. Douce bought freely, and gave large sums for a beloved object of admiration. Of these "beloved objects," none unloosed his purse-strings to such an amount as the *Italian Pliny* of 1476, UPON VELLUM, adorned with the chastest and most classical illuminations imaginable. This was obtained of Messrs. Payne and Foss, not long before the purchaser's death, for 300 guineas. Some of his missals, especially a folio executed in *cameo gris*, are of the finest quality. The MSS. are very valuable: among them is the best MS. of the version of the Bible by Wicliffe in this country. We shall soon know something satisfactory about all this.

throughout dinner, with the exception of one old-fashioned glass of Madeira—from which entrenchment not even the “*ardentia verba*” of his host could ever drive him. Mr. Douce’s crotchets were sometimes very curious*: and stubborn as curious. If he took up a notion, or maintained an hypothesis, which *at bottom* was strictly *untenable*, you could not dislodge him from his position without a great deal of hard fighting. His moral courage, too, was sometimes powerfully evinced. Having considered himself to have been once insulted by Ritson—a man as long-headed as, but fonder of literary warfare than, himself—he coolly but firmly pointed to the door, and told him that his way out lay there, and that he forbade his re-appearance†. On a more

* It was the operation of one of these “crotchets” which led to the severe review upon his most excellent work of *Illustrations of Shakspeare and of the Ancient Mariner*, &c, 1807, 8vo. This review was in the *Edinburgh*, and my venerable friend never forgave it. It was concerning his conjecture about the exact meaning of Lady Macbeth’s exhortation to her husband, to “screw his courage to the sticking-place.” My friend had a crotchet that this referred to the formation of certain daggers in inflicting a mortal blow. He was wrong, and the reviewer (reported to have been the editor) was right; but when, in consequence, the latter called the commentators of Shakspeare “a weak tribe, who wished to build their nests in the everlasting branches of Shakspeare,” this was wormwood to my friend. “He might have been called a rash, a short-sighted, and even an *ignorant* critic; but a *weak* one . . . Sir, the reviewer is a ——” “*Vox faucibus hæsit!!*” There was no getting him ever to stomach this luckless attack, generalised as it was; and I have not the slightest doubt that it went to paralyse much of his future exertions. How well and how instructively he could write, sufficiently appears in the pages of the *Archæologia*.

† The circumstance was this. Ritson had written a book upon “*Abstinence from Animal Food* ;” a work, by the by, most admirably re-



P. Audinet, sc.

FROM A M.S. IN THE COLLECTION OF F. DOUCE ESQ. NOW IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

important topic, and within a few months of his decease, he still displayed the melancholy results which sometimes flow from a prejudice as jaundiced as unfounded. . . . Some twenty-five years ago, through the instrumentality of his friend Sir Joseph Banks, he succeeded the late Rev. Robert Nares as principal librarian of the manuscript department in the British Museum ; but the situation soon became insupportable to him. He entered upon it at too advanced a period of his life, when his habits were fixed, and when even the *semblance* of a superior was obnoxious to him. He told me, just before his departure from it, that "he could work as well as any man, but that he would be *ordered* by no man*."

reviewed in the *Edinburgh*, vol. ii. 128. The author of this whimsically starving treatise waged war against aliments of every description, in which, by any possibility of conception or construction, *life* might have appeared to have been previously *sacrificed*. He made a morning's call upon Mr. Douce, bringing a little girl, his niece, with him. His host asked him to take a "bit of lunch," and cheese was placed before him. He had hardly begun to eat, when the little girl saw some *animalcula* or *mites*, busily at work in the cheese, which, to a pampered appetite, might have been an additional *recommendation*. But Ritson was HORROR-STRUCK—and turning to Mr. Douce, asked him "if he meant to *insult* him?" Mr. Douce rose up, and, as above observed, told him that "the *door was before him*," and prohibited his ever entering again. I believe that he never saw him more.

* I am in possession of one of his letters, written to me about this time, which not only, as usual, contains one of his *growls*, but is so characteristic of his literary habits and pursuits, as well as of his fearless, and at times trenchant opinions, that the perusal of it may be gratifying to the reader. It was in some measure written in consequence of my dissertation upon the *Mentz Bible of 1455*. It will be also seen that he was just then about to *quit the Museum*.

This alluded to a recent regulation adopted by the late Lord Colchester, when, as Speaker of the House

“ *British Museum*, 21 Dec. 1811.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ You will please to observe that I had nothing particular to say when I called upon you. It was accident that carried me to Kensington. I have not the *Chasse aux Bibliographes*, which I once borrowed of Edwards, and read it; neither have I *Fournier's* Letter to Freron; but *Gérardot de Préfond* is at your service. I wish you would contrive, some how or the other, to stigmatise the VILE PAPER MAKERS of the present times. I can get none that will permit me to write legibly; the present is like a file, and tears the pen to pieces; and is, moreover, greasy and adverse to the ink. If you can really spare an impression of your *Essay on the Mentz Bible*, I shall value it as it deserves; I am quite sure that, on the whole, you have proved your point. I have sometimes wondered that the curious old Chronicle, which is in reality another *Cologne Chronicle*, though called “*Fasciculus Temporum*” (*Rowincks*), should have been wholly neglected, though an early evidence about printing. Under the year 1475, it is said, “*impressiones librorum multiplicantur in terrâ.*” This was said only seventeen years after the fact* [of the discovery of the art]. It is a pity that more was not said, for certainly we gain no very important knowledge by what is said. Of this book I have the 1476 (Lovain) edition, with rough uncut edges! What say you to this, my masters? I think I must have showed it you, as I have scarcely any other 1400 that is curious. You know it exhibits the earliest wood cuts (dated) in Flanders†. . . . Mons. Jansen is a most impudent plagiarist, and blockhead into the bargain. I was greatly disappointed with his work, which has partly stolen, and partly misrepresented, a fact, in my little account of the *Dance of Death*‡, that I gave to Edwards. . . . Every thing in the British Mu-

* He should rather have said twenty or twenty-two.

† A fac-simile of one of the cuts (the crucifixion) from an edition of the work, *two years before*, printed by Ther. Hoernen, at Cologne, appears in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iii. p. 318.

‡ This treatise of Mr. Douce, highly enriched as well as enlarged, with fac-similes of all the wood cuts of THE DANCE OF DEATH, having a most beautifully illustrative wood-cut frontispiece, was published in a very handsome octavo volume by Mr. PICKERING, in 1833. I strongly recommend this exquisite book to every well-selected library.

of Commons, he was one of the principal managing Trustees.

It is infinitely to be regretted that he has left so little behind in the shape of a LITERARY MONUMENT. Few men had such vast stores at command. He loved to instruct, but was rather shy of being instructed. Yet, to say the truth, it was rarely that you left him, entrenched as he was in his numerous and very curious and instructive volumes, without finding yourself enlightened upon some one topic or other which might have been started between you. He had a sort of loathing and hatred of letter-writing; and yet few men (as I presume the pages of this work to afford abundant proof) wrote more pithily, and to the point, than himself. I present the reader with no uninteresting specimen confirmative of his antipathy to *Epistolography*.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I see you make it necessary that I should write again, as you have not said you would call before the 30th, and if you should, I fear I may be either absent, or up to the

seum remains, so far as is at present known within the walls, *in statu quo*. Why the parties take all this time, I cannot tell. From this day forward, I shall be plunging about in a sea of trouble; and begin moving next week; but I shall not be out of the place, as I calculate, for some time.

“ Yours, ever faithfully,

“ F. D.”

“ I was told that, within eight or nine days, there were 5000*l.* worth of books sold from Mackinlay's shop, and the agent then told me, it was because all the books were cheap, and low marked. I hope you got some? I got nothing.”

ears in books, bags, packing cases, dust, &c. &c., without one lucid or bibliographical idea about me The Valturius (1472) does not exhibit the first wood-cuts. This was asserted by Martin in his book on engraving; but there are two or three, or even more, before that time*. My head is too choaked now to say any more on the subject—but of it more hereafter. I well remember the vellum copy of Valturius, which is a favourite book with me. I stuck a long long time at Collins's†, being miserably imperfect. At length Edwards bought it, I know not why. I have the Pinelli copy of the Editio Princeps; but I fear it wants one leaf in the middle. I have also a modern French translation of him with woodcuts, which are singularly interesting, and not wholly mathematical. It is time that I have done scribbling, which I *do hate most abominably*. O, that we could breathe out an impression of one's words upon a prepared sheet of paper!

“Yours, ever most sincerely,

“F. DOUCE.”

It was by mere accident that I was present when my friend was seized with one of those epileptic affections to which he had been so long subject; and which seizure might be said to have been the crisis of his fate. No one else was present; and if, by softening his fall, I did not save his life, it was clear that I mitigated the severity of the shock—for he might have been a bleeding as well as a sense-

* There were several; but, if the evidence of the block books be laid aside, or considered doubtful (which is by no means my own impression), the wood cuts of Pfister from his Biblical Histories, of 1462, are doubtless the *first* for book decorations. See *Bibl. Spencer.*, vol. i. p. 94.

† Concerning this original little gentleman, consult something at p. 85, ante.

less object. By rushing out for medical aid, I immediately obtained that assistance which, in the end, wrought his cure. His life at that moment seemed scarcely worth twenty-four hours purchase. He recovered, and was never again subjected to epilepsy. But his hour came at last—within some ten or twelve years afterwards. Scarcely six months had elapsed from his telling me of the death of our common friend Mr. Heber*, when he himself became the victim to the “irresistible summons.” I knew little or nothing about his illness till within a fortnight of his demise. His bodily suffering was, I believe, great. It was evident, too, that the intellects were yielding to the inroads which disease was making upon the body. On his decease, his man-servant begged that I would see his master ere the lid of the coffin was irrevocably fastened. I did so—hesitatingly and reluctantly; but I had seen a late common friend† in the same situation, and why should I shrink from contemplating those features which had never been turned towards either of us but in expressions of affectionate friendship? I never gazed upon a countenance so altered by the stroke of death,—it was as the trunk of the oak scathed by the passing storm. It was not cognisable, from its terrific sternness. How often had I heard those lips (now, as it were, hermetically sealed!) pronounce the emphatic words—“to THIS COMPLEXION

* See page 433, ante.† *Ibid.*

we must come at last!!" His WILL was more than a "nine days' wonder"*. *Medially obtained from the original*

* The WILL of FRANCIS DOUCE, Esq., is no longer matter of secret history. Its publication in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1834, renders it of general cognizance. To that publication is prefixed a memoir of the testator, of which Mr. W. W. Singer is the reputed author. There were sufficient motives, both on the score of zeal and gratitude, for such a memoir; which might indeed have been of yet more copious dimensions—for its author had been remembered, by the subject of it, not only with a legacy of 500*l.*, but by being appointed one of two *residuary legatees*, and by reaping the fruits of somewhere about 22,000*l.* by such appointment! while *three nephews*, from the loins of his OWN BROTHER, found a remembrance of not *one-fifth part* of such sum. The remaining co-legatee was the Rev. Edward Goddard, a friend from early youth, of about the same closeness of alliance as Mr. Singer. To the brief memoir of the deceased by the latter, a reply by "A LOVER OF JUSTICE," appeared in the month of October in the same Magazine. This reply not only contains sharp words, but home-truths, and should seem to have been the production of one of the nephews; if so, it might have dealt out heavier blows.

In the will of Mr. Douce I found myself a legatee to the amount of 500*l.*, bating the duty. I will honestly confess that I was wholly unprepared for it; neither syllable nor sentence, by word of mouth or by pen, ever having in the least taught me to expect such a solid mark of my friend's remembrance. His will was made in 1831, on the death of his wife. The legacies in money were about thirty in number, amounting to somewhere under 10,000*l.* The property was sworn to be under 80,000*l.* The harvest of the co-legatees could not, therefore, be called a *scanty* one. In the absence of relationship, but on the footing of an old and affectionate friend, I do not pretend to that puling affectation to say, that "I *little merited*" what was bequeathed me; for, as far as the merit of a respectful attention, and a cordial sympathy in very many tastes, and for some twenty-five years, went, I gave only the same "valuable consideration" for the gift as either of the two residuary legatees. And further, in no one instance did I, or would I, surrender to him, my departed friend, the free exercise of my own thought, or of my own expression, by word of mouth or by pen. Indeed, we would sometimes have *skirmishes* which gave indication of an approaching battle.

But, sitting down to exercise the opinion of an experienced and dis-

The settlement of my friend WILLIAM YOUNG OTTLEY, Esq., in Phillimore Place, was another of

passionate friend, upon the spirit and tendency of this WILL, I cannot hold back the expression of my deep regret that it was not ennobled and adorned by SOME remembrances which would have helped to canonise the memory of the Testator. The reader may hence account for the capricious lights and shades of his character:—those crotchety impulses, and immoveable prejudices, above mentioned in the text, which peculiarly distinguished him. Surely, his OWN BLOOD might have received at least *one third* of the whole Property? But more extraordinary—ONE old and kind-hearted friend—the friend of *half a century's* growth and standing—with whom he had so often, so constantly, and so instructively, “taken sweet counsel together”—whose tastes, whose passions, whose pursuits, on the score of GRAPHIC ART, were thoroughly and avowedly *kindred*—HE, that old and long-tried friend, was overlooked... forgotten! But he may be remembered by the *co-residuary legatees*! I will hope it... I will believe it. This, however, I do believe, and will as solemnly avow... that if I had been *one* of them, God's blessed sun should not have shed its evening's rays on my pillow without a communication imparted to that old friend of the deceased that an annuity of a hundred pounds per annum should be paid him by my brother trustee and self, as long as he lived—or, in default of that brother, he should have fifty from myself! The heart of man, be he king or subject, is inscrutable.

The bequeathing of papers, including letters, memoranda, diaries, &c., *not to be opened till the year 1900*, is a sad instance, of the many on record, of a foolish and unworthy disposition of property: implying as much cowardice and conceit as discretion and candour. If these papers contain useful intelligence, why not benefit the *present* generation? If otherwise—the inference is that they may be only a second edition of the slander and misrepresentation of COLE. Even to the last—at least, while making his will three years before his death—he was not divested of his “crotchets.” His friend, Sir Anthony Carlisle, the surgeon, is requested, in that will, to *sever his head from his body*, or *take out his heart*, to prevent the “return of vitality.” Here he took a leaf out of the book of his old friend and co-residuary legatee, Mr. Kerrich, who had even requested the same operation to be performed “in the presence of his SON!” Surely, all this—at the present time of day—is as babyish as revolting! DEATH is its own TOO FAITHFUL INTERPRETER.

the principal causes which rendered the latter years of my residence at Kensington the more agreeable, if not instructive. On more accounts than one I am well pleased, if not proud, to call that settlement to recollection. Mr. Ottley and myself had, in many respects, kindred pursuits. I believe I was the first to infect him with the bibliomaniacal disease or mania—as it respected enquiries into the *Origin of Printing*; but at no time was I resolved to go to such great and fearful lengths as he was pleased to push that subject, in relation to the claims of *Holland*. Indeed, whenever the COSTER-FEVER was fully upon him, I usually made my escape; for he was dangerous of approach unless—he were copiously blooded*. But it is not so much on *this* account that I call the residence of my neighbour, Mr. Ottley, to a pleasurable “reminiscence:” it is, on the contrary, because through my instrumentality he became engaged with Messrs. Arch to execute his noble work upon the *History of Engraving*,

* It was at my house, some time in 1813, before the sale of the Merly Library, that Mr. Ottley was induced to institute his enquiries about fixing the dates of the block books, in consequence of seeing in that collection a Dutch and a Latin edition of the *Speculum*. These enquiries were carried out at full length, and triumphantly proved in his work upon *Engraving*; because the conclusions were drawn from the very singular evidence of the *Cuts*. But he is now busily engaged in bringing out an *ex professo* work upon the same subject, in 4to., illustrated with a profusion of most curious engravings; the result of which work is to annihilate the claims of Strasbourg and Mentz, and to establish the first rocking of the cradle of the Art of Printing in Holland or Haarlem—applied, however, to the furnishing of merely elementary works upon education.

in two quarto volumes; a work, of which Lord Spencer was well pleased to accept the Dedication to Himself.

And of yet higher "pith and moment" to my feelings, was my friend's extraordinary collection of *Prints*; and most curious assemblage of *Pictures*, chiefly ancient—of which some reached the period of *Giotto* and *Cimabue*. These latter ought to become National Property, as containing the germ or elements of Art—upon which Raffaele, while gazing, might have caught more than a common spark of inspiration*. My friend is now, with great propriety, enrolled among the *intellectual* "officers" of

* This extraordinary collection of ancient pictures gives us no faint or unsatisfactory idea of the restoration of the Art of Painting, from its dawnings at Pisa and Florence, in the middle of the 13th century, and at the beginning of the 14th, under *Giunta Pisano*, *Cimabue*, *Ugolino da Siena*, *Giotto*, &c., to the close of the 15th century, when *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Fra Bartolomeo*, *Michel Angelo*, and *Raffaele* shone forth, perfecting the Art. There are yet, however, in this curious collection some *earlier* and connecting steps, upon which the student may walk with equal surprise and gratification; for my friend possesses three or four very curious *Greek pictures*, executed from the 8th to the 13th century; one or two of them being in *encaustic*. The other, Florentine, pictures, are all, with the exception of one (in fresco) painted in distemper; or, to use the Italian phrase, *a tempera*.

I can conscientiously, because truly, add, that this collection has been carefully examined by competent critics—foreigners as well as natives; and that in pronouncing it to be worth some few thousand pounds, it must be remembered that this valuation is made under the fixed impression that such ANOTHER collection could not be got together. Now, we are building a NATIONAL MUSEUM, or GALLERY, of some 400 feet in length. Might not a very small portion of this establishment be as wisely as conveniently devoted to the reception of such early gems of Art? Lord Melbourne, our Premier, has both a capacious and liberal mind, and the Nation has YET a purse.

the British Museum—as the Chief in the department of the *pencil* and the *burin*. The Museum does itself honour by the enrolment: for, added to his critical powers*, Mr. Ottley is himself an artist made up of all the stirring elements of the Michael Angelo school. His “Fall of Satan,” or conflict between the host of heaven and hell, supplied by the text of Milton, has scarcely been equalled by any living artist†. It breathes of the genius of that great man, whom, in frequent converse with his late friend, Mr. Fuseli, I have heard “our Ottley” place aloft in a state of beatification which the Mantuan bard could scarcely have described...as reposing among

.....“*amœna vireta*
“*Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.*”

* My friend very soon and very successfully gave proof that the treasures of ancient art, scattered, in the character of illuminations, through the myriads of volumes in the British Museum, had attractions which might be made instrumental to public instruction. A Latin version, by Cicero, of the astronomical poem of Aratus, written in *minuscules*, or small lower-case roman letters, happened to have illuminations which caught Mr. Ottley’s eye, as being indicative of art of the *fourth century*, before the time of Constantine. It has long been an established rule (from Mabillon downwards) that minuscules could not be pushed up beyond the 11th century; but Mr. Ottley has upon the whole successfully combatted this position in a long and learned dissertation read to the Society of Antiquaries, and illustrated by plates, which has been just published in the *Archæologia*. The scription or text seems here to be a secondary question; as it might have been written upon the vellum which had long previously contained the illuminations. Upon the whole, my friend has produced a very precious morsel for hungry *dilletanti* to feed upon.

† It was exhibited at Somerset House, and is executed in black and white crayons, upon paper of a blue ground, measuring some five feet in length by four in height.

The mention of Mr. Ottley reminds me of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, his especial and most intimate friend; to attend whose obsequies he came over express from Holland, where he had been pushing his researches, with unabated ardour, to substantiate the claims of his beloved Coster. I met Sir Thomas several times at the table of an old college-friend, Col. Anesley, then living on *this* side of Hammersmith, in a pleasant sort of Tusculum, not vehemently encroached upon by brick, mortar, or lath and plaster. The trees were sufficiently green, and the sky continued to exhibit, now and then, some *lapis-lazuli* tints; which, to Mrs. Anesley, a very extraordinary artist in oil painting, could not fail to have their decided uses. I remember once, after dining in company with Sir Thomas, at our common friend's—on returning home in his chariot, I took occasion to observe to him that my aunt, Mrs. William Compton (already introduced to the reader's acquaintance*) had known him when quite a lad, at Devizes, and had thrown off some stanzas in praise of him—on the sight of a red-chalk drawing of a subject from Homer, executed by him from a print by Ryland, after Angelica Kauffman. Sir Thomas Lawrence drew most beautifully for his tender years. I asked him if he would like to hear these verses—for about a dozen years before I had caused them to be printed in the *European Magazine*. He said he should be well pleased so to do.

* Page 65, ante.

I repeated only the two following stanzas—for I really had, and still have, forgotten the remainder.

“Go on, sweet youth, the glorious task pursue;
On Emulation’s wing let Fancy soar;
Depicture Nature in its loveliest view—
What could a *Raffaello* or a *Reynolds* more!

“LAWRENCE—the name to future years shall live—
Shall greatly live—till Time’s Memorial dies:
Merit to merit shall its tribute give,
And Italy’s proud Sons yield up the prize.”

On concluding this recitation, Sir Thomas, with singular aptitude, and with only a slight perversion, or addition, replied:—“Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, else would a mantling blush *bepaint* my cheek*.”

* My subsequent intercourse with Sir Thomas Lawrence was rather slender, even when I came to settle in town. We lived far apart, and it might be almost said of both of us “*nulla dies sine LINEA.*” To the publication of Thomas à Kempis he became a subscriber, as will be seen in a subsequent page. The last time I called upon him, and saw him, was, when he was touching a proof of the mezzotint of Charles X. from his own portrait of that ill-fated monarch. “You see (said he) that painters and authors are at least alike in touching up a *proof sheet.*” He told me he had been four hours upon it. It was surprising to see how his touches (in black and white chalk) told. His *WORKS* are the property of the whole civilised world. The Royal collection may boast of his finest picture—all things considered. It is the *HAMLET*, for which the portrait of the late Mr. Kemble furnished the physiognomical representation. It is altogether a thing apart—unearthly: the mind and soul of the figure being as it were concentrated in heaven. How beautifully drawn the latter, and with what appropriate accompaniments! Every limb, every movement is that of a prince—of *ONE* who was called

“The glass of fashion and the mould of form.”

Being a night-scene, with a few faint stars twinkling in the sky, the colouring is necessarily low and sober. It is rather extraordinary that Reynolds’s finest (portrait) picture, should be the *Sister* of this indi-

But Kensington need not have boasted of the flying visits of Sir Thomas Lawrence to connect it, however remotely, with the fine arts. It had solid, stationary, and as it were indigenous, claims to attention and admiration. Here lived WILKIE; and here lived CALCOTT: names, of great and glowing reputation—that gave a sort of *sunny tint* to the whole neighbourhood. I was intimate—and though fate has of late years *locally* severed us—I am willing to believe that I am yet intimate—with both these illustrious Artists: quite, as I conceive, at the head of their respective departments. There was this marked peculiarity or difference in their manner of work. Mr. Calcott never cared how much you talked with him while he was painting*. Mr.

vidual, who here appears in all the dignity of tragic garb and expression. But we must not institute comparisons. It is a glory for each individual to have been instrumental to the exercise of the pencil of the greatest artists, in their respective days, in its happiest effort. When I say this, I do not forget the pencil of Lawrence in two other delineations of the same great actor; the one as Coriolanus, the other as Rolla. The former was exhibited in 1798, and I yet possess a manuscript criticism upon it, made of materials supplied while standing opposite the picture.

* Of this I had personal experience on visiting him while he was occupied with his *Pool of London* and *View off Dover*; the former, one of his most surprising and successful efforts. With what delight do I call to mind his *Water-Mill*—more than the *dawn* of that transcendant merit by which the majority of his pictures is distinguished! I love his gray tints, his quiet skies, his cool shadows, his refluent waves, and his classical groups... the latter more especially designated in his late *Italian* views! The first of his pictures, of the latter kind, may be said to have, in a manner, transfixed me. The Caraccis could not have exhibited finer grouping, nor Claude himself a more delicious Italian sky and atmosphere. While fixed before it (I think it was a view of Bologna or of Florence), a foreigner, who had been eyeing it very at-

Wilkie, to my knowledge (and my visits to him, from his contiguity, were more frequent than to his talented neighbour), never exercised the brush at any one visit which I paid him—and yet I have seen the progress of execution of very many of his more celebrated pictures*. The first sketch of *John Knox* and the completion of the *Chelsea Pensioners* were no every day objects to fasten an hungry eye upon. Unless I am much deceived, I was indirectly instrumental to the fixing of the price upon this latter, most felicitous and bewitching effort of his unrivalled pencil.

It was during the progress of working at my De-

tentively, turned round to me, and telling me he was perfectly well acquainted with the spot, added—"En effet, monsieur, j'y suis." Then, again, his Italian *Sea-Ports*—Can one vouchsafe a glance upon VERNET afterwards? Yes; but for thirteen seconds only.

* Mr. Wilkie lived comparatively within a stone's-throw of me. I had the gratification of seeing the foundation, progress, and finishing of the following pictures:—1. *Guess my name*—2. *The Breakfast*—3. *The Parish Beadle*—4. *Reading the Will*—5. *The Chelsea Pensioners*—the perfection of THE, as well as of his, art—the Sketch of *John Knox preaching*: and I think of several others. The highest compliment ever paid to a Royal Academician, was paid to Mr. Wilkie on the exhibition of his *Chelsea Pensioners*. I was present on the first day; the pressure to see it was prodigious; and the picture being placed on a level with the eye, every body chose to exercise the nose too. Meanwhile, rims of bonnets were rubbed upon the surface of the painting, which was soon likely to be killed with over-much *caressing*. I acquainted Mr. Wilkie with this circumstance, and the mischief likely to ensue; and the next day saw the picture guarded by a semicircular brass-fence. I reviewed it, as well as the *Parish Beadle*, in the Museum. I ought to add, that I saw his *Duke of York* and *Distraining for Rent* in their progress of execution. Mr. Wilkie's pictures are painted for all ages and all countries. The immense sale of the PRINTS, executed from them, is a triumphant confirmation of the latter.

cameron, that I received visits from two Artists of very different complexion and degrees of reputation: I mean NORTHCOTE and BLAKE. The former was the pupil and biographer of Reynolds—the latter... pupil of no Master, but a most extraordinary artist in his own particular element: although I believe he professed to have been a pupil of Flaxman and Fuseli—artists, as opposite in all respects as a chaste severity differs from a wild exuberance of style. I used to meet Mr. Northcote frequently at dinner at the late Bishop of Salisbury's, in Upper Seymour Street, and was always well pleased at his courteous behaviour and gentleness of expression. Few electrical sparks were ever elicited from him in conversation; but one liked to listen to the periods, short or quaint as they might have been, of ONE who had painted so much, and done many things so well, as NORTHCOTE*.

* The establishment of the SHAKSPEARE GALLERY may be said to have established Northcote's fame upon a more permanent basis than it had yet rested. His "Smothering of the Young Princes†, Hubert and Arthur, and more especially, Lady Jane Grey," are among the most masterly efforts of his pencil. Of these, my friend Mr. Neeld, member for Chippenham, possesses the latter, for which he gave 300 guineas. It is full of pathos, or sympathy for suffering beauty and innocence; for to talk of *guilt* in a child of *seventeen* is an insult upon the human understanding, and an outrage upon all law or principle, human and divine.

† I remember, during the evening, after a dinner party at Mr. Watson Taylor's, in Cavendish Square, being called by the host to notice the exact conformity of the figures of these two young princes asleep, with the two celebrated young sleeping figures on the monument exhibited by Sir F. Chantrey, some twenty years ago, which justly ran away with all the applause of the room of sculpture at Somerset House. I wish the

I soon found the amiable but illusory Blake far beyond my ken or sight. In an instant he was in his "third heaven"—flapped by the wings of seraphs, such as his own genius only could shape, and his own pencil embody. The immediate subject of our discussion—and for which indeed he professed to have in some measure visited me—was, "the minor poems of Milton." Never were such "dreamings" poured forth as were poured forth by my original visitor:—his stature mean, his head big and round, his forehead broad and high, his eyes blue, large, and lambent—such as my friend Mr. Phillips has represented him upon his imperishable canvas*. "What think you, Mr. Blake, of Fuseli's Lycidas—asleep, beneath the opening eyelids of the morn?" "I don't remember it." "Pray see it, and examine it carefully. It seems to me to be the pencil of poetry employed to give intelligence and expression to the pen of the poet"—or words to this effect were, I think, pronounced. I learnt afterwards that my Visitor had seen it—but thought it

gaoler in this picture had not introduced his gaunt form and savage countenance; it is a most unnecessary, as well as impertinent, intrusion. No picture of the modern school presents a finer tone of colour than this; and it is most admirably placed in my friend's collection.

* This portrait, which gives more elevation and dignity to the original than he should seem actually to have possessed, is nevertheless a most faithful and happy resemblance. And Schianovetti's burin has done ample justice to the *pencil* of the painter. There is yet *another* "portrait of the man," as well worth the contemplation—and that is, the brief, but spirited, and most exceedingly interesting Biography of him by Allan Cunningham, Esq.

“too tame”—tameness from Fuseli*! I told Mr. Blake that our common friend, Mr. Masquerier, had induced me to purchase his “*Songs of Innocence*,” and that I had no disposition to “repent my bargain†.” This extraordinary man sometimes—but in good sooth very rarely—reached the sublime; but the sublime and the grotesque seemed, somehow or the other, to be for ever amalgamated in his imagination; and the choice or result was necessarily

* This truly beautiful, as well as highly intellectual picture, now graces the collection of the Marquis of Bute, at Luton. It is a grey, soft, reposing picture, throughout. The very dream of the outstretched and sleeping Lycidas seems to be of poetry.

† Mr. Cunningham has judiciously quoted one of these songs, among the prettiest, which shall find a place here—from my *own* copy of it thrown by in a portfolio some twenty years ago.—

“ Passing down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me—

“ ‘ Pipe a song about a lamb ;’
So I piped with merry cheer—
‘ Piper, pipe that song again ;’
So I piped—he wept to hear.

“ ‘ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ;’
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ ‘ Piper, sit thee down, and write
In a book, that all may read.’—
So he vanish’d from my sight ;
And I pluck’d a hollow reed.

“ And I made a rural pen ;
And I stain’d the water clear ;
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.”

doubtful. Yet there are few books of which I love to turn over the leaves, more assiduously and carefully, than "Young's Night Thoughts," emblazoned by his truly original pencil*. When Blake entered the arena with *Stothard*, as a rival in depicting the

* In the original conformation of these "REMINISCENCES" I had intended to have devoted an entire chapter to the *Fine Arts*, and therein to have given BLAKE not more than his due. Under this impression, I wrote to my friend, Mr. D'Israeli, to furnish me with the loan of such materials of this master as I knew him to be in the possession of. His reply not only staggered me, but induced me to abandon nearly my whole intention in regard to Blake. It shall here tell its own tale, because I do not know any other pen which could tell that tale with greater felicity of diction.

"Bradenham House, Wycombe, 24 July, 1835.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It is quite impossible to transmit to you the ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY designs I possess of Blake's; and as impossible, if you had them, to convey every precise idea of such an infinite variety of these wonderful deliriums of his fine and wild creative imagination. Heaven, hell, and earth, and the depths below, are some of the scenes he seems alike to have tenanted; but the invisible world also busies his fancy; aerial beings which could only float in his visions, and unimaginable chimeras, such as you have never viewed, lie by the side of his sunshiny people. You see some innocent souls winding about blossoms—for others the massive sepulchre has opened, and the waters beneath give up their secrets. The finish, the extreme delicacy of his pencil, in his light gracile forms, marvellously contrast with the ideal figures of his mystic allegories; sometimes playful, as the loveliness of the arabesques of Raffaele. Blake often breaks into the "*terribil via*" of *Michael Angelo*, and we start amid a world too horrified to dwell in. Not the least extraordinary fact of these designs is, their colouring, done by the artist's own hand, worked to his fancy; and the verses, which are often remarkable for their sweetness and their depth of feeling. I feel the imperfection of my general description. Such singular productions require a commentary.

"Believe me, with regard,

"Your sincere well wisher,

"I. D'ISRAELI."

Dramatis Personæ of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, he seems to have absolutely lost his wits ; his pencil was as inferior to that of the former, as his burin was to that of *Cromek*, who engraved Stothard's immortal picture.

While upon the subject of Artists, let me not omit the mention of ONE, an inhabitant of Kensington—of lowly residence, humble pretensions, but of no despicable ability in his own particular department. It is of the venerable “VIVARES,” son of the Engraver of that name, which will be ever coupled with Claude Lorraine's, that I would wish warmly and yet respectfully to speak. It will be seen that I was not unsparing in my remuneration of him as an artist* ; but of much higher gratification to my feelings was an opportunity that presented itself of being instrumental to settling upon him, and his aged Partner, a small government annuity, which, now that he stands, or rather sits, ALONE, by the side of his solitary hearth, in his eighty-fifth year...is in consequence materially diminished †.

* Page 659. The miracle of his art is the Assumption of the Virgin, from a Niello of Finiguera, in Mr. Ottley's work upon engraving. Vivares was turned of seventy when he engraved it.

† I mentioned his case in “the Museum ;” and Mr. Audinet, a brother engraver, possessing one of the warmest hearts and most liberal dispositions that ever animated the human frame, has been greatly instrumental to his comfort. Yet a FEW POUNDS are almost absolutely requisite to “keep body and soul together,” for this desolate and most worthy veteran. There are yet many *bitters* which linger at the bottom of his almost exhausted cup of mortality.

From Pictures to Books is a very natural transition. While the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* was in progress, I felt great pleasure in the little rural migrations and visitations of my city and west end of the town friends, who would occasionally endure my "pot-luck" fare. Among these, I was sometimes favoured with a call from Sir Harry Englefield, who once breakfasted with Mr. Kett at my house. The latter was at that time considered as an Exile from Oxford. I have before made mention of him, and through him I was indebted for my introduction to the venerable and learned President of Magdalen College*. In these Spencerian labours, while occupied with the editions of Juvenal, I had recourse to a copy of *Gering's* edition—as supposed to be the first—which was in the library of Magdalen College, in order to make my description complete: a copy of that identical impression being then *on its way* from the Continent to Lord Spencer. It was a pity not to lose such an opportunity of completing the description. Moreover, the volume was essential to me for the purpose of making the facsimile which appears in the work, vol. ii. p. 221. From the President I received the following gracious communication:

"Magdalen College, Oxford, Feb. 9, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,

"As I should too probably have omitted some curious

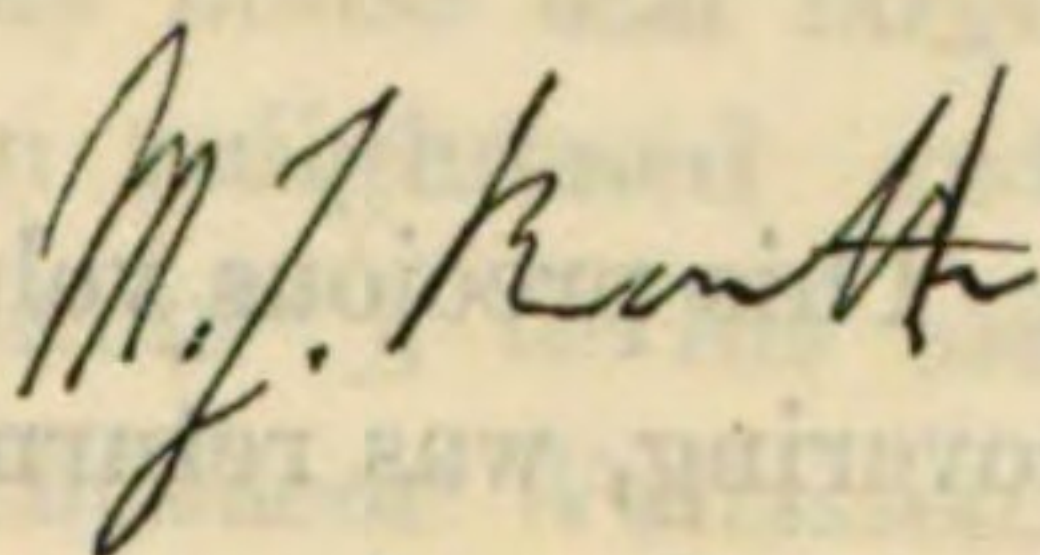
* See page 115.

particulars in my description of the Gering's Juvenal, I determined, after consulting the officers of the College, to entrust the book itself to the care of Mr. Kett, who went to town this morning. I hope I have done what is agreeable to you and to Lord Spencer.

“ And remain, dear sir,

“ With great esteem,

“ Your faithful and obedient servant,



My friend Mr. Kett hastened to apprise me of the probably speedy arrival of this “bijou—” in the following letter.

“ 6, Suffolk Street.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Immediately on my arrival in town, I write to inform you that I have brought with me a curious *Princeps of Juvenal*, which I am commissioned by that great Bibliomaniac, our Friend the President of Magdalen, to deliver into your hands. As I know how delighted you will be at this intelligence, I presume you will fix an early day, and particular hour, when I may acquit myself of my charge, and deliver this inestimable *bijou* of primitive Typography into your hands; or if you chuse to commission any trusty Person to receive the said *bijou*, and you will fix any time when he will call to receive it, let him bring his credentials in the form of a note from your Caxtonic or Pynsonic Highness, (I had rather the note were a large paper copy; that is, a letter from you), and he shall have the book from me on giving a receipt for the same. And if perchance

you should write, and not call, do tell me what chance I have of finding you at home in the course of the next fortnight, if haply I should stray so far as Kensington?

“ Dear sir,

“ Ever sincerely yours,

Henry Pett.

This precious volume, being in need of a goodly covering, was returned to its old resting place in a garb of russia, supplied by the “cunninge hand” of Charles Lewis.

The next, and almost the last principal feature to describe, connected with my residence at Kensington, was the death of Mr. Ormerod, the Vicar, and the appointment of the Rev. THOMAS RENNELL as his successor. The presentation to the living lay with the Bishop of London, now Archbishop of Canterbury; and I do not believe that any one exercise of that Prelate’s episcopal rights ever gave greater satisfaction, or was attended with more beneficial results, than the appointment under consideration. A love of truth, however, compels me to declare that I was a *competitor* for the important object at stake. I had lived upwards of a dozen years in the Town, had a large general acquaintance, many friends, and felt assured that my energies would be readily and vigorously devoted to a conscientious discharge of all the important duties which such a station

enjoined. Lord Spencer was so obliging as to promote my views, by personally waiting upon Lord Liverpool and the Bishop. The written reply of the latter to my Patron was quite characteristic of the elegant mind, and honest motives, in forming a decision—*adverse* to my wishes. That prelate at first offered the living (which then netted about 1000*l.* per annum, with a roomy house and large grounds, and which had been enlightened and adorned by the presence of JORTIN*), to his old friends Dr. Goddard and Mr. Archdeacon Wollaston. On their declining it, it was presented to the eldest son of Dr. Rennell, Dean of Winchester†.

Mr. Rennell was a young man, but with an old head upon young shoulders. He was an excellent scholar, a practised writer, and what is better than both together, a good Christian. He entered upon the important duties of his office (which, alas! he was to fill for so short a period) with zeal, with

* Old Mr. Martin, the bookbinder, who did business for Dr. Jortin, told me, that Dr. Jortin had told him, "he never made 400*l.* per ann. of Kensington vicarage." The flat stone, ONLY, which covers the remains of this distinguished scholar, is walked over by half the congregation on their Sabbath ingress and egress from the church. This ought not to be.

† Shortly after the appointment of his son to the vicarage, I met the Dean of Winchester, as my "frequent wont" was to meet him, in the shop of Mr. Payne, the bookseller, with whom he much loved (as who did *not*?) to hold "pleasant discourse." The Dean had bandages about his legs, being then under the treatment of Dr. Scott. He could not easily rise from his seat to greet me—exclaiming, that "he was not a RISING man!" "No, sir," replied I; "but your son is!" He was vehemently pleased with this very obvious impromptu.

earnestness, and with a conscientious determination to do his duties therein without fear of man, and in praise of his Maker. He DID so—uniformly and eminently ; and on the expiration of the first seven years,—or, as he would term it, his “service of apprenticeship”—his parishioners gave him a public dinner in attestation of his worth and public services. His church was always filled by an attentive and well-ordered congregation. His manner of preaching was his *own*, and therefore the more relished by his auditory. All that has been before said of earnestness*—at once the characteristic and charm of Rennell’s addresses from his pulpit—must be repeated here. The preacher was naturally a man of great acuteness of understanding. He loved to trip up fallacies by the heels, and to dissect sophisms to their very bare bone. He was singularly happy in one memorable instance of the display of this *anatomising* talent. His scholarship was sound and varied†.

* Page 173, &c.

† I remember consulting Mr. Rennell upon a passage of Gregory Nazianzen, connected with an excerpt from that Father, by Melancthon, as written in the fly-leaf of one of his books ; noticed in the *Library Companion*, page 16, first edition. The passage is a little crabbed or obscure ; but it served as a spur to the Vicar’s researches, for he wrote me the following critical and pleasant letter upon the subject :—

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ *Vicarage, Thursday Evening.*

“ The passage which you mentioned to me this morning, occurs in the thirty-first oration of Greg. Nazianz. about the middle, p. 504, vol. i. of the Parisian edition of M.DC.IX. As I find it, it runs thus—*ὅταν*

In eloquence, and in impassioned delivery, he was not equal to his Father, the present venerable and learned Dean of Winchester; but as a Controver-

ἀκούσης, οἷς δέδοται, πρόσθε, δέδοται μὲν τοῖς καλουμένοις, καὶ τοῖς οὕτω νέουσιν.

“After an exhortation to chastity, Gregory cites Matt. ix. 11.—‘*All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given;*’ upon which he thus comments:—

“ ‘When you hear this expression, ‘*it is given,*’ do not suffer yourself to be led into heresy, nor speculate upon the difference of mens’ natures, the earthy, the spiritual, or those between both. For there are those who are so ill disposed, as to think that some men are of a nature fitted altogether for destruction, and others for salvation; and that these are severally in such a condition, according as their predisposition shall incline them to the worse or to the better. I myself, indeed, allow that one man will have a greater or a less aptitude than another; but I do not allow that this aptitude alone is sufficient for perfection, but that there is a process of reasoning which calls it out, that nature may advance to the accomplishment of the work—as the stone produces fire, when struck with the iron.—When you hear this expression, ‘*to whom it is given,*’ add this, ‘it is given to those who are called, and who have thus a right inclination.’

“The whole passage is rather crabbed, as Gregory is steering the true course between predestination on the one side, and unassisted liberty on the other. I have given you a tolerably close translation, which may perhaps explain the meaning of the passage in question. Melancthon probably cited it in opposition to the violent predestinarianism of Calvin, at the same time ascribing to the grace of God its due effect upon the human will.

“I have to thank you for putting me upon this scent; as in the course of the evening I have read over one splendid oration, in which I was disappointed of the passage, but was delighted even with my disappointment. My second trial was a more lucky one, for I found it immediately. I shall be happy to show you the passage, or to send you the volume.

“Always, my dear sir,

“Very truly yours,

“TH. RENNELL.”

sialist, I think he went beyond him : his pamphlet "by one of the working Clergy," being among the most decisive and eminent proofs of a logical head, and of a christianlike spirit. Doubtless, had he lived, he would have done a great deal more in this way; and become thereby such an ornament to his profession, as to have *secured* for him a seat upon the bench of Bishops.

"Ille si quis alius!"

But it pleased Providence that it was not so to be ; and he who had lived so well, was to instruct us that he could die as he had lived...

. . . "And oh ! too high

The price of knowledge—taught us how TO DIE !"

My intimacy with him continued till my departure from Kensington in 1824, a few months before his decease. He had married the daughter of my neighbour Mr. Delafield, in the preceding autumn ; and during his absence I helped to fill his place in the pulpit. On his return, he exhibited serious symptoms of indisposition ; but he was watched, and nursed, and attended by domestic solicitude and medical skill. I will own that I saw him, the first time on his return, with serious apprehensions. A diagnostic physician might even then have augured fatally of consequences. The last note—in reply to one containing an anxious inquiry, on my part, about

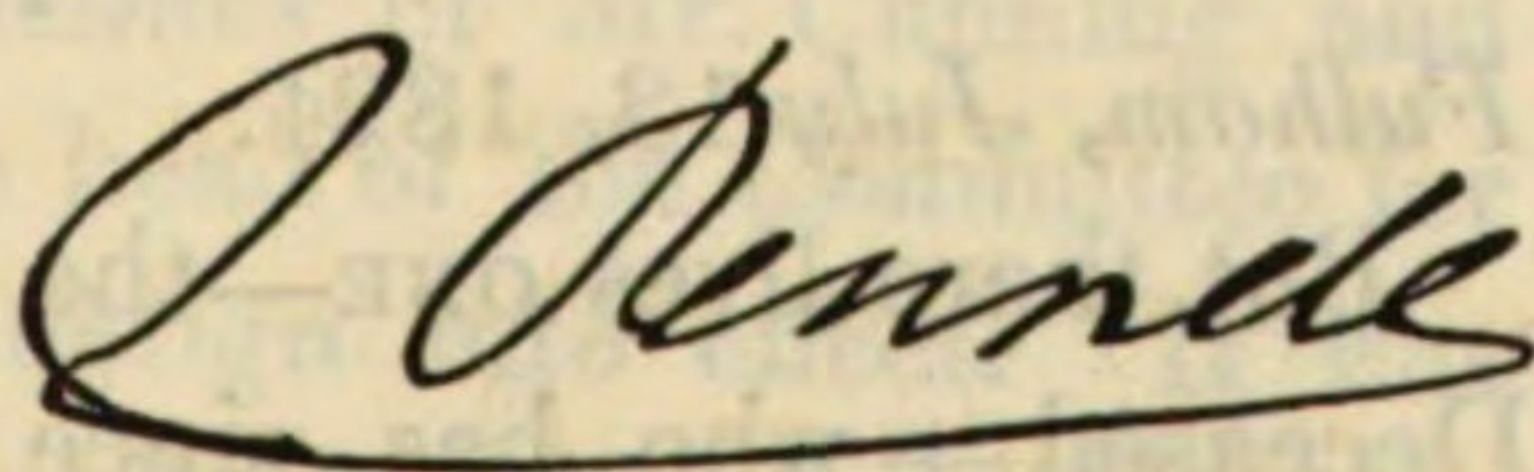
his health, with an offer of professional help—which I ever received from him, was the following :

“ Vicarage, Monday.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Let me thank you most truly for your valuable offer. Hope, from day to day, will promise me that to-morrow I shall be able to take my duties in part again. But I almost fear the worst. It would be wise therefore to close in with your gratifying offer. My complaint is—I know not what; it is, I fear, a very long insidious derangement of digestive organs. It makes me utterly useless both to myself and others. I could not have seen you to-day at the time you called. Perhaps you will be kind enough to-morrow, or the next day, to try me again, and I will promise you a better reception. Many thanks to you for the very kind interest which you take in me.

“ Most faithfully yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'J. Rennell'. The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial 'J' and a long, sweeping underline.

To the best of my recollection I never saw him afterwards. Meanwhile the utmost solicitude was expressed by his patron, as well as by his parishioners, respecting the progress of his indisposition. I had communicated occasionally with the Bishop. “I am much obliged (said his Lordship in one of his notes) by your kindness in writing. Would to God your intelligence were not of so melancholy a kind! I shall be grieved to the heart should anything happen to Mr. Rennell.” It was thought advisable

to send him to his Father, at Winchester, for the presumed benefit from change of air; and the Vicar took leave (alas, a final one!) of Kensington, with the best wishes, and many sighs, of the Inhabitants for his convalescent return. He sunk gradually, but certainly. It was one direct unvarying course of increasing debility and prostration. But the mind had yet its "heavenly musings." Nothing daunted the hopes of the sufferer, or repressed his "feeding upon his Redeemer, in his heart, by faith, with thanksgiving." The intelligence of his death first reached me (when I had been four months settled in Town) from the Archbishop, or rather his then Diocesan. "Mr. Rennell (said his Grace), I learn by this day's post, expired yesterday morning—full of consolation and hope in his Redeemer."—*Fulham, July 13, 1824.*

But there lives ONE—the venerable Parent of the Deceased—who has since drank of the cup of affliction yet more copiously and bitterly filled...by the recent loss of a *second* son, in the same profession. Scarcely two months have elapsed since, in reply to my communication with him about having the present work "upon the anvil," the Dean of Winchester, now an Octogenarian, answered, in one of his happiest moments, thus—

"Deanery, Sept. 1, 1835.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"... Both my dear Sons were cut off however early,

yet not till they had discharged their short-span ministry with no ordinary fidelity and energy ; and are, we humbly trust, gone forward to their reward. The lives of both were shortened by their labors. God be praised for such a privilege—reminding us

‘ That precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but *perfume* the Temple, and EXPIRE!’

“ Believe me, dear sir,

“ Yours, ever sincerely,

“ T. RENNELL.”

It remains, while upon this subject, only to add, that on the death of the Dean’s eldest Son, the Vicar of Kensington, a subscription—confined to one guinea as the highest sum—was raised to place his *monumental bust* in that church which had been so frequently warmed by his piety, and enlightened by his wisdom. The names of Mr. Canning and Mr. Croker were at the head of the Committee for carrying this laudable design into effect. It was completely successful ; and the chisel of Chantrey seems to have been guided by that warmth of feeling which is sometimes as necessary for the hand as for the head of the Artist*.

There is little more to add to these KENSINGTONIANA:—yet the introduction of the name of Mr. Canning necessarily forces upon me the recollection of my great obligation to him, in having given my only surviving and elder Son a cavalry-cadetship on

* The resemblance is perfect ; but it was the result of consultation with friends, and an examination of a print. The situation of the bust has always struck us as very objectionable.

the Bengal establishment. I owed this almost entirely to the friendly intervention of the late Mr. Heber—for upon that illustrious Senator himself I had not the shadow of a claim. We only came in contact when I was placed in the pulpit of Kensington Church. What was suffered on parting with that Son from his *native land*, could only be exceeded in agony, by the intelligence, some seven years afterwards, of having parted with him *for ever* ! But this is premature—uppermost as it is, and never can fail to be, in the mind and upon the heart of a *Parent*. Not long after my Son's departure for Calcutta, it was my good fortune to have the BISHOP of that place, REGINALD HEBER*, as

* The reader must not suppose that the Rev. REGINALD HEBER is the *first* of that celebrated name who has written *English* verse, or the first, of the same name, to be incorporated in the list of ENGLISH AUTHORS. Far from it. In the year of our Lord, 1752, appeared a small octavo volume, with the following title: "*An Historical List of Horse Matches run; and of Plates and Prizes run for in Great Britain and Ireland in 1751. By REGINALD HEBER.*" In his preface, it will be seen that the author was by no means disposed to undervalue the weight and importance of his own studies, for thus writes he:—"In the series of years, during which I shall, by the Divine's permission, continue this work [his predecessor had been one *John Cheney*], all those genealogies that can hereafter be procured with certainty, shall be hereafter stated, and transmitted to posterity; this being a matter of prime consideration in the matter of horsemanship. And it is well known that Horace's consideration of hereditary valour in the families of the great, is by that author himself applied to the generous breed of those animals, which is only to be expected from generous progenitors.

" 'Tis from the noble and the good

A gallant race succeeds;

So the strong herds, a generous brood,

A barb a barb succeeds."

The author had about five hundred subscribers to his little volume.

my dinner guest, in company with his Brother, and a few more select friends. There were circumstances, or rather topics, attending that day's *symposium* not to be easily forgotten.

Within a week of the visit, the Bishop set sail. I never saw him afterwards; but on his quitting me, I accompanied him to his carriage, and pressing his hand most anxiously and earnestly, on taking adieu, I entreated "that he would remember, and if he could, aid and befriend MY SON." "I will do for him (says he) as you yourself would wish me to do—were you present: never fear—we shall ALL meet again." Such are the hopes, and such the calculations, of man*!

"A sigh the ABSENT claim, the DEAD a tear."

* "Proponit Homo, disponit DEUS."

Thomas à Kempis.

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON.

"O THOU, resort and mart of all the earth,
 Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
 And spotted with all crimes; in WHOM I see
 Much that I *love*, and more that I *admire*,
 And all that I *abhor*;"——

COWPER.

SUCH are the strikingly characteristic verses of the Author of *The Task*. They are a perfect conveyance of my own feelings and sentiments. I had only before occasionally skimmed the surface of, or taken up a temporary abode in, that immense city which is not inaptly described by Gibbon as a "vast solitude," although swarming with the population of twelve hundred and fifty thousand souls:—but now my fixed destiny rendered it peremptory that I should be entirely located there. What led to this last removal of my *Penates*, may be told in few words. The prediction of my excellent friend, the late Mr. King, proved to be but too true*. I had shot a good way beyond my fortieth year, when preferment came upon me—and in a manner almost double-handed.

My first piece of preferment, in 1823, after having been nineteen years in the church, was the small

* See page 168, ante.

living of *Exning*, in Suffolk, situate within two miles of Newmarket*. For this first move I was exclusively indebted to my late Noble Patron—who never ceased, since the completion of the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, to regret the absence of all previous opportunity of befriending me in my profession. I was grateful for the autumnal retreat which this slender, but in many respects comfortable, residence afforded me. The duties of the parish, from its limited population, were necessarily of easy execution. Denuded, as the surrounding country is, of every feature contributive of picturesque beauty, the parish of *Exning* boasts of a rich and productive soil in wheat and barley. It boasts also of some important historical Reminiscences†. It was somewhere, I think, about

* A short parochial history of this place, together with a north-west view of the Church, was furnished by me, some four years since, for the *British Magazine*, or the Churchman's Orthodox Manual. I rejoice to learn the increased and increasing sale of this admirable "Monthly Visitor." It is perhaps now and then a little too tenaciously orthodox; but I recognise, in its Editor, a man of a capacious and vigorous understanding, and master of a style which has all the point and perspicuity, without the coarseness and recklessness, of Swift. His "*Six Letters to the Farmers*" on the subject of Tithes, is one of the most TELLING productions of the time.

† Here a plot was hatched to upseat William the Conqueror on his throne. And here, some few centuries previously, was born *ETHELDRIDA*, through life a wife and a virgin—and the founder of the first religious establishment at Ely—whose marvellous history figures abundantly in Bentham's History of the Cathedral of that place, and is cut in stone, in eight compartments, beneath the "magic lantern" of the Cathedral itself. The inhabitants of *Exning*, (or *Ixning*) in the olden time, were the *Iceni* of Cæsar's Commentaries: and its present church was the Mother Church of both those at *Newmarket*. *Exning* was also the *Old-market* town, till the erection of the *New-market*.

the year 1821, that the parish of Marylebone became altogether the property of Government, by purchase, in regard to the disposition of all preferment which should arise from the building of additional Churches*. Four additional Churches were in due course erected; to the first of which—*St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square*—I was presented by the Earl of Liverpool, then Premier.

There were some unusual circumstances attending, or rather preceding, this presentation. The point at issue was altogether unprecedented: and a host of candidates was in the field for the possession of the prize. I was one in the number—which it is said (I know not even with what semblance of truth) amounted to *one hundred and thirty*. But the hopes and anxieties of each candidate were kept in abeyance for nearly three years. Two years had elapsed between the putting in of my own “lot in the urn” and its turning up a prize. It might possibly be bad taste in me to doubt or disclaim the complimentary language of the Premier on presenting me with the living; but my judgment must be warped

* I have reason to believe that an odd 2000*l.* only, fixed the church patronage of this immense parish in the hands of Government: that is to say, an opposite and an adverse party... at all times

“Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike”...

bid as far as 38,000*l.* for the same patronage. Nor was it until Lord Sidmouth had exerted every energy, and pointed out every concurrent propriety, that Lord Liverpool was induced to add another 2000*l.* to the bidding. The right of patronage, on presentation, had previously vested in the Duke of Portland.

or obtuse indeed not to be fully persuaded that “a word in season,” from my Noble Patron, helped essentially to fix the determination of the Premier. Nor was the position and the influence of the *Diocesan* by any means overlooked by Earl Spencer in his unceasing desire and efforts to secure to me so prominent and respectable a piece of preferment: and few results in the whole of this affair were more gratifying to me than the ready and most creditable testimony of the Bishop.

Now came the day of CONGRATULATIONS—by word of mouth and by epistle. It is impossible to look back upon this gilded moment without feeling the consciousness of the value of those “golden opinions” than which nothing could be more delightful for myself to receive, and without which I consider good luck to be worthless, and the wealth of millions but as rubbish. I will particularise no one of these “congratulatory strains” in preference to another—but I yet possess them ALL...and considering what has since taken place, and that the authors of several have quitted this world for a better...I am not sure whether, in the reperusal of them, sorrow do not preponderate over pleasure? From almost all quarters—all callings and pursuits—in life, I was fortunate enough to receive some one little flower; so as to make, of the whole, a nosegay of rather an imposing size, and of a decidedly “sweet odour.”

“Sic positi quoniam suaves miscetis odores!”

But what fixed my foot more firmly upon the fresh soil which I was treading, was, that I started with my old and faithful friend Sir Francis Freeling for my Church-Warden ; and I believe for the whole apprenticeship-period of seven years, for which he was invested with that office, he never shrunk from the fulfilment of the duties of it in every essential particular. These duties were, to be sure, slender, and of rare occurrence ; but they had still demands upon time like his, so overwhelmingly engrossed by the more important duties of his public station.

The church of St. Mary's, Marylebone, was consecrated on the 7th of January, 1824. I preached the sermon on that occasion ; and as this sermon is before the public in print, it shall tell its own tale. But there was *one* understanding in the congregation to which it savoured somewhat of *heresy* : for an anonymous letter was written to the Bishop (now Archbishop of Canterbury) complaining of what I chuse here to designate as a lack of spirituality and *unctuousness* of the sermon in question. The Bishop, with that discretion and gentlemanly feeling which always characterise him, sent me the anonymous letter—as his usual proceeding was in such matters—without one word of commentary. I felt it a duty to make a particular reply to my Diocesan ; but I could only harbour contempt for my *shadowy* correspondent—even had I known the substance to which he were attached. There is nothing so thoroughly base and indefensible as anonymous vi-

tuperation. But the spirit which dictated this piece of flimsy criticism, vented itself, in the course of the year, in the newspapers, by *gentle* insinuations and gratuitous inferences, that my pursuits were of too *literary* a complexion to enable me to attend to the many *professional* duties of my newly appointed situation.

“ O, quàm sæpe *malis* generatur origo *bonorum* !”

So sings Rutilius ; as may be seen in Wernsdorf's edition of the minor Latin Poets, *Altenb.* 1788, 8vo. p. 163. My “gentle” Censurist was indirectly and unintentionally the cause of much *good* to me. I called the attention of the Bishop to these public notices ; simply from an excess of sensibility, lest they might, by the remotest operation, warp his kindly-disposed feeling towards me. His answer at once justified the step taken by me, and entrenched me, as it should seem, yet more strongly in his favourable opinion. Above all, did it confirm me in the views I had ever taken of the compatibility of *literary* with *professional* occupations. After assuring me that “I had no reason to fear that any impression to my disadvantage would be made upon him by statements in the newspapers, which were too apt to take liberties with public characters,” his Lordship was pleased to express himself thus : “ A mind, active like yours, will find leisure sufficient for literary pursuits after the faithful discharge of more important duties ; and will perhaps derive

vigour from this change of employment to give greater efficacy to its daily labours." Fortified by such a dictum from such a quarter, I resolved, in the union of such avocations, to shrink from no exertions which the duties of my church and the cares of my family might equally call upon and countenance me in the performance.

An occasion quickly presented itself for the exercise of the double duty both of *Author* and *Pastor*. A National School was, not long after the opening of St. Mary's, established in the immediate vicinity of the Church. Its history is unprecedented. The splendid liberality of ONE Individual—of the name of TILLARD*—enabled us to erect a building which

* There is almost something of the air of romance attached to the "splendid liberality" of the late JAMES TILLARD, Esq. who died a bachelor, or a widower (I forget which), without children, some six or seven years ago. On the contemplation of the building of the four new churches in Marylebone, he offered to lend, or rather, indeed, to give, the parish 20,000*l.*, on condition of his receiving 5*l.* per cent. for *life only*: and he was then in his sixtieth year. He also presented the funds of the above *National School* with 4000*l.* precisely on the same terms: and he did not survive the donation six years! Here was a special and a glorious display of CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE in the best of all causes!—And yet, will the reader believe it?—*can* he believe it? Within *not one* of these churches is there a TABLET TO HIS MEMORY! Although the parish have been benefited to the amount of 1000*l.* per annum, yet

"And what? no monument, inscription, stone,
His race, his form, his name almost UNKNOWN?"

It is very true, the reader may retort upon me in the language of the same bard, and add,

"Who builds a church to God, and not to *fame*,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

But though the *builder*, in the exercise of a good taste, will not do so,

should contain room for the instruction of six hundred children, and afford at the same time a residence for the Master and his Wife. The strenuous zeal, and unremitting exertions of my friend George Buck, Esq.—the brother churchwarden of Sir Francis Freeling—greatly contributed to give a general interest to the undertaking, and to induce a ready and liberal subscription. At the head of this Subscription stood the name of Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq., as our PATRON—a young man, then not long in the possession of his Father's noble fortune—a Member of the House of Commons—and decidedly distinguished for his cultivated understanding, his liberal principles, and benevolent heart. We desired nothing better than such a gallant Captain to be standing upon the poop of our vessel as it was launched upon the ocean of public opinion. The launch, as launches usually are, was a fine sight. The vessel was quickly trimmed, and ready for sea; and I must say, it has

those who have profited so largely by his *bounty*, and by the *building*, are bound, methinks, in honour and in conscience, to shew something like proofs of a grateful feeling. How admirably has the same Bard, from whom the preceding extracts are taken, dwelt upon

“The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!”

We sometimes raise columns and obelisks, and spread far and wide, upon the walls of our churches, the variegated marble and the pompous inscription... while the VANITY of the *survivor* is the only palpably evident motive of the erection. The pride of pedigree is gratified by genealogical display; but the ashes which sleep below have been rarely perhaps warmed by one ordinary act of Christian Charity! What a Compound is man! “Vanity—vanity—ALL IS VANITY!”

been ever since navigated with as much care, prudence, and success, as attend similar navigations. The leading Members of the Committee (of which I was officially one) came down with a 20*l.* subscription in ready money, and 2*l.* annual donation. I preached the first Charity Sermon in aid of its funds, at St. Mary's, in May, 1824, which produced the sum of 98*l.* But my zeal was not satisfied with this demonstration of feeling only. I resolved to publish a volume of *Sermons*, by subscription; and, dedicating it "to the Patron, President, and Trustees" of the School, to present the establishment with all the proceeds of profit, after payment of the contingent expences, should any arise.

I considered myself to have been rather fortunate in the result; for although the number of Subscribers was small, yet the interest taken was considerable—and I was enabled to enlarge the funds of the Institution by a donation of 100*l.* I put not a shilling into my own pocket. The volume was published towards the end of the year 1825, and it included both the *Consecration* and the *Charity Sermon*. It is the second volume of *Sermons* which I have published*, and of which the

* The first volume of *Sermons* published by me was in the year 1820, and bore for title as follows: "*Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical; preached in King Street, Brompton, Quebec, and Fitzroy Chapels.*" They were "affectionately and respectfully dedicated" to the several congregations of those chapels wherein they were preached. A short advertisement accompanies them; in this I have said that the *Sermons* in question, "bear testimony of the author's affectionate vene-

publication has never been accompanied by one emotion of regret on retrospection. I desire to stand or fall as a Divine—by the principles therein developed*. It was, I think, somewhere towards the opening of the year 1826, that on being asked to furnish an Introduction, or Prospectus, to a periodical work—(to be called *THE HIVE*...to be the channel of some beautiful engravings), I supplied the few remarks which will be found in the subjoined note†.

ration for *THAT CHURCH*, in the principles of which he has been educated, and in the faith of which he hopes to *live* and to *die*." It may be as well to add, that the first sermon preached by me, as one of his present Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, in the presence of the King himself, on Sunday, April 28, 1832, is to be found in this volume, as having been composed and first preached in 1811 :—thinking it more really respectful to my sovereign *not* to compose a Sermon expressly for the occasion. My reception at the Levée which followed, proved that I had done wisely. Here is also the first sermon which I preached in March, 1810, after the death of my younger son, of which the text is—" *The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord*:" page 281.

* The second volume of Sermons, of the date of 1825, is, I should hope, as exhibiting the proofs of an enlarged experience, of a more edifying complexion than the first. In each I have done my best; but it was a proud moment for me, when, in the language of one of my subscribers to the reprint of *Fox's Martyrology*, I read such a sentiment as the following: "for my principles, in the religion of my country, I refer you to those developed in your own most acceptable volume of Sermons." So spake the late Rev. F. Casson, the inmate and highly respectable friend of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart.

† The entire "PROSPECTUS" was as follows:—"Bold will be that man who shall deny '*THE HIVE*' to be a '*collection of sweets*:' and yet bolder may be that individual, or set of individuals, which, under such an attractive title, presumes to mingle *no bitters* with the sweets—in the literary compositions to which that title is a prelude. Such an attempt, nevertheless, will be made in the pages, which, in due time, will follow this announcement.

The close of the year 1825, and the opening of the year 1826, presented a train of public events—

“ But if ‘ the hive ’ be a ‘ *collection of sweets*, ’ it is also a *monument of industry* ; and as far as honest views, patient research, and careful composition, be evidences of an industrious spirit, in such proportion shall we make good claims upon the public to consider our lucubrations, both as monuments of industry, and collections of sweets. Not that we promise to keep our readers upon the constant stretch of curiosity, or to indulge in one undeviating strain of vivacity. There must be *variety* in all compositions :—and a few sober reflections, occasionally brought forward to the consideration of our more serious readers, may have the effect of giving additional pungency to the more mirthful periods. Even should a little *nodding* occasionally accompany the perusal of these grave and monitory strains, it must not be considered as out of character : for who has described, with greater beauty and truth, the *sleep-inviting* hum which usually attends a ‘ hive, ’ than the prince of all Roman poets?—

‘ Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,
Hyblæis Apibus florem depasta salicti,
 Sæpe *levi somnum* suadebit *inire susurro*.’ Ecl. 1.

So that it is hoped the very abstractions, or dreamings, of our readers, will not be unattended with poetical visions !

“ We proceed, without further proeme, to announce the real objects in view in the publication of ‘ THE HIVE. ’ Instead of tales of love-sick maidens, of castles stormed by warriors, or plains inundated with human blood—instead of haunted mansions, wailing ghosts, or gossamer sylphs—we shall present our readers with fare of a more substantial and nourishing quality. HISTORY, sacred and profane, foreign and British : BIOGRAPHY, foreign and domestic : PHILOLOGY, including Poetry, original and borrowed, of the highest class : MORALS, at once enforced and heightened by facts : ANTIQUITIES, purely British, and of almost every description, including *Sports and Pastimes* : NATURAL HISTORY, in many of its popular branches.

“ Thus much for our text. It is proposed to *embellish* that text with specimens of ART of the very highest order. Every number will contain *three plates* upon steel, of a larger size, and three smaller plates, engraved by the most eminent artists ; as well as a few wood cuts : to be accompanied with six sheets of letter press. And when it is announced that this ‘ letter press ’ will be put forth at the SHAKESPEARE PRESS, the Publishers presume that it will be worthy of the long established reputation of the quarter whence it issues.”

or rather of public and private distress—almost unparalleled in the *History of Commerce*. The causes of this distress seem even yet, if not wholly inexplicable, to be hardly satisfactorily accounted for. If it did not partake of the name, it had certainly all the wild characteristics, of the *South-Sea Bubble*. To-day you had only to put your name down to a share or shares in the *Rio de la Plata*, or other South American mines, and to-morrow a suppliant purchaser would give you fifty per cent. for every share taken. The old were bewitched...the young were in ecstasies. Everybody made a rush for the City. A new world of wealth had been discovered. It was only to ask and to have. “Why are you reluctant? (said one knowing friend to me). Many of your order have enrolled their names.” “It *might* be so; but it ought *not* to be so; and you know not only how obtuse my scent of lucre at all times is, but what a thorough dislike I have to commercial freaks of every description. I should be gulled by the veriest goose. Talk about *Editiones Principes*, and I’ll honestly tell you their value.” To the best of my recollection these were almost the very words that passed between us.

Now came, as always does come, the moment of re-action;—which, morally speaking, may be called “the DAY OF VISITATION.” Individuals first—banking-houses afterwards—fell prostrate before the blast. Scarcely any one could face it. Day after day, and almost hour after hour, you heard “how

the mighty had fallen!" The Bank of England was closed for the preparation of the January Consol Dividend. Its gates were besieged, and loud and strong was the voice of woe heard from without its portals—"help us, or we perish!" Gentle reader, these are not fine flourishing words of course, in the way of dramatic description. They are "words of truth and soberness." The Governor and Deputy Governor (Mr. Buller and Mr. Richards) happened to be my parishioners, and I shall never forget the physical as well as moral trials which those two worthy gentlemen had hourly to endure. The day was too short for the comprehension even, much more for the settlement, of such conflicting and extensive claims—for the reparation of such tremendous losses and wide-spreading ruin.

I used to hear tales from *their* lips, which would well nigh cause the flesh to creep and the blood to curdle. They were admirably supported by their brother Directors...and Government at last lent a listening ear, and extended a protecting arm

"motos—componere fluctus."

But the entire line of coast was dotted with wrecks. The tempest had shattered the stouter, and overwhelmed the frailer, vessels. The small craft were all submerged. From *that* day to *this* there has been always a heavy, if not a treacherous, swell of sea. A perfect calm has not yet succeeded. And how many worthy, unsuspecting, and too confiding,

human beings have perished in that general wreck! How severely has wisdom been purchased!...and what a MORAL has that "day of visitation" read to a rash and a credulous race of Beings! I did not escape the general contagion; but my loss, although great*, was occasioned by the defection of *those* whom it was impossible to suppose would not have gallantly "rode out the storm." They are now at rest. Peace to their Spirits!

But there are losses of a more cutting and tremendous description which can NEVER be supplied or replaced. Wealth is fluctuating. Chance, or a good turn of events, may restore to-day the defalcations of yesterday. At all events, there is hope, fluttering her many-coloured wings, which somehow or other contrives to tell us that the "golden shower" is only delayed to fall in heavier drops. Not so with those losses which affect us

* The above, as affecting me through a *collateral* source which shall in nowise be named. As DIRECTLY affecting me, the panic, described in the text, fell as severely upon BOOKSELLERS (and in consequence AUTHORS) as upon any other class of tradesmen; and I had individually to *refund* a sum of money of nearer THREE than TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, which had been spiritedly, and, as it should at first appear, rationally, advanced for the *English Tour*, the fourth edition of the *Introduction to the Classics*, and the meditated new edition of *Fox's Book of Martyrs*. The *refunding* of this large sum, received under circumstances so calculated to gratify the feelings of an Author, and which, at the time, was joyfully viewed by him as the pivot on which to turn, and to husband his newly-acquired resources, shook the HOME-BANK to its very centre. Fortitude and resignation are among the severest—but most triumphant—trials of a CHRISTIAN! I have endeavoured to exemplify both—and thus strive to dismiss this distressing topic from my recollection... FOR EVER!

in our relative capacities, as parents, relations, and friends. I will endeavour to be methodical. In the spring of 1826, I issued proposals for the publication of THOMAS A KEMPIS, "*On the Imitation of Christ.*" In the spring of the ensuing year, I announced an intention of bringing out a new edition of FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. Of each of these in due order. But I was now to be revisited* with a severe and overwhelming sorrow. The reader may remember† that my elder and only surviving Son had been presented by Mr. Canning with a cavalry-cadetship to Bengal. He had been seasoned, as most young men usually are, by a sharp fit of illness on his arrival in India; and was meditating an embarkation as far as the Cape for the establishment of his health. Calcutta appearing to agree with him, the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General, and Commander-in-Chief, very kindly and opportunely gave him an appointment in his Body Guard. He fulfilled the duties of that station regularly and honourably for a twelvemonth; and finding his health established, he rejoined his regiment up the Country; where he was both respected and caressed by his brother Officers. The letters which I continued to receive from him were of the most gratifying description; evincing the gallant feeling an aspiring young man—not less observant of steady discipline than of gentlemanly decorum. Yet, as

* See page 283.

† See page 800, ante.

is ever the case, a secret love of home—an increasing attachment to parents and sisters, as distance increased—would frequently be the under current of his effusions. The siege of Buhrtpoor came, and he was regularly at his victorious post as Senior Lieutenant of his regiment.

Alas! at length came the hour of dismay and affliction to his Parents. In the spring of 1827 I went down to join my family at Exning for a week's calm and comfort; the unintermitting and important duties of my situation rendering such a temporary retreat almost indispensable. On leaving Town, I strictly forbade the transmission of all letters—upon business or otherwise; for, as if “prescient of coming ill,” I observed, that “I would not have one drop of *bitter* infused into that week's cup of sweets.” My instructions were literally fulfilled in this quarter. Not one letter was sent from home to Exning. But from *another* quarter, the Post brought two letters on the same morning, each sealed with *black wax*, and written in the same hand. I had as usual been abroad before the Post arrived; and looking from my garden gate, saw a *grave being dug* in the churchyard—not having been apprised of the death of any Parishioner. I had no sooner learnt the name of the deceased, than the letters were put into my hand. The issue needs no lengthened recital. The sympathetic reader will anticipate the wailings of woe and wretchedness, and the desolation of heart

which ensued ! It came upon us all like a thunder-bolt ; but *one* spirit has been since gradually sinking, and longing to be at rest with HIM who has been thus prematurely taken from her !

My own individual sorrow was as deep as unfeigned. When the effects of the stunning blow had a little subsided, on looking out, as it were, upon the external face of things, how dreary appeared every object upon which the eye alighted ! The heavens were never smiling ; the sky was never bright and beautiful ; and the buds and blossoms of Spring seemed to taunt man on the sterility of the grave ! These were early, and perhaps natural emotions ; but the “sorrow” which is “without hope,” is not the sorrow of a Christian—and it was neither mine nor that of my family. Then came from every sympathising quarter those letters of *condolence*—like heaven’s own dew-drops to refresh the parched ground ! The effect of them fell upon our hearts, and sunk as deeply as they were plentifully bestowed. My son’s patron, Mr. Canning, led the way on this mournful occasion : “sincerely condoling with me on my irreparable misfortune.” It was the last note (*March 27, 1827*) which I ever received from him ; and he too, within six months of that day, was to be *added* to the DEPARTED. My Noble Patron was among the earliest to evince his sincere sympathy ; and Lady Spencer favoured me with a letter upon the subject, singularly confirma-

tive of her exalted religious principles, and sound good sense, which would have done honour to any head and heart. I deeply regret that I do not consider myself at liberty to make it public. From my Diocesan I received a letter full of sentiments and expressions which did honour to human nature, and to any rank however exalted. I will venture upon his forgiveness—as I am sure I shall obtain the commendation of the reader—if that letter here meet the public eye. Alas! since its scripton, how yet more deeply has its Author partaken of the cup of domestic affliction*!

“*London, April 13, 1827.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I heard with great concern of your domestic calamity; and having children myself, know full well what must be the affliction of parents for the loss of a beloved Son. I could not, at such a moment, expect that your mind would be at liberty to think of literary engagements—however important—and was not surprised at your silence. But it gives me pleasure to find that you are gradually recovering from the shock, and particularly that you derive satisfaction in dwelling on the virtues of those Sons who have been taken from their earthly parents to the presence of their FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN. In this respect, the greater your loss, the more solid are your grounds of consolation, in the assurance that they who die in the Lord are blessed, and

* By the loss of both his sons, and of his eldest daughter, Lady Beaumont, his Grace is now bereft of those who, with his *name*, might have carried the practice of his *virtues* later down to posterity.

will hereafter be restored to their Friends who tread in the same good path.

“ I remain,

“ My dear sir,

“ Very truly yours,

“ W. LONDON.”

And with what exquisite—and to him natural—feeling, did my affectionate friend Sir F. Freeling, address himself to one of my family upon the occasion. “ I am laid low (observed he in a letter to my elder daughter) by the account of this afflicting visitation of Providence. I cannot write to your good Father upon it, for my heart is sunk within me. I pray to God to support him and your excellent Mother under this trying dispensation,” &c. &c. His letter to myself, subsequently written—after I had poured forth the sorrows of my heart into his bosom—is fraught with such exquisite touches of feeling, as well as sound and consolatory advice—as places its author among the justest thinkers, as well as most felicitous Epistolographers, of the day. The core of my heart is not dearer to me than is this letter. Nor was my old friend Mr. Douce much less prompt and warm in his sorrowing sympathies. “ Be assured (observed he) that you have not a connexion that more sincerely and deeply deplores the loss you have sustained. My nerves are not equal to bear even the affliction of others; and I am free to state, that I always thought visits of condolence

the most unnecessary things in the world—and I am persuaded that not one person in ten expresses his real feelings on the occasion. Moreover, I have not been well for some time, and am unable to take long walks as I used to do ; even to call on our poor friend *Wilbraham**, whose looks and appearance, yesterday, when he called, distressed me not a little.”

But from a “*Centenary*” of *Letters* on this heart-distressing subject, it will be difficult, as it might be delicate, to continue the selection. My old and amiable friends, whose names are not specifically mentioned, will not, I feel persuaded, do me the injustice to think that I value their communications the less on that account†. But limits must be assigned. Intense and agonising sorrow has a reaction, perhaps quicker than mental afflictions of a less overwhelming kind. Though there was “no son of mine succeeding,” there were OTHERS who at once diverted my griefs by fixing my attention and affections more exclusively upon themselves. I sorrowed from the heart—from the inmost soul. The world, for a time, seemed to be made up of other elements than heretofore : society seemed occasionally as a sort of insulting masquerade. I looked out for HIM who was GONE...but I saw him not. I listened

* See page 406, ante.

† And yet I cannot reconcile it to myself to omit the names of some of my very oldest friends: Messrs. Petrie, Barwis, Masquerier, &c.; Lady Campbell, Mrs. Children, and Captain and Mrs. Weltden ; from the latter of whom the first intelligence of my son’s demise reached me at Exning.

for the tone of his voice, or the sound of his footsteps, ...and hearing it not, I sought my own chamber, and cried out, with Him of ancient times, "Would to heaven I had died for thee, O!...my Son, my Son!" But this might not be. I then made an effectual rally; and after giving instructions for the erection of a mural tablet to HIS MEMORY*, I came up to town with my family: and within a month was sustained in my pulpit to preach a sermon, of

* The inscription upon this mural tablet, erected within the chancel of Exning church, is given at length in my parochial account of that place. Here it may be only necessary to quote a part of it which affords testimony of the honourable estimation in which the Deceased was held by his brother officers.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANCIS DIBDIN,

* * * *

His Brother Officers,
To perpetuate the Remembrance of
His professional and private Worth,
Erected a Monument
To his Memory
At the Place of his Interment.

* * * *

He died, where he had been long quartered, at Muttra; the senior lieutenant of the third regiment of Bengal cavalry. In his LAST LETTER to me Mr. Canning observed—"I hear from you with pleasure of the esteem and respect manifested by the brother officers of your late son towards his memory," &c. &c.

Jno. Canning.

which the text was: “*If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable**.”

To divert and in a manner to comfort me, during this season of sorrow, I took up my THOMAS 'A KEMPIS resolutely; and, as the concluding sentence of the preface testifies†, felt it, at times, a source of refuge during the stormy sorrows of the mind. Its very tone of *asceticism* was medicine to a bruised spirit: for at that moment I could have become a cloistered monk even of the order of St. Francis, or of St. Dominic. But I had scarcely begun to make a decided progress in my *Kempisian* labours, when I received the startling intelligence of the serious illness, and, in all probability, approaching dissolution of Mr. CANNING. He had been my son's principal benefactor; and ever since the perusal of his *Iter ad Meccam* I had been induced to consider him as among the most elegant Latin poets of the day. His victorious eloquence in the senate needed not the humble testimony of my praise. What I had said of it in the *Museum*‡, was said “*pectore ab imo* :” while his last letter to the present Lord Lynd-

* 1 Cor. xv. 1. v. 9. It was preached on the Sunday immediately following Christmas Day, and has never been published.

† The sentence is as follows: “In reverting to the intrinsic character of the volume, now in the possession of the public, it only remains to observe, that the editor commenced his task of translation under the oppression of much *worldly anxiety*, and concluded it in a season of DEEP DOMESTIC AFFLICTION; but his consolation throughout has been neither nugatory nor trivial. May his readers sympathise in his comforts, without participation of similar sorrows.”

‡ See page 710, ante.

hurst, offering him the Lord High Chancellorship of England, shewed how, even after no small cause of provocation, he could allow the more playful feelings of his fancy to get an ascendancy over the severer dictates of his judgment. The anecdote has been twenty times “extant in choice print,” and needs not a repetition here.

I had never spoken to Mr. Canning in my life ; but as I am not in the habit of loving or respecting by *halves*—however I may *qualify* my opposition—it seemed to me to be a debt for ever hanging about me, to shew that illustrious man, upon every occasion, a mark of attention and grateful consideration. With this view, while I had presented the four copies of my *Tour*, upon *small paper*, to the four distinguished characters mentioned in a preceding page*—(and to whom I had in fact no *personal* obligation)—I resolved to present a copy upon *large paper* to Mr. Canning. His manner of accepting it shewed immediately that he understood the precise terms upon which it was tendered†. Still, illness

* See page 672.

† At the sale of Mr. Canning's library, in the following year, by the late Mr. Christie, I was a brisk competitor for this identical copy ; but Sir ———, Bart. was not a bidder to suffer a defeat. He obtained it for the sum of 30*l.*, in boards, nearly double the publication price. Mr. Canning's name (very like what appears at page 822, ante) was written on a fly leaf of each of the three volumes ; and I scarcely know an instance of a public sale of a library, so wholly unattractive from condition, where such heavy prices seem to have been so readily given ; especially where the copy exhibited any *mark* of its ownership with its late proprietor.

increased : and my personal inquiries increased in proportion. There was no hope ; and on the 8th of August, 1827, he breathed his last, as Prime Minister of Great Britain.

I pretend not to know, and of course I am incapable of appreciating, what *collateral* causes might have hastened his departure : but the mind of the Premier was not composed of ordinary materials. It had braved many a storm within the house, and it had faced an adversary of unshaken courage without*. The battle of Austerlitz is said to have hastened the death of Mr. Pitt : a speech in the Upper House is said to have induced that temperament of mind which engendered the seeds of a fatal disease in Mr. Canning. I believe neither the one nor the other. But the sorrow of the country was general and sincere on the death of the latter : and it is my firm belief, that had his life been prolonged, he would have been among the most skilful and distinguished pilots who had ever weathered the vessel of state through all the conflicting and harrowing storms which might have environed it. What a speech would *his* have been, on bringing in the bill for his favourite measure, of emancipation of the Roman Catholics, under the conviction that it would

* I allude to his duel with Lord Londonderry ; while Sir Francis Burdett is a living instance that Mr. Canning was never deficient in the exaction of what he conceived to be due to himself as a gentleman. It so happened that I was the *very first* of the Kensingtonians to call at Gloucester Lodge within twenty minutes after its owner had been brought in wounded in the thigh from the bullet of his adversary.

be triumphantly carried through *both* Houses. Yet the speech of Sir Robert Peel, on the same occasion, would have owned no superior but that of his predecessor*.

The funeral of Mr. Canning, which I had requested to attend, was strictly private. My communication on the subject was through Mr. Backhouse, one of the Secretaries of the Foreign Office; a gentleman, who was the intimate and confidential friend of Mr. Canning, and who adorns the important situation which he fills as well by the integrity of his principles as by the suavity of his manners: whose heart is as warm as his head is clear. "I lost no time (said Mr. Backhouse, in his reply to my request) in transmitting your note of yesterday to the Duke of Portland. Such testimonies of re-

* My own mind needed not the aid of *either* speech to convince me of the wisdom of the proposed measure. Lord Grenville, some twenty years preceding, in the Upper House, had wrought upon me the most complete conviction of the indispensable necessity of the adoption of that bill. His reasoning not less convinced than his eloquence warmed me. The history of the late career of this bill, through both Houses, is among the most curious, as well as astounding, upon record. Meeting the present Bishop of Exeter—before he was advanced to the bench, and shortly after we had been both voting at Oxford for Sir Robert Peel—who abandoned his seat on bringing it in), he told me he had been present at Sir Robert's delivery of his Speech. It lasted four hours. On my asking him how he liked it, he said, "he had never been so delighted since the time of Pitt. It did not appear to him to have lasted half the time; he never tired one moment." But the more curious thing to mention is, that Sir Robert Peel, before he slipped on his night-cap that evening, or rather morning, *saw his whole speech in the printed columns of a daily journal*. This has been unhesitatingly told me from a quarter in which I put the highest faith.

spect and attachment cannot fail to be grateful to the feelings of the afflicted family and friends of Mr. Canning. I understand that the direct invitations to the funeral will be confined strictly to the immediate connexions of the DEAR DEPARTED, and to the Cabinet Ministers ; and that the friends generally, who may intimate a wish, like yours, will be requested to meet at a suitable place (to be appointed) in the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbey, then to join the procession. It is probable that a public notice to this effect may be issued to-morrow. I am," &c.

For some reason, of a peremptory and professional nature, I was unable to attend ; but I gave vent in some measure to my sympathetic feelings, and to my admiration of the talents of the deceased, in the sermon preached in the pulpit of St. Mary's on the Sunday following the funeral—of which the text was this : 2 Kings, xx. v. 1., "*Set thine house in order ; for thou shalt die, and not live.*" Among my auditors it was gratifying to see the countenance, and to confide in the sympathy, of Mr. Backhouse and his Lady. But I hasten to lay before the reader something of much more interest and importance, connected with the ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD, than the feeble testimony here recorded. On examining the immense correspondence of the late Mr. Heber (the once intimate friend of Mr. Canning, and to whose intervention I was primarily indebted for my son's cadetship from the latter) I found an original note

from the late Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope* (a cousin of Mr. Pitt) to Mr. Heber; written, as it bears too palpable evidence, a short time before Mr. Pitt's decease; and containing the following proud testimony, from the dying statesman, of the affectionate manner in which he estimated the moral worth of Mr. Canning.

“ Montague Square, Thursday Night.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Finding that I must send early to-morrow to my friend Townshend (your neighbour) I have put off conveying the intelligence I promised you to-day by the penny post. Mr. Pitt left Town for Bath the 7th of December, and returned the 11th of January. He arrived at Putney the evening of that day, accompanied by Charles and Sir Walter—though nothing hurts me, and enrages me so much, as persons claiming Mr. P.'s friendship who neither possessed nor deserved it. I am more than anxious that THOSE whom he *really* loved, should be known by the world to have enjoyed so great a happiness; as it ought to make them stand high in the estimation of every honest man. Might it not therefore be as well to particularly mention the affectionate manner in which he received Lord Wellesley on his return from India (the Tuesday he saw Lord Chatham), and to add, that the Marquis was one of his oldest and dearest friends, as this is really the fact—for whenever I complained about the “*fools*,” he used to say, “Have patience, Wellesley is coming home—in him you will have all the talent

* There can be no doubt of its genuineness. Mr. Backhouse saw the original, and Lady Canning and himself did not hesitate one moment in assigning the initials to the lady abovementioned. The copy of it, here published, was taken with the knowledge of the present proprietor of the original.

and spirit you can desire." If CANNING be mentioned in the sheet you did not bring, it may be fairly said Mr. Pitt loved him as his own Child; for when he first introduced him to me, he said, "*You must love him like a Brother*"—and I am sure I have obeyed.

"Yours sincerely,

"H. L. S."

I return to literary records. While a pretty brisk correspondence was established in the earlier part of the year 1827, relating to an intended republication of *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, the text of *Thomas à Kempis* was regularly proceeding at press; and the list of Subscribers as regularly being enlarged*. My translation was new; with the helps of many of those of my numerous predecessors—commencing even with that of Atkynson, executed in the reign of Henry VII†. The greatest names of literature may be marshalled among those of the translators of

* I should be unworthy the support received, if I did not dwell, as I ever do, with a peculiar gratification in the acknowledgment of 600 copies having been subscribed for by private friends; at the head of whom the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Kenyon, and Colonel Eyre, were each pleased to put their names down for ten copies. My friends Miss Currer, Earl Spencer, Mr. Douce, Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. R. Wilbraham, Dawson Turner, Esq., Rev. T. Wintle, Rev. John Nott, James Tillard, Esq., were each pleased to take five copies; and Mr. Major and Mr. Pickering each became responsible for *fifty* copies. Only 750 copies were printed upon small paper. The large is now, I believe, not to be procured.

† A volume of extraordinary rarity. See page xxxix of preface; where my obligation to my friend Sir F. Freeling is expressed for the loan of his beautiful copy of it. See also note p. lxxi.

this extraordinary original* ; which, by *Fontenelle*, is placed second only to the GOSPELS ; and by the philosophical Leibnitz is called the summum bonum of all moral excellence ; “happy (says the latter) is the man who puts its contents into practice, and is not satisfied with the mere admiration of them.” Indeed the historian Somaglio tells us, that “a Dey of Algiers shewed him a *Turkish* version of it ; adding, that he valued it more than the *Koran*.” In fact, abroad, there seemed to have been only one sentiment in regard to its extraordinary popularity, and its almost unearthly purity of doctrine.

Such a work could be no unfit object for a Protestant Clergyman’s attention, sanctioned as it had been by the editorial auspices of Dean Stanhope, who had exalted it under the title of *The Christian’s Pattern*† Still, in our own country, there seemed to be no translation worthy of the admitted celebrity of the Original. Be the AUTHOR of that Original whom he might...and let him have lived where he would—cities have contended, as in the case of Homer, for being his birthplace . . . monasteries have maintained controversies respecting the appropriation of HIM among their brotherhood. How little, in many

* Of editions of the original text and of Translations, Le Comte Languinais says there are TWO THOUSAND : of these, *sixty* translations have been in the *French* language alone. Among them, is one of the great Corneille—a portion only. See p. xcvi., &c.

† See p. xxvi of my Preface for a particular account of this version.

instances, is posthumous fame anticipated! The poor secluded monk, who had scarcely a glimmer of light in his cell, becomes irradiated in the estimation of posterity with a sort of halo of undying glory. So fared it with the Author of THE IMITATION.

Under every view of the subject, I was determined to make it both a beautiful book and a critical performance; and I will venture to indulge the rational hope that my wishes have been realised in both particulars. I know not a more beautiful octavo volume on the score of printing and embellishment, and I am willing to believe that it has received a competent portion of editorial aid*. The Coun-

* I allude more especially to the INTRODUCTION, which embraces three points of view:—1. Of the *author of the work*. 2. *Editions of the work*. 3. *Character of the work*. The *third* division is one on which I look back with the greater satisfaction, as touching on more important and stirring objects. It concludes thus:—"If, occasionally, there be MYSTICISM, it is the mysticism of a spirit not intoxicated by conceit, rashness, and misguided zeal.—It is quietism (with few exceptions) of the purest nature; a casting down of the eyes; a smiting of the breast; an invocation to heaven, to have mercy upon a sinful soul. In all highly wrought and fitful moods—and especially in those appertaining to religious studies—some little indiscretions, whether of judgment or of conduct, will be readily pardoned by a charitable Christian. That the author of this work is *free* from such venial errors, never came within the contemplation of his present editor. It is from a conviction of the good, theoretical and practical, which these pages contain, that the author of them now appears, in a garb not unworthy, I trust, of his reputation, to attract the notice, and to secure the respect, of the virtuous reader. Nor can I close this 'painful travail' better, than by availing myself of the concluding remarks of my immediate predecessor, DR. CHALMERS.—'Such a work may be of service in these days of soft and silken professorship, to arouse those who are at ease in

tess Spencer was pleased to accept of my dedication of the volume to Herself, under the following form :....

Zion ; to remind them of the terms of the Christian discipleship, as inviting a life of conflict, and watchfulness, and much labour ; to make them jealous of that evil nature, the power of which must be resisted ; but from the besetting presence of which we shall not be conclusively delivered, until death shall rid us of a frame-work, the moral views of which may be kept in check while we live, but cannot be eradicated by any process short of dissolution.' " p. cl.

The reader may probably be well disposed to receive a brief specimen of the tone and character of the original text. "JESUS hath many lovers of his heavenly kingdom, but few bearers of his *cross*. He hath many that desire to partake of his comforts, but few to share in his distress. He finds many companions of his *repast*, but few of his *abstinence*. All are disposed to *rejoice* with Jesus, but few to suffer *sorrow* for his sake. Many follows him even to the breaking of bread, but few of the drinking of the *bitter cup*. Many reverence his *miracles*, but few follow the ignominy of the *cross*. Many love Jesus while they are free from adversity ; many praise and bless Him while they receive his consolations ; but if Jesus hide his face, and leave them but a little, their confidence is shaken, and they sink into murmur and despair."

*

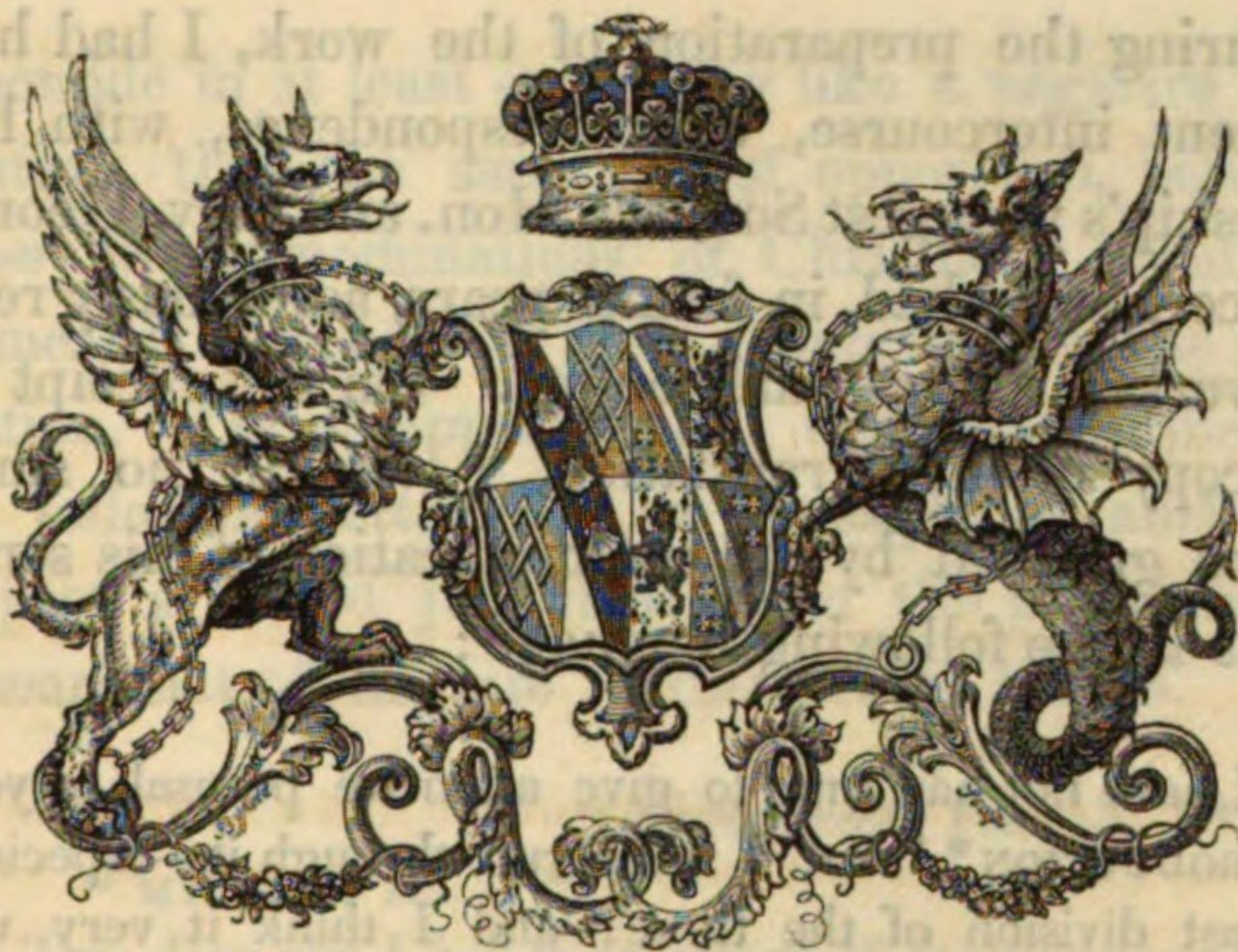
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"This desire of suffering is not the effect of any power inherent in man, but is the fruit of the GRACE of CHRIST ; operating so powerfully in the frail flesh as to make it love and embrace *that* which it would naturally abhor and shun. It is not in man to love and bear the cross ; to resist the appetites of the body, and bring them under subjection to the spirit ; to shun honors ; to receive affronts with meekness ; to despise himself, and to wish to be despised by others ; to bear with resignation the loss of fortune, health, and friends, and to have no desire after the prosperity of this world. If thou dependest upon *thyself*, thou wilt find that thou canst do nothing of the kind ; but if thou trustest in God, strength shall be given to thee from on high, and the world and the flesh shall be put under thy feet. Fortified by this confidence, and defended by the *Cross of CHRIST*, thou needest not fear the efforts of thy adversary the devil."



TO
LAVINIA
COUNTESS SPENCER
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HER OBLIGED
AND OBEDIENT SERVANT

THE EDITOR.

During the preparation of the work, I had had frequent intercourse, by correspondence, with her Ladyship's youngest Son, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer...who had, in former years, assiduously read the work in its original tongue. On the receipt of his copy of my Translation, I was in no small degree gratified by the communication of his sentiments in the following language :

“ I have not had time to give attentive perusal to your ‘INTRODUCTION*,’ but I have run through it—especially the last division of the three; and I think it very well calculated to do what an Introduction has to do; viz., to excite attention to the work itself, and to prepare a Reader to discriminate, and taste its excellencies. As to the Book, taking it altogether, I am certainly happy to think that it will find its way to so many tables in so pleasing a form, for it is beautifully got up. I remember reading through the Latin, three or four years ago, with great delight and benefit, and I trust the present edition may be read profitably by many. Whoever has any religion already planted in him, cannot fail to have it fostered by such a study; for the book contains, in a great deal of its substance, genuine and sterling good, though it is far from presenting a *Christian character*, such as would make a fit pattern for us altogether to follow. A *true* imitation of Jesus Christ will never make a *recluse*. I think the book is good at the present time, as it may produce feelings of love and gentleness, of which there exists too little between Catholics and Protestants.”

The feeling of my amiable and respected Correspondent was precisely my own; and I was willing

* See preceding note.

to confide in at least something like a negative consolation, that the asperities of opposition, between these two denominations of Christians could, by no means, be rendered more *implacable* by the publication. On its appearance, I was also gratified by the following letter from no incompetent authority to pass a sound judgment upon the performance. I mean that of the late ARCHDEACON NARES.

“Hart Street, Feb. 15, 1828.

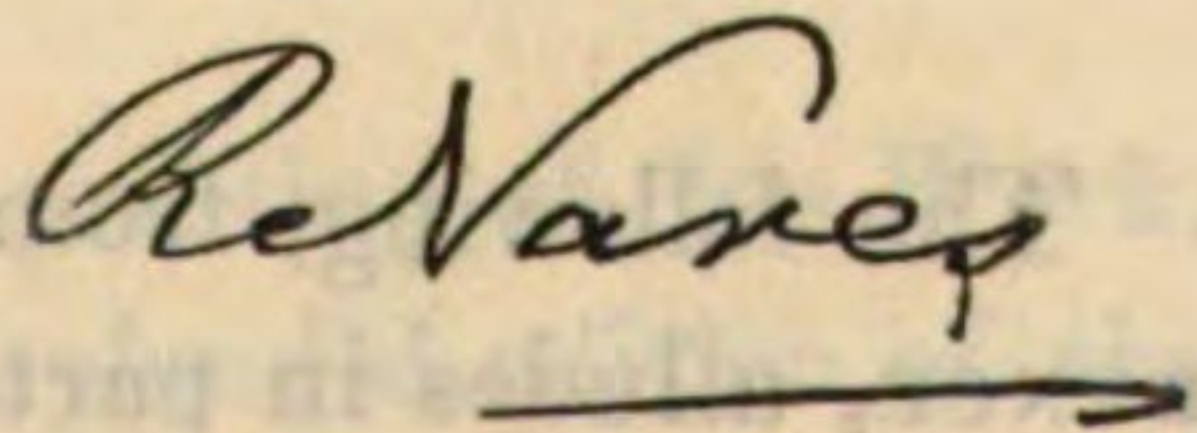
“MY DEAR DR. D**,

“Two days ago I had the pleasure of receiving your new and elegant volume on the Imitation of Christ, and I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of congratulating you on your successful exertions to make it acceptable to the intelligent public. I have read your Introduction, and am satisfied with the manner in which you have discussed the long agitated question of the true Author, in which I once interested myself a little.

“The Ornaments of the volume are few, but elegant and well chosen; the Head of Christ prefixed, the finest engraving I have seen for some time; but, to my surprise, without an engraver’s name*. The Typography also is beautiful, particularly in the text of the work, which I have not yet much examined.

“I hope that this publication, and that which you are preparing on Fox, will be of material assistance to you; and the execution of this authorizes the best and highest expectations of the other—*Macte esto*—says,

“Yours, very truly,



* By Mr. Robinson: see page 659.

I consider myself however in duty bound here to register two Letters, from very different quarters, but each of first-rate respectability; containing a wish to have the writer enrolled in the list of my Subscribers to the work under consideration. The first is from the late Bishop of Limerick, Dr. JEBB, a name never to be pronounced by me but with an affectionate respect for his memory.

“ Dublin, Aug. 16, 1826.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I received your letter while rambling through the North of England, and was prevented by migrations and other causes, from paying it that early attention which it merited. The delay, however, enables me to request that you will have the goodness to add to your list of Subscribers to Thomas à Kempis, along with my name, that of my Brother, ‘the Hon. Mr. Justice Jebb.’

“ With gratitude for your kindness, when I had the gratification of your company and conversation in Lord Spencer’s library, and with sincerest wishes that your projected work may be, in all respects, as satisfactory to yourself, as I am sure it will be valuable to the public,

“ I remain,

“ My dear sir,

“ Your obliged and faithful servant,

John Leinwick.

The following, from the late Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, alludes in part to a proof-impression of the head of Christ prefixed to the volume (and engraved

by Robinson), sent to him by me, and of which I begged his acceptance. His reply is in his usually gracious and courteous manner.

“*Russell Square, Aug. 28, 1827.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

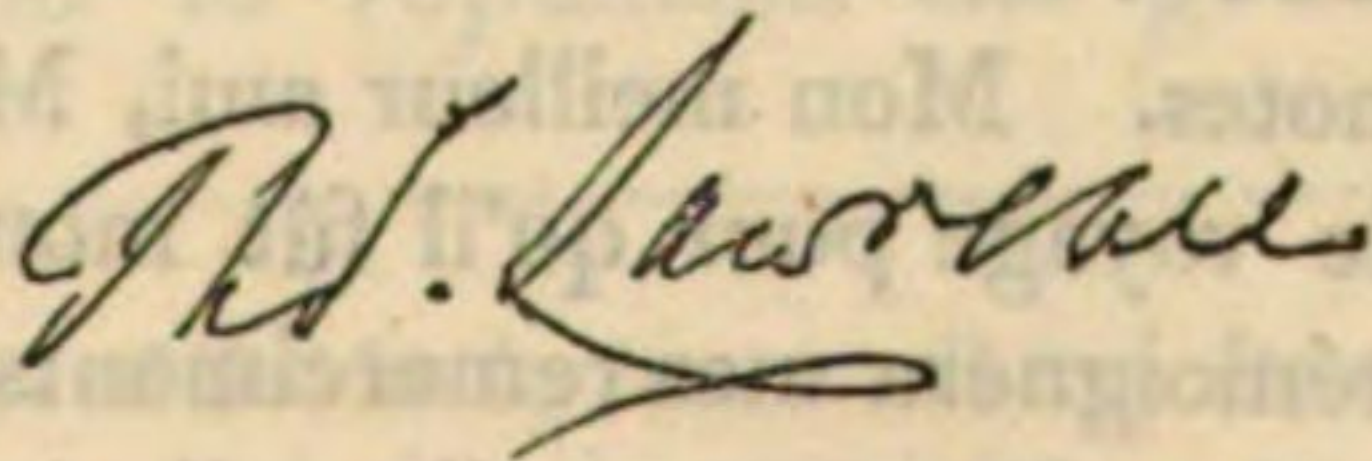
“I am too late in offering my thanks to you for the Print you had the goodness to send me:—a very beautiful specimen of the skill of the Engraver, and of his mastery over the delicate mechanism of his art. If the expression and character had been equal to the execution, it would have been a Gem indeed. I remember the Original in the Corsino Palace at Rome, and thought it superior to any work of the same subject—Mr. West’s Picture, by Guido, alone excepted. Should you be tempted to this bleak region (which is now hardly owned in the bills of mortality), I think I can show you a Picture of devotional subject worthy of your inspection, and even of an hour’s walk to see it.

“If your work, of which this engraving is to form a Title Page, be not *too learned* for me, I assure you there is nothing in the subject that is not grateful to me. Pray, therefore, have the goodness to put my name down, unless you publish for Churchmen only, or Controversialists.

“Believe me to be with much esteem,

My dear sir,

“Your obliged and faithful servant,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. S. Lawrence". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline.

During the progress of the printing of this Work, I became acquainted with the splendid edition of the

Latin text, from the editorial pen of MONS. GENCE, who had been also one of its translators into his own tongue. I differed from that learned editor about the Individuality of the authorship of the Original; but as we were “fellow-labourers in the same vineyard,” I sent him a copy of my book, begging his acceptance of it. In return, he sent me a copy of his own performance upon large paper, which I received through the prompt interposition of his friend Mr. Bertolacci, mentioned in his letter; that gentleman describing his Parisian friend as “in perfect health, and with a mind as vigorous and active as a young man of twenty-five”—adding, that he made the original work the principal study and object of his “life.” The letter of Mons. Gence is as follows :

“Paris, 1e Août, 1828.

“MONSIEUR,

“Je m’acquitte un peu tard d’un agréable devoir, en vous remerciant de l’hommage que vous avez bien voulu me faire d’un bel exemplaire de votre estimable traduction de l’excellent ouvrage de *l’Imitation de Jésus Christ*. Je suis très sensible aussi à votre éloge de mon édition Latine; et je me trouve heureux de vous voir adopter quelques unes de mes notes. Mon meilleur ami, M. Bertolacci, dont j’ai attendu le voyage pour qu’il fût mon organe à ce sujet, vous en témoignera mes remerciements. Je vous prie de vouloir bien aider de vos conseils ce littérateur des plus instruits, auteur de très bons ouvrages qui respirent l’amour de l’humanité et de la paix. Votre zèle pour la propagation de la saine

littérature, m'assure que vous ferez ce qui dépendra de vous, Monsieur, pour lui être utile sous ce rapport par vos connaissances littéraires et bibliographiques.

“ J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

“ De Votre Révérence,

“ Le très humble et très reconnaissant

“ Serviteur, et frère en J. C.

J. B. M. Gence

“ Quoique le Révérend Mr. Dibdin, ne soit pas de mon avis sur l'auteur de *l'Imitation*, j'ose le prier de vouloir bien lire l'extrait ci-joint des journaux principaux sur mon édition Latine à ce sujet, et l'article *Kempis* de la Biographie Universelle.”

And thus much for THOMAS à KEMPIS*.

I am now to touch upon the unexecuted plan of reprinting JOHN FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. As before observed, my proposals for this somewhat stupendous undertaking were before the public early in the year 1827, and the present Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of London) was graciously pleased to accept the Dedication of the Work to Himself. “ I am glad (said his Grace) that you have made up your mind to republish the great

* I am not sure whether a reprint of this book, in a small 8vo. form, with the head of Christ, and the group of cherubs sustaining a cross (by Stothard), at the end of the preface—together with the head of the reputed author—might not be a successful publication, at half the cost of the large edition. Perhaps only the *third* division of the INTRODUCTION need be reprinted?

Work on *The Martyrs*, and most willingly consent to your request of being allowed to dedicate the new edition to myself." His Grace's views upon the entire bearing of the original, appeared to me to be as luminous as just. He desired nothing more than that error might be guarded against, and truth, if possible, still more firmly established. I had previously and deliberately weighed (in my own mind) the *pro* and *con* of the whole undertaking. I did not shrink from its magnitude, and (to speak the truth from my inmost bosom) I was determined not to set about the task as a *partisan* on either side of the question. My own opinion of Fox had been slightly shadowed, rather than positively expressed, in the pages of the *Bibliomania*; and if that author had many errors to rectify, and many extravagances to qualify, still, in the main, there appeared to be a strong current of truth which pervaded his pages*. I had, moreover, for many years—which my previous habits of study and research at once provoked and strengthened—a strong desire to write a *History of the Reformation*, either by a new edition of Burnet, or on an expressly new scale; and having, by choosing Fox, necessarily abandoned the former, I thought I could make the

* About a year and a half after the issuing of my prospectus, MR. SOUTHEY, not knowing in what state the work was, observed thus in a letter from Keswick—"Is your edition of THE ACTS AND MONUMENTS going forward? I have always intended to take advantage of its appearance, for writing a life of JOHN FOX in the Q. R., wherein I might render due honour to a man for whom I have a great veneration."

text of the *Martyrologist* the vehicle of much curious, if not original matter, appertaining to our Church History. And I had also a lurking suspicion that Burnet had either examined his authorities carelessly, or had quoted them superficially; believing him, intentionally, to have been incapable of holding out false lights. Under all these impressions, I put forth my Prospectus—and at once challenged and courted the freest strictures of my friends*.

* Among the most cordial, as well as the most forward in the transmission of these strictures, was my old and excellent friend, Mr. ARCHDEACON TODD. “I wish much to talk with you (observed he) of John Fox; the life of him you *must* write anew. Many are the slumbering materials respecting him, and a very interesting piece of biography, I am quite sure, you can make of him.” Again, on the receipt of my prospectus:—“Do not make *needless* concessions in your prospectus. As loud as you can cry, I will (much older though I be) shout louder for the historian, and exclaim, ‘FOX FOR EVER!’” On his first visit to me in London, on coming to take his turn of duty at the Chapel Royal, as one of the King’s Chaplains, I perfectly remember his gallant effervescence of speech touching my Fox—“when I had read your prospectus (said he) methought I rose from my table a foot higher.”

The present venerable and learned Dean of Winchester (Dr. Rennell) was thus pleased to cheer me on the publication of the prospectus, and with his entire approbation of the “end and aim” of the work itself.

“MY DEAR SIR,

Deanery, Feb. 23, 1827.

“I return you my best thanks for your kind communication of your intention of giving a new edition of Fox’s *Martyrs*. I think it is impossible to conceive an undertaking of more importance to the best interests of the Protestant cause; and that, in carrying this design into execution, you will have deserved well of your country. To vindicate Fox’s veracity, as would be done in the course of your most laudable undertaking, would be to render an essential service to the church of England. I admire much the tone of your *prospectus*, which is timely and animated. My approbation of your design is unqualified; and be

I found in Mr. Pickering—who was one of the publishers of my *Thomas à Kempis*—a bookseller, well disposed to push my work to the utmost possible limits, consistently with a consideration of prudence, and, I believe, little short of the sum of 100*l.* was absolutely expended by him in fulfilling the office of *avant courier* only. The mode of publication was announced in the following words of the Prospectus.

To render the impression of such a work (which may be truly called NATIONAL) as deserving as possible of public patronage, it is proposed to execute it in the commodious form of an Octavo—of which one volume will be published every two months. It is calculated that the entire work will not exceed TWELVE VOLUMES; each volume containing 650 pages. The text will be accompanied by short illustrative NOTES; which, as these will occasionally contain the fruit of researches among MSS. and scarce publications, will, it is presumed, render the present the most valuable impression extant. This Impression will be also at least as attractive in ILLUSTRATION as any previous edition. It will contain accurate fac-similes of the spirited Wood Cuts, either entire, or in part, as the occasion may require; which are peculiar to the Black letter Editions, and which are so unskilfully and faithlessly executed upon Copper in that of 1684. Each volume will be further embellished with at least one Portrait, upon Wood, of the principal REFORMER whose life, or works, are described in the volume published. These portraits will be taken from original paintings whenever obtainable. That the tastes of Book-collectors of every description may be gratified, it is proposed to strike off a limited number of copies upon a superior paper of a Royal Octavo form, corresponding in size with the *Bibliographical Decameron* and *Bibliographical Tour*, by the Editor of the present work;

assured that every assistance within my humble powers and influence shall be exerted. I shall be proud to be among your subscribers; and think I can answer for our Chapter also.

“Yours, in haste,

“But most truly,

“T. RENNELL.”

the ordinary copies selling for 14*s.* and the large paper for 1*l.* 8*s.* per volume*.

That the Reader may have a correct notion of the advantages proposed to distinguish the PRESENT EDITION, he is informed that the text will be carefully collated with ALL the earlier texts published during the life-time of the Author: that this Edition will contain the ENTIRE TEXT OF Fox—and that an examination of the ORIGINAL TREATISES, (many of them equally rare and valuable), incorporated in the work, will, whenever obtainable, be carefully attended to. It is further proposed to commence this Edition with the “HISTORY OF WICLIFFE,” as being more immediately interesting to English Readers; and to give all the introductory portion of Fox (which is composed in a more general and excursive manner) by way of SUPPLEMENT.

The appeal was unsuccessful. It was impossible to think of going to press without seven hundred and fifty copies bespoke. The amount of Subscribers was scarcely one *third* of that number. The names of four Bishops only (London, Durham, Salisbury, and Chester, now London) appeared in the list of Subscribers. My own personal friends were all, as before, at their posts, and the majority of them for large paper copies. But it was a palpable failure; and after many days and many nights of active research, and harassing anxiety, I consoled myself with the reflection of having *merited*, if I

* I might have added, that the *first edition* of the original work, published in 1563 (see too *Bibliomania*, p. 315-6, and *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iv. p. 82), was of excessive rarity, as well as great value. I believe that the only known perfect copies of this first edition are in the libraries of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville and T. Wilkes, Esq., M. P. The latter had belonged to the late Mr. Hurd, and was purchased at the sale of his library for 25*l.* No doubt, the greater number of copies, once fastened to desks in parish churches, had been torn away by piecemeal. A little instructive volume, purely bibliographical, might be written upon *all* the editions of Fox's *Martyrs*.

had not obtained, the reward which, from the beginning, I had been sanguine enough to anticipate. This was very natural. But whatever were the disappointments consequent upon the failure of this splendid project, they were born with evenness, yea, with the heroic coolness of a *Martyr*—compared with the endurance of that vexation and dismay which, in the *subsequent* year, overtook me from the failure of a scheme of a wholly moral, or as it may be called social, character and tendency.

The caprice of the public is not only to be *met*, but to be *endured*, by every man who makes that public a tribunal to which he appeals. There are, however, circumstances connected with our public characters, more difficult in the treatment, and more mischievous in their results. Fraud, cunning, falsehood, hypocrisy, recklessness, and when they play about us in ever-shifting Proteus-shapes, are terrible things to combat with. I had listened to “the voice of a Charmer,” in the avowed object of *parochial*, as well as Christianlike benevolence. I was circumvented by the wiles of more than *One*, to lend my countenance, as Rector, to the establishment of an HOSPITAL in one of the most populous and needful parts of my Parish. I was to appoint a Chaplain, visit the sick wards, and preach a Sermon for the benefit of the Institution. I acquiesced readily in all these plans for the alleviation, if not removal, of human suffering. A board was established. Beds were procured, and

patients began to increase. A subscription, chiefly through my instrumentality*, was set on foot, and many kind-hearted parishioners liberally contributed. But a dark and fearful cloud suddenly settled within the walls of the establishment. The prime mover of all this apparent public good, was only secretly striving to accomplish some crooked and selfish plan of his own. He was a man as destitute of resources as of principle.

Suspicion and alarm now became the order of the day. A union of some active and highly honorable men in the parish of Marylebone thought it essential to put forth a declaration by way of caution to the unwary, and of raising a warning voice to the public, describing the character of this "Prime Mover" precisely in the terms which a love of *truth* seemed to render it necessary it *should* be described. This declaration was subscribed by several substantial householders; and afterwards printed and circulated. It was owing to the manly and independent spirit of ONE Individual, in particular, that so wholesome a manifesto saw the light. As Rector of the District in which the pseudo-Hospital was established, my name was necessarily at the head of the

* Among these subscribers, my friend, Mr. Neeld (see page 785, ante), was considerate and kind-hearted enough (although not a parishioner), to give me a 10*l.* cheque. I now forget the amount of the subscription; but I do not forget the trouble, fatigue, and anxiety which I underwent to render it effective.

Subscribers. There were the names of three respectable Clergymen in addition.

With a drowning man, it is but natural to catch at straws. But in this instance, the individual who was the prime mover of all this complicated mischief and misery, thought he had something more *substantial* than straws to lay hold of; and, fortified either by the shallow or insidious advice of some professional man, he brought an action of *libel* against the whole subscribing party; fastening, in the first instance, upon my friend, above alluded to, who had called us together to put a stop to such iniquity. I was marked out as the *second* victim to the infringement of law; and damages were laid at 8000*l.* in the first case, and at 7000*l.* in the second. Of course, it was firmly as well as finally determined, by every subscriber, to bear the expenses of the lawsuit *in common*. As the law of LIBEL itself is perhaps one of the most mongrel and inexplicable features of the jurisprudence of this country, so is the process of *justification*, by proof, specially pleaded, one of the most slippery and expensive. A very long time, and consequent delay, was incurred in preparing the defence; while the plaintiff was as confident as impatient for the day of trial. Some of the first characters in the realm were subpoenaed by our adversary to give the “air imposant” to his case. Lord Tenterden sat upon the bench. The whole day was consumed in the trial. Had the plaintiff

succeeded, we had been all tumbled down like a pack of cards. Lord Abinger was leading counsel for my friend; and Lord Denman (supported by Mr. Baron Gurney) were my own counsel. The jury was a special one: but they did not deem it necessary to give the Chief Justice the trouble of summing up. From the very opening of the case to its conclusion there could be but one colouring given to the whole. The plaintiff's ground had been *always* rotten beneath his feet: and in his heart he must have anticipated the "*nonsuit*" which was recorded against him. In the court of law our victory was complete; but one has read of victories being tantamount to *defeat*. I reared my crest in the Court of King's Bench; but an expense of 1200*l.* had been incurred—and the plaintiff had not one twelve hundredth part of assets to meet it. In carrying the law into *execution* against one who had so richly merited its severest visitation, we must have incurred even an *additional* expense of 60*l.*—and of what use, of what solace, was the detention of the *person* without the prospect of one shilling of *remuneration* for the incurred expense? All this is very incomprehensible, very shocking, and very unjust. But it is the law of the land.

Now came the pinching moment of a severer trial. My highly respected friend, who had "led us gallantly into action," stood, with myself, who immediately followed in his wake, "true to our guns." It remained to be seen who of our supporters stood

also true to *theirs*. The Rev. Basil Woodd (a name never to be pronounced but with all the Christian sympathies and charities playing about one's heart) and the Rev. Dr. Fawssett, had departed this life before the day of settlement arrived. The widow of the former paid the required quota to the uttermost farthing : and that of the latter manifested an amiable and generous feeling : but "WHERE WERE THE NINE?" Those among them who have *hearts* must answer this question. All that remains to be told is, that this defence of *character* took *five hundred pounds sterling* out of *each* of the pockets of my friend and myself. These are sad incidents to narrate, and sadder yet to reflect upon. There is surely no one object, moving about in society, more horrible to mix up with, than that of a human being, *privileged*, as he may *now* suppose himself to be, to act the treble part of hypocrite, bully, and coward.

The effect of all this, upon a mind of *sterner* temperament than my own, might have been as harrowing and as distressing as, in fact, it was for a time, upon mine. It sickened me of all strange faces—and especially of those which came whisking up to the door in green carriages, with snorting horses! Oh, what a quantity of cunning, fraud, and wickedness, do these "whisking carriages," in and about London, frequently enclose! For a time, I even loathed the name of a Charitable Institution—and yet, it was precisely in this year that I received

seven applications for the use of my church in their behalf.

I revert again to literature. Of all the undertakings contemplated, at ever so respectful a distance, none appeared to me to be so large, so bold, and yet so certainly productive of a profitable and honourable issue, as that which, towards the autumn of 1829, I contemplated in reference to my beloved *Alma Mater Oxoniensis*. In short, it was nothing less than a *History of that University*, in three folio volumes. The plan of it was carefully drawn up, and printed in a folio form, with a handsome type, by my friend Mr. Nicol, the proprietor of the Shakespeare press; and I am not sure whether an expense of some fourscore or a hundred pounds was not incurred in giving it publicity. The main features of that plan have been repeated in the *Bibliophobia**. Here, I need only subjoin what is mentioned in the accompanying note†. LORD GRENVILLE, the Chan-

* See page 73 of that work.

† “ Admitting, however, the splendour and general interest of such a Work;—admitting the competent talents both of Writers and of Artists engaged in its execution,—it cannot be denied that a LARGE SUBSCRIPTION is absolutely necessary to carry it into complete effect. It is proposed, therefore, to make an appeal, not only to the UNIVERSITY IN PARTICULAR, but to the PUBLIC AT LARGE—in order to induce such a pecuniary support, as may ensure its final and satisfactory accomplishment. It is proposed to publish the Three Folio Volumes in three separate deliveries, at 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* each volume; and LARGE PAPER copies, at 12*l.* 12*s.* the Volume. The Supporters of the Work will be designated under the titles of PATRONS, and SUBSCRIBERS *for large or small paper Copies*. Every Patron to advance 100*l.* on loan—to be re-

cellor, in a morning visit which I paid him at Dropmore, had been pleased to accept of the Dedication to Himself. On the completion of my plan, or prospectus, I sent it to Him; begging his free strictures upon all its bearings. His reply is too interesting—or at least was too gratifying to my feelings—to suffer me to forego its insertion in the present place.

“*Dropmore, Oct. 10, 1827.*”

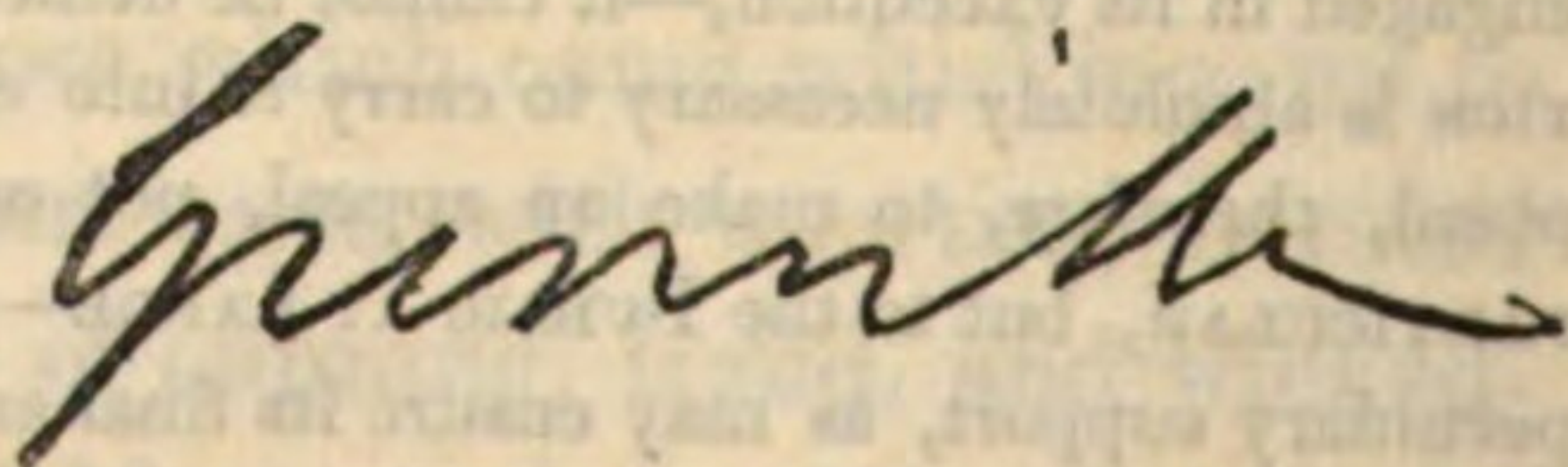
“SIR,

“I have for the last three weeks been labouring under a disorder in my eyes, which has left me little opportunity for reading, and none for writing; but I have had read to me the printed project of your work, and there really does not occur to me any suggestion at all likely to improve it. On the practicability of your plan I can form no judgment, because that must depend upon local knowledge, which I do not in any degree possess; but you are fully authorised to express, in any manner which you may think useful, my best wishes for its success. I expect Mr. Grenville here in about a fortnight, and I can undertake to say that both He and Mr. Wynne will feel as I do on the subject.

“I am, Sir,

“With great truth and regard,

“Your faithful humble servant,



funded by a large paper Copy, with Etchings on India Paper, as Duplicate Plates; and his *Arms*, as a distinctive mark of his copy, to be *illuminated*, and placed at the head of the List of Patrons and Subscribers. The balance remaining to be returned on the completion of the Third

The tenor of this letter naturally gave me great confidence; and I waited upon Sir Robert Peel, at that time the influential Member of Parliament for the University. As Sir Robert was then out of office, my motives could not be breathed upon even by the subtle breath of suspicion itself. Both Sir Robert Peel and his colleague, Mr. Estcourt, became subscribers, each for a large paper copy only. Lord Grenville was among the Patrons*. The Arch-

Volume. The Subscribers to the Large Paper to advance Seven Pounds, and to the Small Paper, Five Pounds: receiving specific acknowledgments of the money advanced. The impressions of the Plates to be delivered in the order of Subscription."

* The list of PATRONS and SUBSCRIBERS, as printed upon the last page of the folio prospectus, was precisely as follows:—

PATRONS.

LORD GRENVILLE, Chancellor.
His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.
Right Hon. the Earl Spencer, K. G.
Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.
Joseph Neeld, Esq., M. P.
W. T., Esq.
Thomas Ponton, Esq.

SUBSCRIBERS.

The Lord Bishop of London—*Large paper*.
The Lord Bishop of Durham.
The Lord Bishop of Llandaff.—See page 302, ante.
Right Hon. Earl Cawdor—*Large paper*.
Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton.
Viscount Morpeth—*Large paper*.
Viscount Clive—*Large paper*.
Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons.
The Hon. George Agar Ellis, M. P.
Robert Peel, Esq., M. P.—*Large paper*.
T. B. B. Estcourt, Esq., M. P.—*Large paper*.
The Very Reverend the Dean of Chester.
Sir Francis Freeling, Bart.—*Large paper*.

bishop of Canterbury also enlisted himself among the *Magnates* of my subscribers—in a letter, which

Miss Curren—*Large and Small Paper.*

Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen Coll.—*Large Paper.*

Rev. Dr. Burney.

Rev. Dr. Chandler, Dean of Chichester.

Rev. Dr. Hawtrey—*Large Paper.*

Rev. Dr. Longley.

Rev. Henry Drury—*Large Paper.*

Rev. David Lewis, D. D.

John Herman Merivale, Esq.

Edward Roberts, Esq.—*Large Paper.*

Philip Augustus Hanrott, Esq.—*Large Paper.*

Henry Petrie, Esq.

James Heywood Markland, Esq.

Joseph Delafield, Esq.

Thomas Amyot, Esq.

Joseph Haslewood, Esq.

There were names subsequently received, as those of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart., one of the present members of the University; the venerable Archdeacon Pott; Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne; Henry Wilson, Esq.; and last, though not least, my old friend the venerable Archdeacon Todd. On rousing the *bibliopolistic spirit* at Oxford, I received the following animated and most cheering letter from Mr. TALBOYS, which shall tell its own tale, in its own words: uniting the language of prudence with the voice of encouragement.

“DEAR SIR,

“I duly received your packet last night, and have sent the parcels out for delivery this morning. The work you are about to undertake, will, I hope, recommend itself, when made known, and your name appears with the proposals. I shall be very proud of being employed in it in any way that will serve you; and trust you will excuse my advising that you should well consider, calculate, and arrange how it may best turn to your own advantage, as well as the pleasure of the public. You will, I am sure, forgive my presumption, perhaps impertinence, in this particular; as you will perceive it cannot be founded on *self-interest*. The enterprise will cost you immense labour and anxiety. It will, indeed, be a NOBLE WORK if you are sufficiently encouraged to exert yourself. It gives me great pleasure to find you have already met with some spirited individuals. God forbid I should dishearten you; but I

was most gratifying to my feelings, and most stimulant of renewed exertions. “Your projected *History of the University of Oxford* (said he, in a letter from his archiepiscopal residence at Addington, near Croydon, dated Aug. 27, 1829) comes recommended by the interesting nature of the subject, and by the assurance that, under your superintendence, the execution of the work will not fall short of the splendour promised in the prospectus. I request, therefore, that my name may be set down in the list of PATRONS, and I shall be ready to pay my subscription as soon as the scheme is sufficiently matured to require it.” These were cheering words; dictated by a thoroughly kind and liberal spirit.

That the reader—in fact, that posterity—may know something about the “promised splendour” of

am afraid Mr. Skelton was liberally patronised; but then he drew the money by degrees, and did much by application to individuals. For the world in general it is, at this moment, so far as I know it, in a state of morbid insensibility upon all such matters. Your work, however, is of so magnificent a nature; so much wanted; and has so many points to recommend it, that I hope it will at least rouse our *great folks* to a ready and vigorous patronage, from their usual apathy. Indeed, upon the whole, I think you cannot fail for want of encouragement.

“What little I can do, you may command. Perhaps I may sell a copy or two for you abroad. Wishing you the most complete success in your glorious enterprise—the very projection of which must add to your present fame—I beg you to believe me,

“Dear Sir,

“Very respectfully and sincerely,

“Your most obedient servant,

“Oxford, 6th Oct. 1829.

D. A. TALBOYS.”

“P. S. I have not seen yet the new edition of your *Tour*. I am only just returned from a five weeks residence at Paris.”

this work, I subjoin a mere sketchy outline of what was intended, in the way of ART, to enrich it; and to give it an interest which might be as acceptable *without*, as *within*, the walls of the University.

	COST.
Twelve large Architectural or Landscape Plates, at 200 <i>l.</i> each plate	2400
Twelve similar plates, less elaborate, at 150 <i>l.</i> each plate	1800
Twelve Portraits of a large size, at 60 <i>l.</i> each por- trait	720
Six Portraits of smaller dimensions, at 45 <i>l.</i> each plate	270
Sixty highly finished copperplate vignettes, at 30 <i>l.</i> each vignette	900
Twenty-four Wood Cuts at 10 <i>l.</i> per cut.	240
Forming an expenditure in the way of En- graving, of	£6330

Most assuredly, a glance upon such a GRAPHIC *program* will convince the reader that I was resolved upon making the materials worthy of the structure—as far as ocular gratification might be considered. But I was not less ambitious of rendering the *intrinsic worth* at least equal to its extrinsic attraction. I had apportioned, in the funds to be derivable from a successful sale, no inconsiderable sum for the remuneration of talented writers and zealous colleagues. Mr. SOUTHEY was immediately in “my mind’s eye”—to furnish me with *Biography**. Mr. D’ISRAELI,

* In the same letter in which he had given me his sentiments about JOHN FOX (see page 840, ante), he thus spoke of my projected History of the University.

with a warm-hearted promptitude which has ever distinguished his conduct towards me, volunteered his literary services, if needful: and I knew that every arrow drawn from his well-furnished quiver went direct to the bull's eye of the target*. I calculated, also, upon very essential services from my old friend Dr. BLISS, the Registrar of the University, in all archæological matters; and was well persuaded that Dr. BANDINEL, at the head of the *Corps Bibliographique* of the Bodleian Library, would not allow my pages to be barren or uninformative in all matters

“ Keswick, 3d Sept. 1829.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I am glad to see your Prospectus, and wish you as much success as you could wish yourself in the undertaking. Hint or advice I have none to offer; because you must have digested your plan, and at present I see only the difficulties of arrangement, &c., which appear at first sight. With regard to assisting you, the *Biography* is the only part in which I would do this, and for which I have rather inclination than time. Moreover, in such things I like to have always ‘ ample room and verge enough;’ and your *Lives*, I think, cannot well be upon an extended scale, &c.

“ My dear Sir,

“ Your very truly

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

* “ If any literary aid which I might be able to impart (says Mr. D’Israeli) should be useful, I have no doubt that I can always find leisure, and I am sure willingness, to offer it to you.” Speaking of the project itself—in the paragraph immediately preceding—my friend breaks forth in his usual ardour and felicity of diction. “ You have formed a MAGNIFICENT PROSPECTUS. May you find the ‘fifty Giants’ [Patrons]. Are there ‘Giants in the land?’ I hope so:—and then I will prognosticate that you will produce a work unequalled, &c. I wish you ‘a merry Christmas,’ in full anticipation of your ‘Army’ of Artists warming themselves by your yule-block. Bradenham House, West Wycombe, 14th Oct. 1829.”

touching the inexhaustible treasures of which he is the Conservator : while my learned and ever cordial friend from the north, the Rector of Settrington, “blew a merry blast” announcing his troopers to be at my disposal*. I could also calculate with complete confidence on the learned Conclave at the BRITISH MUSEUM “being, to a man, my friend.”

Meanwhile, among many of my Subscribers, the most anxious solicitude and warm-hearted “cheerings,” prevailed. I preserved a *pet drawer* in which I deposited their communications ; and of which a few may be acceptable even to the most fastidious†.

* “Most readily (says ARCHDEACON TODD) will I be a subscriber to your work, upon small paper, and will watch opportunities to recommend it hereabouts ; though, when you think on the *Wolds*, and that there is now *no Sir Mark Sykes* at hand, you will admit that there is but little chance. As to my affording you literary assistance at such a distance, it must be, I fear, a mere dream. Certainly, I have some curious tracts relating to Oxford, which I will some day look out, and not fail to give you an account of them, that they may be at your service, if requisite. As I shall see you, I earnestly hope, so soon, there is no occasion for other observations on your subject now by letter, except that I wish you a host of subscribers, health for your employment, and happiness as the result.”

† The venerable and learned PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE shall lead the way. “Dear Dr. Dibdin, I am ready to subscribe to your intended work in any form you please ; and could have wished to have been one of its distinguished Patrons ; but, from recent events, that is not now practicable. I hope you enjoy your health ; and am, my dear sir, with great esteem, your faithful servant, M. J. Routh.”

My ever warm and steady friend Lady C—, from whose *well-pointed* pen the reader has before (p. 693) had no indifferent specimen, was pleased to “hark forward” the cause in hand—in a letter of the date of Nov. 12, 1829. “I wish I were an Oxonian of large dimensions and capacious purse :—*mais hélas !* I can only *wish* the project success—and *that* I do most heartily. I shall be glad to find, not only for *your* sake,

At the time, they were “present helps ;” urging me to think and to do much in the cause of my Academic Parent. Mr. Thorpe’s catalogues—which contain *everything* in manuscript and in print—were greedily seized and as greedily devoured. “I laid on, right and left.” Contemporaneous pamphlets, relating to the University, from the time of James I. downwards, were my especial food for the small-talk of history of that period. The whip-syllabubs

but for that of the country, that there are Patrons for such national works. It appears to me that there is just now a dearth of spirit in the land: and that we are sinking into a dull beef and pudding people. John Bull requires the spur to rouse him.”

I will continue the strain from the softer sex. Miss CURREN, who ennobles a fine library not less by her taste and spirit in collecting, than by her liberality in patronising works of art and literature, wrote thus to me, from Eshton Hall, her ancestral abode. “I shall have great pleasure in taking *two* copies of your projected work, one large and one small paper; and I think it will be a most interesting publication. Sincerely hoping it will be attended with increase of fame and of something more *substantial*, believe me, my Dear Sir, to be ever yours sincerely.”

My friend Mr. MARKLAND shall be no ignoble whipper-in upon this gratulatory thesis. “I have read your Prospectus (says he, in a note of Aug. 28, 1829) with much attention, and admire your unconquerable industry. After giving to the public more *octavos* and *quartos* than almost any man of your day, you now venture upon three volumes in folio!! As you have not always consulted your own interest in your publications, I hope that you will exercise caution before you make the first plunge. I offer this suggestion from a true friendly feeling, and particularly from your *manuscript note* as to the large sum to be given to your COADJUTORS. If *one thousand pounds* be paid to them, can you hope to reap yourself the benefit that you *ought* to derive from so *Herculean a labour*? If you enter into engagements with others to such an extent (unless, indeed, your subscription list is *most amply* filled), you may be left without a sixpence; although the origin of the undertaking, and the chief part of the labour, are yours. Believe me yours, always faithfully, J. H. M.”

of poetasters seemed to furnish no uncomely side-dishes for the more substantial sirloins of Annalists and Historians. I had a peg for every anecdote to hang upon. The pulpit of St. Mary's and the rostrum of the Theatre would have been in a glow with biographical details of those, the more worthy of record, who had filled them since Anthony à Wood had been gathered to his fathers...and here, again, the active and successful researches of my friend Dr. Bliss would have been of incalculable advantage to me. But, as before intimated, I would receive assistance from no quarter without a *valuable consideration* being given. TIME is the *estate* of literary men; and you have no right to the smallest slice of that estate without an adequate compensation*.

But...“here my story ends.” The project was eminently UNSUCCESSFUL. Not one public library expressed a wish to have a copy of the work. Not one College, as a body, gave me its support. Not one twentieth part of a sum which has been sometimes devoted to banqueting and carousal in causes certainly not *more* intellectual, was tendered to smooth the arduous road in which it was too evident I must move. It is true, that, because an author is sanguine, he has no right to calculate upon success; but the character of my preceding works, for elabo-

* See the contents of Mr. Markland's letter, at the conclusion of the preceding note.

ration and costliness, was at least an earnest of the spirit and integrity with which the present would have been conducted and concluded. Had the support been general and liberal, the third and last volume of this magnificent work would by this time have SEEN THE DAY. “*O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemque fortunam!*” &c. Cicero must tell the rest—in his *De Claris Oratoribus. lib. iii.*

I hasten to touch a more genial theme. The conclusion of the year 1829 may be said with me to have set in a heavy cloud. But I was not to be easily daunted; and while quietly and dispassionately examining all that had past, and all that might be to come, I yet looked forward to a more favourable issue in the next literary undertaking that might present itself:—acting in a measure upon the memorable dictum of Lucan, in a verse perhaps as frequently quoted, or rather perhaps misquoted, as any other of our ancient classics.

“*Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum**.”

An opportunity, or rather perhaps accident, furnished the means of carrying my next literary undertaking, THE SUNDAY LIBRARY, into complete and

* I remember the late Mr. Heber mentioning that, in a conversation with Porson, he repeated to him the verse of Lucan (*Phars. ii. 657*), as it is usually quoted, thus:

“*Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum,*”

and asked him “if all was *right*?” Porson replied in the *affirmative*: upon which Mr. Heber repeated the verse as it stands in the text, and as it stands in *Lucan* too. Porson said “it had escaped him.”

successful effect. It was on a rainy *Sunday Morning*, when, from indisposition, I was incapable of attending my duty at St. Mary's, that, casting about to suit my reading to the *day*, it seemed as if it would be a *refreshing* thing to hold, in one portable volume, a collection of Discourses, by eminent Churchmen, upon great vital points of doctrine and of practice. An ailing man is necessarily an inactive man...in his chamber of sickness. The very effort of rising to take down one volume after another, and to search in vain for the subjects on which you are at the time desirous of meditating, is necessarily adding to the *gravamen* of illness—whatever it may be. The heavens are dark; the wind is loud; and the rain is pattering upon the skylight of the study; and you wish as much as possible to be insensible of all *without*, from the intense interest excited in that which is *within*, your retirement.

I wished for a *moveable* SUNDAY LIBRARY; and I possessed it not. Hence arose the work published under that express title or denomination. The plan was hardly conceived ere it was begun to be carried into execution. But there were obviously weighty points which presented themselves to my anxious consideration; as I knew the whole would depend upon the *judgment displayed in the selection*. But fortunately I had not to hesitate about the character or bearing of my own principles, or my own practice, in a matter of this moment. Those had been *settled* from my earliest entrance into my profession, and

my printed Sermons were at least proof that I had not to publish my *Orthodox Creed* for the first time. My main object was, in imitation (however immeasurably distant!) of THE GREAT EXEMPLAR...to "*do good.*" Publish what I might, I knew there would be discrepancies of opinion upon many points at issue: but I was resolved at all events that the *positive* good should be uppermost, and the *doubtful* results (though never contemplated as such) be thrown into comparative shade.

I was necessarily desirous to feel, at starting, one particular pulse which had always beaten kindly towards me. It seemed almost natural to request the opinion or advice of THE PRIMATE, as to the probable result, supposing the materials of the work to be sound and valuable. I was gratified to receive a reply, from that highly respected and competent quarter, that "the plan of my Sunday Library was approved. With due care in selection, such a publication would probably be extensively circulated, and would of course be very useful." The work was dedicated to his Grace by a sort of stolen march*. I could hardly anticipate an unfavourable

* As this Dedication is short, it may bear a repetition. Prefixed to it is a small wood-out of the new archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth, of which Mr. Blore is the distinguished architect. "My Lord; I have ventured, without the permission of YOUR GRACE, to dedicate this work to yourself. Such a dedication would imply a pledge that the doctrines which it imparts are worthy of the best principles of our Church, and illustrative of the most vital principles of our religion. The established reputation of those Authors from whose works the present selection is

reception, but it seemed as if I had no right to ask expressly for a special permission. The six volumes, of which the work is composed, appeared about once in two months, and by the middle of the year 1832, not fewer than THREE THOUSAND COPIES of PERFECT SETS were sold. It is only an act of common justice to my Publishers, Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co., to add, that their exertions were unremitting, and upon the largest possible scale. The very process of *Stereotyping* it proved, from the beginning, that they thought *well* of the plan; but let no over-sanguine Author ever imagine that success, even on this scale, is to be obtained without large risks, and heavy expenses*. At this present day it is equally my triumph and (may I say justifiable?) pride to inform the christian reader, that *four thousand two hundred and fifty sets* of the COMPLETE WORK have left the warehouse of the Publishers for ever. Here was a

made, can scarcely fail to assure the unprejudiced reader that such will be the probable issue. Under this impression, which induces a well grounded hope of obtaining Your Grace's sanction, I hasten to subscribe myself, with much truth, Your Grace's obedient," &c.

* Within eighteen months not less than 400*l.* was expended in *Advertisements*; and upwards of 200 copies of the work were gratuitously distributed to the Proprietors and Editors of Newspapers and Critical Journals. All this is "*selon les règles.*" To give notoriety to the *fact of publication*, throughout this ever-agitated empire, is no trifling effort; and is attended by no mean expense. The giving publicity to the meditated History of the University of Oxford was nearer 100*l.* than four-score pounds out of my pocket. The same expenditure was incurred by Mr. Pickering in the promulgation of the meditated new edition of *Fox's Book of Martyrs.*

union of *literary* with *professional* avocations, which completely justified the prediction of the Archbishop*.

But let it not be supposed that everything was smooth and encouraging from the moment of conceiving, and during the progress of the execution of the plan. A work of considerable interest, and promising popularity, of an exclusively theological tendency†—supported, too, by talents of the first distinction—was set on foot about the same time; and on consulting the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) about the probable result of my *own*, that Prelate replied, that “he was very doubtful as to the success of my plan, which would to a certain extent interfere with one of a more comprehensive kind, which was then set on foot.” The Bishop, however, readily conceded to my request to allow me to print four sermons of his own‡, with the permission of the Publishers—which was readily granted. I also consulted a common friend of the Bishop’s and myself, the Rev. A. M. Campbell, Vicar of Paddington, and well qualified from his position in the great clerical synod in Lincoln’s-Inn Fields, to give me safe advice about the probable issue of my undertaking. He replied he “should

* See page 807, ante.

† The *Theological Library*. I ought to add, that the *full* title of my own work is, “The SUNDAY LIBRARY, or the PROTESTANT’S MANUAL FOR THE SABBATH DAY.

‡ These Sermons are in the first and sixth volumes.

be very glad to hear that the undertaking succeeded, but he need not tell me that competitors were numerous and powerful*.” Now, putting these two somewhat discouraging opinions into the same scale, it might *primâ facie* appear that my own opinion, in the other scale, would “kick the beam.”

No such thing. I set my machinery to work with redoubled ardour and activity. It was my fixed object, as it was my unremitting effort, that every wheel in the same piece of machinery should have its distinct movement without attrition in itself, and without obstruction to what might come in contact with it. My plan was peculiar: to give Sermons of a certain period, not much exceeding half a century—and among those of the DEAD, to incorporate a great number of the LIVING. From the *latter* I obtained every facility†—a readiness, a

* My friend alluded to the same work as the Bishop of London. The result has proved that the vast arena of the moral world is wide enough for the successful operation of all similar wholesome correctives of the “unruly wills of sinful men.”

† I cannot, of course, particularise every kind and complying expression of my numerous and distinguished Correspondents upon this important subject: but I may venture upon a few. From DR. LAWRENCE, *Archbishop of Cashel*, I “was perfectly at liberty to print the sermons alluded to, whenever, and in whatever manner, I pleased. He heartily wished me success in the publication.” It may be no small gratification for the Author of the incomparable Sermon alluded to (*On Predestination*, vol. iv. p. 309), that, to *my knowledge*, it has, in more than *one* instance, contributed to an absolute conversion from the dark and distressing doctrines of Calvinism. But a love of justice impels me to add, that DR. PARR’s Sermon on the *Wedding Feast*, (vol. iii., p. 209), helped to the conversion. From the venerable ARCHDEACON POTT (that able and well-read Septuagenarian in all the niceties of the

frankness, and a cordial co-operation, which set my heart at rest—and assured me that the fault would be my own if success did not ensue. Had my plan been different—had I not resolutely adhered

controversies of the period of the Reformation—and whose intimacy with Tindal, Frith, Barnes, Coverdale, Erasmus, More, and Luther, is almost provocative of enviable feelings—I received the assurance of his being “glad that I had undertaken so seasonable a work; and he should be happy to render any aid towards its circulation. It would be as well, he conceived, to select a good sermon upon the *Lord's Day* in the front of the work, as there had been some very injudicious cavils lately broached upon the subject.” The Archdeacon was right: and I refer to what appears upon this important subject, in vol. i. p. 207. From the Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Shuttleworth, Mr. Milman, Mr. Le Bas, and Mr. Benson, I obtained the most cordial co-operation.

But I desire to introduce a name in this place of comparatively humble pretensions . . . and yet not unworthy of the especial notice of the Christian reader. In this instance, my bosom discharges itself of a debt of gratitude due to THE DEPARTED. The first name is that of my more immediate neighbour and clerical Brother, the late BASIL WOODD, (see page 848, ante): a man, made up of all the kindlier elements of an unsophisticated Christianity: gentle; generous; unsuspecting; good. On communicating to him the plan of the “Sunday Library,” he answered thus:

“MY DEAR SIR,

“On the subject of your proposed publication, may I take the liberty of observing, that a general system of *Christian Doctrinal Practice* is, I conceive, a desideratum. I recollect none at present, but 3 vols. 8vo., by the late Mr. Robinson of Leicester; but these would be too long as sermons. There are three volumes of the same nature by Dr. Burrows, Secretary of the Christian Knowledge Society, highly creditable to his labours and information, but not calculated for Sunday evening reading; they would be thought too dry and systematic. Could the proposed be so arranged as to form a regular system of Divinity, with large quotations illustrative of the Liturgy and Homilies, I think they might form a standard library worthy the support of clergy and laity.

“I remain, my dear Sir,

“Your very faithful and obedient,

“BASIL WOODD.”

to it—had I yielded to conflicting opinions, which, on the one side urged me to the older divines, and on the other suggested topics, or points of doctrine, altogether at variance with my own fixed views, the public, I am persuaded, would have gained little; while the Editor, with his Publishers, would have reaped less than little. Had I, perhaps, followed the unfettered exercise of my own judgment, I had dipped largely into that school of Divinity which immediately succeeded the Reformation; and of which the pages of the *Library Companion** exhibit such instructive specimens. I am willing to think, on a dispassionate retrospection, that I have chosen the happy medium; as a sale of such extent cannot be a *forced* one. And I desire, humbly and unfeignedly, to be thankful to the Great Disposer of all events for the GOOD which I feel persuaded has ensued, and is long likely to ensue, from the circulation of the SUNDAY LIBRARY†. As far as this vital object be considered, I have not been an idle

* From page 72 to 89 inclusively: second edition.

† The names of the several DIVINES, together with the subjects taken from their works, of which the Sunday Library is composed, may be thus arranged:—

ALISON, ARCHIBALD.

On Winter, as the Season of Religious Thought.

———— as the Season of Social Amusement.

On the Lord's Prayer.

BENSON, CHRISTOPHER.

God tempting Abraham, and Abraham's obedience and faith in offering Isaac, considered.

or inefficient labourer in the vineyard of a MASTER, whose reward is not confined to a mere sublunary state of existence.

The existence of difficulties in the Scripture not incompatible with their object as a religiously instructive work.

BLAIR, HUGH.

On Tranquillity of Mind.

On a life of Dissipation and Pleasure.

BLOMFIELD, BISHOP.

Christian Improvement.

Christian Purity.

On Prayer.

Choice of a Religion.

CHALMERS, THOMAS.

The Necessity of a Mediator between God and Man.

Emptiness of Natural Virtue.

On Winter, as the Season of Social Amusement.

CHANDLER, DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

The Influence of Christianity upon Society.

D'OYLY, GEORGE, D. D.

On the Assurance of Salvation.

Alliance of Religion and Learning.

The Intermediate State. (See, too, page 871, post).

GILPIN, JOSHUA.

The poor in Spirit.

The rejoicing of Hannah.

GRAY, BISHOP.

On the Influence of Christianity.

HAGGITT, GEORGE, D. D.

On the Catechism.

HALL, ROBERT.

Modern Infidelity considered.

HEBER, BISHOP.

The Atonement.

Time and Eternity.

Duties of the Ministry.

HEWLETT, JOHN.

The Duty of studying the Holy Scriptures with patience.

Patience, Comfort, and Hope to be derived from the Scriptures.

But I had more—I had some *earthly* rewards worth the mention—setting aside the little property that

HOBART, BISHOP.

Mistakes concerning Repentance.

Delay of Repentance.

HORNE, BISHOP.

On the Redemption of Time.

Life, a Journey.

HORSLEY, BISHOP.

The Syrophœnician Woman.

Anniversary Sermon of the Sons of the Clergy.

Observance of the Sabbath.

HUNTINGFORD, BISHOP.

The Necessity of Vigilance and Prayer.

False Philosophy considered.

On the Preaching of our Lord.

IRVINE, ANDREW.

The Millenium.

Personality and Office of the Holy Spirit.

JONES, WILLIAM.

Sufferings necessary to Perfection.

Decency and Order in Divine Worship.

LAURENCE, ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

The Doctrine of Predestination.

LE BAS, C. WEBB.

The Fear of God.

The Love of God.

The Labourers in the Vineyard.

MALTBY, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

On good Works.

The Grace of God.

Divinity of Christ.

MANT, BISHOP.

Necessity and Benefits of the Lord's Supper.

Pride contrasted with Humility.

On Spiritual Pride.

MILMAN, HENRY HART.

Characters of the Apostles.

MOREHEAD, ROBERT.

On Religious Retirement.

might be vested in the publication—which were of peculiar consolation to me. My Noble Patron, the

On Religious Meditation.

On the Good Name of the Dead.

On Natural Religion.

On Revealed Religion.

NARES, ARCHDEACON.

The Power of Faith.

Love, the Principle of True Religion.

NEWTON, BISHOP.

God and the King.

The good Samaritan.

PALEY, WILLIAM.

Taste for Devotion.

Seriousness in Religion.

PARR, SAMUEL, D. D.

The Parable of the Marriage Feast.

Faith and Morality.

POTT, ARCHDEACON.

On Brotherly Reconciliation.

The Fruits of the Spirit.

On the Nativity.

Christ considered as a Saviour.

PORTEUS, BISHOP.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

Parable of the Sower.

Day of Judgment.

RENNELL, THOMAS.

Take heed how ye hear.

Rejoice in the Lord always.

SECKER, ARCHBISHOP.

On a General Fast.

Thanksgiving for Peace.

SHUTTLEWORTH, PHILIP NICHOLAS.

Reasonableness and Efficacy of Prayer.

Woe unto them that call Evil Good, and Good Evil.

Christ's yoke easy, and burden light.

SMITH, SYDNEY.

On Repentance.

On the Government of the Heart.

late Earl Spencer, took a lively interest, as well as expressed a warm commendation, during the whole progress of the work. On receiving the first volume of it, his Lordship expressed his entire approbation; and hoped it would continue to contain as good selections—adding, that “he should not fail to distribute it among those of his neighbours of the middle classes, who might be likely to derive benefit from, as well as take interest in, it.” He bespoke twenty copies of every volume, with this precise object—distributing them among his minor tenantry and dependents. On receiving the fourth volume, he observed in a note, “Your selection in this volume contains some very beautiful specimens of pulpit oratory, especially Bishop Huntingford’s*,”

On the Love of our Country.

On Scepticism.

SPRY, JOHN HUME.

Final Prevalence of Christian Unity.

SUMNER, BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Christian Charity.

Christian Faith and Christian Practice.

The Christian’s dependence upon his Redeemer.

TOWNSON, GEORGE.

Evangelical Obedience.

Love God and keep his Commandments.

VAN MILDERT, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Human Inability to frame a Religion.

Natural or Moral Philosophy insufficient Teachers of Religion.

WHITE, PROFESSOR.

Christ and Mahomet compared.

Miracles and Prophecies confirmative of Christ’s Divinity.

* There were few instances or occurrences connected with the publication of my work, which gave me such entire satisfaction as one connected with the publication of the fourth volume; and with that of the BISHOP of HUNTINGFORD’S Sermons, at the head of it, in particular.

both Bishop Blomfield's, the two first of Maltby's, and all three of Morehead's."

On the receipt of the sixth, or last volume, there was *one* sermon, that "*On the Intermediate State*," by Dr. D'Oyly (and it is a sermon of not less beauty than importance), which, as his Lordship had not long then become a Widower, had probably some additional cause of excitement upon his attention. "Dr. D'Oyly's sermon (observed his Lordship, in a letter to me of Dec. 1, 1831), attracts much of my attention from its peculiar subject—a most dif-

The name of this (late) learned prelate has been slightly mentioned at page 168, ante. His portrait, from Lawrence, is at the beginning of the 4th vol.; and a preface, in the shape of a slight memoir appertaining to the Bishop, precedes the sermons in question. On the appearance of the volume, I received the following letter from its octogenarian author:

"DEAR SIR,

Hereford, Aug. 30, 1831.

"That such a work as the 'SUNDAY LIBRARY' had been published, I did not know till the middle of July last. A gentleman left for me the fourth volume as a present, and be assured a most acceptable one. If *you* were that gentleman [which I was not], I should indeed have been happy to have seen one so intimate with my ever dear friend Mr. King.

"I should be insensible if I did not feel, and disingenuous if I did not acknowledge myself gratified by the very kind terms in which you are pleased to speak of the author, whose two sermons stand first in the fourth volume—

'Quæ tibi, quæ tali, reddam pro munere dona?'

The best I can—my sincere thanks.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your respectful and obliged servant,

G. J. Harcford.

ficult one to handle. The reflections to which its perusal gives rise, whether he be right or wrong in his conclusions, are of a deeply interesting nature ; but it is a subject of tremendous difficulty." From various quarters—and very many unknown—I received not only congratulations for the past, but encouragement for the future ; and, under that impression, propounded, on the issuing of the sixth and last volume, at the end of the preface, a *Continuation* of the Work under the title of "CHRISTIAN CLASSICS*"—of which the original idea, or

* This work was announced in a circular, of which the following is a copy:—

"Christian Classics ; being a collection of approved and popular treatises on *the Truths and Doctrines of Christianity* ; with notes and illustrations.—ADDRESS: The success of the SUNDAY LIBRARY, to which this work may be considered as a *Companion*, has induced the Editor again to come forward, in a shape not less acceptable, he trusts, to the kindly feelings and good taste of a Christian Community. If there be *one* object more than another, which he has at heart, in the preparation of the materials of these 'Classics,' it is, that they may be instrumental to the direction and consolidation of those *Principles*, upon which the present and future happiness of human beings may be said to depend:—as an antidote to the poison of infidelity on the one hand, and to the misery of fanaticism on the other. And if there be one Class of Individuals more likely to be benefited than another by such a Publication, it is The Young—on commencing their career in life—whether at our Universities, or on being placed out in the world. If there be such attraction in the word '*Classics*,' as applied to the cultivation of taste from a knowledge of *Heathen* Writers, let some of the ablest treatises in our language (of which the titles are here announced) have their due influence upon the understandings of Young Men, when they are adorned by the purity of a *classical style*, and directed to the noblest of earthly objects.

"CONTENTS.—*Grotius*: on the Truth of the Christian Religion. English version, with notes from Le Clerc and others.—*Locke*: on the

plan, was to appropriate the first volume of it to a *Life of Christ*. My publishers however did not encourage the project; but yet I must be permitted to think that, according to the plan below, the *Christian Classics* ought not to want a general and a liberal patronage. Upon no one undertaking have I received more uniform encouragement to proceed, from eminently learned and competent critics, than upon *this*. But unless I could get it taken up by all the *leading public schools**, I am not desirous of making the experiment. Meanwhile, as my principal motive is the good of my fellow creatures, and the spread of Christianity all over the globe, it will be seen that I make no mystery or secret of the plan. Let a more adventurous Editor take it up, and strike off two thousand five hundred copies

Reasonableness of Christianity.—*Addison*: the Truth of the Christian Religion.—*Steele, Sir Richard*: the Christian Hero.—*Soame Jenyns*: on the Internal Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion.—*Porteus*: on the Evidences of Christianity.—*Warburton, Bishop*: on Irresistible Grace.—*Douglas, Bishop*: the Criterion.—*Michaelis*: on the Authenticity and Inspiration of the New Testament†, with Bishop Marsh's notes.—*Paley's Horæ Paulinæ*: or Verification of some Remarkable Particulars in the Life of St. Paul, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.—*Lord Lyttelton*: on the Conversion of St. Paul.—*Chandler*: Plain Reasons for being a Christian.—*West*: on the Resurrection.—*Bishop Watson's* Apology for the Bible."

* My truly learned, as well as most amiable and generous friend, Mr. ARCHDEACON BUTLER, gave me every encouragement to proceed; and said he would "introduce it in his school;" a compliment, than which I desired nothing more encouraging.

† See page 162, ante.

at once. Fewer ought not to be thought of...to make the matter *tanti**.

It ought to be mentioned that the year 1830 saw two productions from my pen, of which one was exclusively professional—but printed only for private distribution, at the request of several auditors of the original composition. It was a *Sermon preached in the Church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, on the Visitation of the Venerable George Owen Cambridge, M.A., Archdeacon of Middlesex*. Text—“I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.” 11 Tim. iv. 7. The other publication, here alluded to, cannot be considered as unprofessional, since it was a letter written to the *Editor of the Times*, in defence of his attack upon the Diocesan (Dr. Blomfield) on his strictures on the present neglect of the Lord's Day. It was signed BY CHRISTIANUS: motto—“Let not injudicious admiration mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow.”—Johnson. This little pamphlet of some forty pages was written in the spirit of a downright honest and fearless feeling;

* An anonymous correspondent, signing himself, “A PROTESTANT,” suggested to me, in a letter from Bath, dated May 12, 1835, a continuation of my “Sunday Library,” by a selection of Sermons on the *Feasts and Fasts of the Church*, as likely to be of great advantage to the public. His letter is at once flattering and grateful to me... but... it should seem, that the tide is ebbing, and a spring tide is yet far off. It was the wisest thing done in the management of the “SUNDAY LIBRARY,” to *stop*—where I *did* stop; although I wanted not strong exhortations to *double* the number of volumes.

not in uniform commendation of the Bishop's "strictures," nor certainly in anything approaching the strain of panegyric of his Opponent's attacks. I look back upon this cordial impromptu with that satisfaction which every right-minded man should feel on having performed his duty, in his own conscience, with justice to both parties.

I hasten to colophonise.—In the very beginning of the year of the appearance of the first volume of the "Sunday Library," 1831, EARL GREY became Prime Minister of England, at the head of a Whig Cabinet, and a Whig Government. Abroad, the French Revolution, which placed *Louis Phillipe* upon the throne of France, in the same year, was one of the most extraordinary upon record. A population of many millions diverted the ordinary course of monarchical succession without the accompanying horrors of revolutionary bloodshed. The soldiers and subjects scarcely ever intermixed bayonets; and although the "memorable three days" were not unattended with slaughter, yet, considering what was in contemplation and execution, the marvel is that political excitement was not followed up by a more lengthened and wide-spreading mischief. When one thinks of the quantity of noble and virtuous blood shed in our own country, during the civil wars of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, we may, as Christians, indulge in equal wonder and consolation that the French Revolution of 1831 bore so slight a resemblance to

that of the forty years preceding—when the Guillotine knew no rest, and the soil of France was saturated with human blood.

At home—in our own country—at the moment of the Premier's taking the helm, there were strong symptoms of a perturbed and perverted feeling among great masses of the middling and lower orders of society. With the latter, the evidences of *Incendiarism* were as general as appalling; and men seemed not only to act recklessly, but to let their "thinkings aloud" be preludes to such acts. A "*Public Form of Prayer*" was ordered "on account of the troubled state of certain parts of the United Kingdom." At this crisis, it struck me that I had a public duty to perform; and I did it according to my notions, and to the best of my ability. I wrote ("*calamo currentissimo*," as may be too evident!) a little pamphlet, entitled, "*A Word of Caution and Comfort to the middle and lower Classes of Society, being a Pastor's Advice to his Flock in a time of Trouble**." No name was affixed; but mine was neither concealed nor disavowed as that of the author of the tract—which was sold at the trifling sum of sixpence. I believe the sale was

* The following, from the form of prayer abovementioned, was prefixed as a title:—"Restore, O Lord, to thy people the quiet enjoyment of the many and great blessings which we have received from thy bounty: defeat and frustrate the malice of wicked and turbulent men, and turn their hearts: have pity, O Lord, on the simple and ignorant who have been led astray, and recal them to a sense of their duty."

pretty general; and to have cleared my expenses, only, was something beyond a negative consolation.

I desire respectfully, and dispassionately, to call the reader's attention for a few minutes to one or two circumstances connected with this little pamphlet; and I shall first beg to put him in possession of an extract or two from it, so as to furnish him with some materials for the exercise of his own judgment. It begins thus:

“*My Christian Brethren,*

“In every point of view, I ought to address you by such a designation. But I address you in a ‘time of trouble’—and especially of ‘peril among FALSE BRETHREN.’ I will call it, if you please, *political* peril; for *physical* and *moral* perils are the ordinary lot of humanity. The first wish of my heart and bent of my understanding incline to giving you a word of CAUTION. Attend to this caution; and you will see how COMFORT springs out of it. Do not mistrust my motives; nor doubt the efficacy of the advice which you are about to receive. Follow it honestly and manfully; and it will lead you, in the end, into the ‘paths of peace.’

“It cannot be denied that the present is a moment of more than usual anxiety and agitation—among ‘all sorts and conditions of men.’ Some of these anxieties may probably have no foundation: but many are grounded upon indisputable matter of fact. Even the stillness of night, and the hours commonly allotted to repose, have been invaded by a thoroughly mischievous spirit of destruction: a spirit, as indefinite in its object, as it is diabolical in its means of carrying it into execution. The labours of the husbandman have been rendered fruitless; and, sometimes, the hand which helped to bind the sheaf hath been instrumental to its wanton destruction. The nutrition of thou-

sands has been scattered to the winds: and human beings with the prospect of *winter*, and a state of *starvation* before them, seem to have taken pains to shew how indifferent they could be to the one, and how regardless of the other. In these instances, both God and man are set at defiance," &c. &c.

After a brief sketch of many of the disturbances abroad, and in the Low Countries, I bring the reader to a *Home View*, and speak of the *Government* then existing, as I have been, and always shall be, conscientiously disposed both to think and to speak. It is the utterance of sentiments upon broad *public* principles. Whatever might have been my *individual* respect for some of the then Members of the Cabinet, that had no influence either on my principles or professions. I had *no obligations* to acknowledge. I have had none since; but here I must be supposed deliberately to *repeat* what I have before advanced.

"Look now AT HOME, and bless God as you look, upon the state of things which, comparatively, there meets your eyes. You have a King—beloved, as he ought to be beloved: a King, who, in almost every sentiment which he utters, and every action which he betrays, proves himself, not only to be thoroughly English, but thoroughly humane; who incorporates and identifies himself as it were with the wants and wishes of his subjects: who expects homage only because it is impossible to be withheld—grafted as it is upon the stock of respect and esteem. It was said of Henry IV. of France, that he was their 'good King,' because he wished for nothing better than that every one of his sub-

jects should have a ‘chicken boiling in his pot.’ It may be truly said of William IV., that he desires nothing better than that every Englishman should have his roast beef turning round his spit. The good conduct of his subjects must be the principal means of carrying this desire into effect.

“You have a CONSTITUTION—the work and the glory of ages: the admiration and the envy of the world. Faults and imperfections it cannot fail to have, because it is human, and necessarily partakes of human fallibility. You have a GOVERNMENT, strong, vigorous, upright, well intentioned:—a government, which will not fail to correct what is corrigible, according to opportunities granted and means supplied; and to remodify what is incongruous or verging to decay;—a government, which has not only the courage to give a pledge, but the virtue to carry it into effect. I desire to be understood as not wishing to institute comparisons between one set of ministers and another. I have neither the means nor the ability to entitle such comparison to any respectful attention. I speak only of existing facts: of the *present members of his Majesty’s government*: of men of high birth, high alliance: possessing a spirit incapable of base compromise: above corruption: above suspicion: lovers of the church, and supporters of its best interests.

“Again: in a consideration of HOME enjoyments. From matters of State, let us speak of those of the CHURCH: of that established church, to which, for twenty-six years past, it hath been my lot professionally to belong. More able, more active, more successful Ministers than myself, there may be in abundance; but one more zealous, or more disposed to do all the good in his power, both within and without his church, I will not readily allow. My conscience tells me that I can fearlessly make this assertion: and, as I can make it now, so do I trust to make it *HEREAFTER*. I have served, if I may so speak, an *apprenticeship* to the spiritual matters entrusted to my charge: and during those seven years in which I have resided among you, I hope that

I have never, knowingly, 'turned my face' from any deserving 'poor man.' In a charge so extensive, as well as so important—in a parish including a population of twenty-five thousand souls—it is impossible to meet the wishes, satisfy the desires, and realise the expectations of more than a very limited number; but I have executed, and hope to continue to execute, the task assigned to me, with all the zeal and all the best intentions in my power—a zeal, however, which, I would fondly hope, does not exclude the operation of the profoundest christian humility. The consequences rest with God *."

* The reader has had some notion of the *commencement* of this little tract; may I further venture upon his patience in making him acquainted with its *conclusion*?

"I have now gone through the entire first division of this *Pastoral Address*. I have endeavoured to awake in you a sense of CAUTION—respecting the surrendering of the absolute advantages you possess for doubtful equivalents—and respecting the ordinary character of those who counsel such a surrender. It remains only to make a short appeal to you on the score of the COMFORTS absolutely enjoyed. I call them comforts in every sense of the word. Your house is your castle. It cannot be invaded with impunity. Your person is protected both within and without that house. RIGHT is as much the poorest man's, as it is the richest man's, civil inheritance. You may do what you will with your property while living, and direct it to be bestowed in any manner you please after death. I speak of the exercise of this right upon general principles, and in the ordinary way. Now, these alone are great comforts: but it is the law of the land which gives them:—and to that same law you must be conformable. The moment you are *born*, you become an object of its *protection*. As long as you live you exist under the same protection. As a natural and necessary result, therefore, you are bound to *obey* those laws. Shall the child resist the parent, in the act of receiving that parent's arms thrown round it for protection?

"Think a little what you would get by disaffection and studied resistance. *You* might see injury in one mode of proceeding, and your *neighbour* in another. You seek *this* remedy, and he advises *that*. Multiply these instances of discrepancy: and collect the suffrages of a whole street—and to what intelligible and attainable end would those suffrages or opinions direct you? Trust me, you would become the

Whatever might be the result, on the score of public opinion, for good or for evil, I had abundant reason to be well satisfied that this labour of *three evenings* had met the unqualified approbation of

sport of every fanciful suggestion ; and, in the ultimate result, the object of your own secret scorn and derision. I can conceive no severer reproach and punishment than *THIS*. Under every point of view, connected with things temporal and things spiritual, every rational man should be taught to consider the *nature* of the change proposed, ere he be led to *adopt* or to *reject* it. Above all things, should every rational man judge—or obtain some competent means of judging—of the *qualifications* of those, who, in proposing change, have frequently *revolution* at heart : and before the clamour of the factious be listened to, strive to make yourselves well acquainted with the liberties and the comforts which you actually enjoy.

“ I feel persuaded, that, during this ‘time of trouble’ and agitation, many a man, once engaged in an extension of the mischief, has, upon reconsideration, seen ‘the evil of his ways,’—and turned from them, heart and soul, to his family and to his Maker. Such have indeed good need to ask pardon of God and man. Bad as may have been the past, let us hope that it is not wholly without good for the future. Let us hope that a lesson has been learnt, not to invade the rights, nor destroy the property of individuals, under the delusion that *either* may be done with impunity. Permanent blessings are sometimes the result of partial sufferings ; but let it be remembered that the blood of the guilty must atone for the violation of the innocent ! Above all things, let it be remembered that a *HIGHER* power, than anything human, must be supplicated, ‘in all our troubles and adversities,’ of whatever description, ‘whensoever they oppress us :’ that, in the hands of that same power are ‘the issues of life and death ;’ and that, both in private and in public, we must entreat him to ‘have mercy upon us :’ to ‘save and defend us from all dangers, ghostly and bodily : that he will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death ; and this we trust he will do of his mercy and goodness, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.’

“ Such, in conclusion, my Christian brethren, such is the language of our incomparable Catechism. ‘Happy are we if we *know* these things ; but happier far if we *DO* them.’ ”

my friends...both Whig and Tory. I sent a copy, "as in duty bound," to Mr. Archdeacon Glover, my rural clerical Commander, and his opinion in reply is well worth a place below*. The late Sir James Mackintosh had then recently become my Parishioner. From his residence in Cumberland Street, he was not long in favouring me with the following reply :

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for your good and serviceable tract, which

* "DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for the kindness of your attention in sending me a copy of the PASTOR'S ADVICE. It is well calculated to meet a crisis, which, thank God, has now, like a hurricane, spent its fury and disappeared ; and as good often comes out of evil, so do I hope that the late excitements, which, after all, were not the fruits of mere wantonness and restlessness of temper, but of long and heavy oppression, will be productive of ultimate advantage to society at large. The clamour against the clergy has been the pure work of the farmers, or of a few minor landlords, whose interests were considered as identified. The present tithe-system does, however, 'work not well : ' it has not even the negative praise arrogated for the borough-system of representation in the House of Commons ; and I am very anxious to see the Clergy themselves stepping forward to petition for a mode of provision more convenient to the present condition of society, the interests of agriculture, and the PEACE of our ' SION.' And this, I feel quite confident, may be effected by a judicious, and yet very moderate alteration. To an allotment of land, or to a commutation for a tax on land, I most decidedly object. Both these plans are as full of mischief as the *wooden horse of Troy*.

"I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

"GEORGE GLOVER."

There can be, I think, but *one* opinion, both among Whigs and Tories, of the propriety of such an epistle as this.

is intended, and, I think, calculated to be beneficial. I heartily wish that success to your intentions and exertions which they well deserve. I shall soon have the pleasure of doing my duty by attendance in my Parish Church. During the cold weather I am scarcely allowed to venture.

“ Ever yours faithfully,

Mackintosh

My noble Parishioner, Lord Kenyon, whose general political views cannot be considered as *precisely* synonymous with those of the last Writer, was pleased, in a note of the date of Feb. 21, 1831, to “thank me for my Pastor’s Advice, as being well calculated to answer its purpose.” His Lordship added what will be gratifying to read—“Thank God, in my neighbourhood, in Wales, all is loyalty and good humour, and no one wants work or fair wages.” “I am glad (concludes the Noble Writer) to hear that your *Sunday Library* progresses well, as the modern phrase is, and hope it will be more and more countenanced.” “I have long reproached myself (said an amiable and highly talented Head-Master of a distinguished public school) for not having thanked you for your *Words of Caution and Comfort to your Parishioners*. I, as a Whig, was much pleased with your remark on the French Revolution, and there were sugar-plums enough for the Tories.” Although there are “*testimonies*”

which I may not name in detail*, yet it is too gratifying to me to suppress the mention only of a few of my older friends. “Many thanks for your pamphlet (observes John Herman Merivale, Esq., now one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts) which is not only excellent in itself, but excellently well timed, and that is more. D** shall read it. Perhaps he may not be disinclined to act upon it. I order a few shillings’ worth forthwith—for the edification of the good people of *Exeter*.” But the zeal of my friend John George Children, Esq., induced him to order forty copies of the brochure—and to disperse them as much beneath the *thatched* as the *slated* roof. My spirits had quite a holiday upon the occasion.

Still drawing to a close. Only two more items in the *Literary Record*, and then farewell—at least to Chapter XII. The year ensuing that of the publication just mentioned, was one, in all respects, of a character at once agitating and awful. The passing of the *Reform Bill* authorises the first epithet; the ravages of the *Cholera* justify the second. In *both* instances terrors were magnified;

* “Very many thanks (said a late neighbour and brother clergyman, to whom Lord Liverpool gave a small piece of preferment in my parish—but who is now “SLEEPING WELL”), for your words of caution and comfort; which do honour to the head and heart of the patriotic writer. Your review of the constitution, both of church and state, is judiciously delineated and supported,” &c.

but in the last, there was doubtless much danger to be dreaded...

“Despair

Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;
And over them, triumphant, DEATH his dart
Shook.”

To these causes of excitement and apprehension, was to be added another—the indifference, if not dislike, to *Book-Purchasing*. In vain did the shelves of Messrs. Payne and Foss, and Thorpe, and Bohn, and Cochrane, and Pickering, hold out covetable objects of possession in the book way. No one came to purchase. Under the operation of all these impressions, I put forth a small 4s. 6d. pamphlet, entitled BIBLIOPHOBIA, with a feigned name as that of the Author*. It scarcely occupied me a fortnight in the composition, and it told tolerably well. The motto, placed in the title-page, and taken from the body of the work, was sufficiently attractive.

“FEAR is the Order of the Day. To those very natural fears of Bailiffs and Tax-gatherers may now be added the fear of *Reform*, of *Cholera*, and of Books.”—Page 6.

An odd circumstance accompanied the composition of this unpretending little volume. One of my principal heroes was, or rather is, the Rev. Dr. VALPY, of Reading. The entire passage relating

* Its title was as follows: “*Bibliophobia. Remarks on the present languid and depressed state of Literature and the Book Trade ; in a Letter addressed to the Author of the Bibliomania. By MERCURIUS RUSTICUS. With Notes by CATO PARVUS.*”

to that Octogenarian's bibliomaniacal renown, occupies three or four pages of the work*, in which I had complimented him upon the consistency of his views, as well as the ardour of his passion, in adhering to the consolations to be derived from the *entirety* of his Library. The passage, just below alluded to, had scarcely been perpetuated in print, when I met his Son, Mr. Abraham John Valpy, who told me he "wanted to have a few words with me about his Father's SELLING HIS LIBRARY!" "Obstupui!" But such was the fact; and in the month of June ensuing the library in question was *disposed of* under the hammer of Mr. Evans. The venerable owner of it had sprinkled the catalogue with a few spicy notes, which afforded an increased relish to its perusal†.

* See from page 63 to 65 of the *Bibliophobia*. But perhaps Dr. Valpy's *apology* for the sale of his books is best told in one of his own notes in the catalogue of his library, thus:

"190. Art de Conserver la Vue Paris.

"Could these directions, or any other means, have preserved my sight, the sale of my books would not now have taken place. To this defect must be partly ascribed the errors, omissions, and redundancies, which may occur in this Catalogue."

† Of course I could not read, without an increased action of the pulse, what the author of these "spicy notes" was pleased to say of my humble but unintermitting labours in the field of Bibliography. My specimens shall *not* incorporate *that*; but what follows has, I think, something pleasingly instructive or interesting about it.

"137. Aristophanica, Porson, à Dobree, LARGE PAPER . . . 1820.

"Mr. Dobree was a native of Guernsey, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Greek Professor in that University. He enjoyed the friendship of Porson; and in critical sagacity, and profound and accurate skill in the Greek language, was in-

To publish so trifling a *jeu-d'esprit* with the idea of obtaining any pecuniary advantage, were perhaps

ferior to him alone. Dobrœus, as his name is Latinised, had communications with the first scholars on the Continent. He was making preparations for some important classical editions, but intense application to study brought him to the grave at an early age. Some of his critical observations are collecting by his learned successor, Mr. Scholefield."

" 546. Colardeau, Œuvres de, 4 vols. . . . Paris, 1803

" A beautiful copy.—Colardeau ranks high amongst the French poets. His *Heroides* have the beauty of those of Ovid, and more simplicity. His *Eloisa to Abelard* does not fall short of Pope's, and has the freshness of an original."

" 1784. Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century, 9 vols. . . . Lond. 1812

" On the foundation of the Caxton of his age, the learned Bowyer, his worthy successor, the late venerable J. Nichols had raised the first story of this immense structure: a fire levelled it with the ground—

Incendia lumen

Præbebant; aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.

A more splendid edifice arose from the ruins, which gives a most extensive view of the authors and works of the last century. His son has, with kindred qualifications, completed this great monument of historical research and judicious industry.

" 1097 Grammar Institutes of Latin, by Grant . . . Lond. 1813

" Had Mr. Grant copied his 'Institutes' from the ancient grammarians of our country, those authors, Lilly, Ruddiman, Busby, &c., could not have brought an action against him for piracy. But to appropriate and to attribute to himself the labours of his contemporaries, is, to say the least, not very honourable. What part of this publication others may claim, I know not; but all the rules in verse, and many in prose, are taken verbatim from my Grammar, without the slightest notice."

" 2904 Xenophon, Benwell, 2 vol. . . . Oxon. 1804

" Mr. Benwell early distinguished himself at school for his compositions. At Oxford, where he was Fellow of Trinity College, he obtained every prize in prose and verse. Convinced of his eminent talents and genius, the University unanimously offered him the Professorship of Poetry. Delicacy to a friend

an idle dream ; but the result ought *not* to have been as it *has* been. The chief reward, and the most heart-felt solace, I felt, was in the epistolary congratulations of my old and faithful friends. He, of “Harrow on the Hill”—*renowned** alike for classical erudition and social worth—shall lead the way. “I have just received your racy little Book. I threw down my Mrs. Trollope, and Basil Hall, and absolutely devoured it. It came at six, and before bed-time it was thoroughly read through. It put me in mind ‘of the olden time’—the by-gone time!” “The *Bookie* (says another classical friend, living at the foot of Greenwich Hill) has amused me much. Its spirit is quite as it should be. I have heard nothing but good-natured remarks upon it, always coupled with hearty good wishes for the Author’s well doing. DECIUS ought to be tickled and flattered ; but he is no such proud *aspirant* as you would do your best to make him.” What exceedingly amused me, was, that the character of my friend Mr. Douce, under that of Prospero, was taken, by that worthy and most learned Antiquary, *au pied*

who had expressed a wish to obtain it, induced him strenuously to decline the honour ; and that friend, after an arduous contest, was defeated. Mr. Benwell’s character rose so high in every branch of literature and of clerical exertion, that he was patronised by some persons of eminence and power in the state ; and the highest preferment awaited him, when he fell a victim, at an early age, to his charity and humanity—

“Ὁν τὸ Θεῖον φιλεῖ ἀποθνήσκει νέος.”

* See page 313, ante.

de la lettre—and his Epistle in consequence was one of the most curious and stringent I ever received from him*.

My Oxford bibliographical friends, Messrs. Bandinell, Bliss, and Hawkins, were pleased to express their satisfaction at the parts assigned to them in this *bibliophobistical* Drama; in which, by the by, the account of the sale of *the MSS. of the Waverley Novels* (as they are called) may be considered rather a curious morceau of information. In this work, too, the rising glories of EUPHORMIO†, in the book

* See page 45 of *Bibliophobia*, reprinted in a preceding page. My friend's letter, above alluded to, ran in part thus:—

“SIGNOR MERCURY,

“I have no doubt that one of your demons has (in a dream) lent you his *claw* to scribble p. 45 in your truly mercurial effusions—for what have I to do with the staff of Regiomontanus? It would have been more in character, had your demoniacal prompter exchanged it for my namesake's magic wand; an article, just as likely to be in my possession as the other.

“Moreover, where did your D—I learn the story of Charles V. and Francis I. about the chess-men, or the Elizabethan Madrigals, or Handel's parchment roll?—now, I suppose with him—where he ought to be—in Heaven. The other articles being only halfway thither in *nubibus*.

“As to imperial cups (with prick-songs, poetry, anthems) bohea may be sipped from them of a better quality than *imperial* souchong—which, when I tasted it, had the true flavour of chopped hay or straw. Whenever said doctor pleases, after a Lenten fast on mutton chops, which are all the present disordered state of my *culinarium* (as Dr. Shaw would have called it) can produce, &c.”

† See pages 23, 94 of the *Bibliophobia*. My last letter from Euphormio betrays not only his unshaken zeal, but his instituted labours in the BOOK-CAUSE. “I am now engaged (says he) in editing some very interesting *Catalogues of the Monastic Library of Durham, from the Conquest to the Reformation*, for the SURTEES' SOCIETY. This ex-

world, were distinctly predicted; and subsequent facts have proved the truth of the prediction. I am still curious to know whether the bibliomaniacal career of a certain heir apparent (qu. presumptive?) of a Ducal Coronet, be still running the laudable course described in the pages of the "*Bookie**? Only one further fact merits distinct notice, and shall receive from me the warmest commendation. The preceding pages have made mention of an instance of *Book Illustration* such as is hardly upon record. The author or inventor—affix what prefix you will—of that Illustration, has not thought the humble work under consideration too mean for the exercise of his powers of embellishment; and Charles Lewis is now occupied in *stitching, and sewing, and coating* such an assemblage of materials as scarcely could be supposed procurable for such a work†.

cellent association has already given *Reginald* to the world, and a collection of Wills and Inventories, illustrative of the domestic manners of the middle ages. The man that declared that there were only two books in the world—the *Bible* and *Euclid*—was not so far out of the way as would at first seem. Nevertheless, I am proceeding to arrange my copious notices of the CATHEDRAL LIBRARIES OF ENGLAND, with a view to this publication at no distant period." These effusions, from one who unites the power of wealth and of intellect, and of early manhood too, do one's heart good to peruse. For the Surtees' Society, see page 606, ante.

* See page 888, ante. My friend Dr. Burney's coinage of this word is methinks a good translation of the "*libellus*" of the Romans.

† I learn from the fountain-head that these Illustrations consist of FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO in number; more than half of which are proofs, for the most part before the letter, or on India paper. Of

Once more—and for the last time. I would here speak briefly, but fearlessly, of the LENT LECTURES published in 1833, in two elegantly printed small octavo volumes. My Subscribers (chiefly Parishioners) were about four hundred in number. The price was 1*l.* 1*s.*, and a few copies were thrown off upon large paper for double that sum. In the whole, seven hundred and fifty copies were printed. The subjoined note will explain the contents of these volumes, and shew upon what principles, and with what feelings, they were given to the world*.

these, 152 are *portraits*, including several private plates, and very curious proofs, difficult of obtainment. There are also thirty seven *drawings*, including three by Stothard, and some very beautiful by J. P. Neale. My friend's first intention was "merely to have put in some half a dozen duplicates, which he happened to have by him;" but he became fond of the tract, and like many an uncomely daughter of indigent parents, he has lavished more graces upon it than the *bantling* was worth, or is consistent with the finances of the infatuated parent. This gem, of its kind, I have never yet beheld.

* The motto in the title-page is "Let your LIGHT so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father, which is in heaven." The body of the volume contains, 1. *Three Introductory Lectures upon the Evidences of Christianity*; 2. *Six Lectures on the Life of Christ*; 3. *Six on that of St. Paul*; 4. *Six on the Lord's Prayer*; 5. *Four on the Liturgy*; 6. *On the Catechism of the Church of England*. 7. *On the Burial of the Dead*; 8. *Eight on the Creeds and Sacraments of the Church of England*; 9. *On Congregational Psalmody*; 10. *Visitation Sermon*: see page 874, ante. The work is dedicated to the HON. MRS. SPENCER, second daughter of W. H. Poyntz, Esq., M. P., and daughter-in-law to the late Earl Spencer. As the Preface is short, the reader may endure its extraction.

"In obedience to that most wise and holy admonition contained in the title-page, the present volumes are given to the world. They are given under the hope and anxious desire that '*light*' rather than darkness may ensue from their perusal; and that God's GLORY may be set

One thing is undeniably obvious. *One* object has been clearly established. Since my removal to

forth by any effort, however humble, which has the salvation of immortal souls for its object. *One* consolation is unquestionably derivable from the publication of these pages. Nearly the whole of the *first* volume will at least be found to evince an *early* zeal in the discharge of professional duties; since it is the fruit of the labour of *the first two years* after having taken Holy Orders. The materials of that volume have, however, been both corrected and enlarged upon a subsequent delivery of them from the pulpit; and if the sinews and muscles continue the same, the form and the substance have been, I would hope, considerably improved. The *present*—both within and without the Church, is undoubtedly a CRISIS. But I have lived long enough to see the re-action of opinions hastily adopted, and of principles crudely formed. To anathematise *bodies* or *professions*, from the occasional irregularity of *individuals* of whom those bodies are composed, is at once perverting and stultifying the very end and objects of all moral reasoning. To condemn *systems*, merely because they are *old*, and without a nice observance of the operations or leanings of their component parts, is surely not the line of conduct which a wise and a good-hearted man would be disposed to pursue. On the other hand, it must neither be concealed nor disavowed, that, as in the progress of all mundane affairs both imperfection and decay will present themselves, so will it be better to look the character of that imperfection and decay resolutely in the face; and to adopt timely and efficient remedies for their removal. In this spirit it will be advisable, where practicable, to substitute zeal for indifference, activity for slothfulness, and talent for inability. There is yet time and scope enough for the correction of error, and for the beneficial influence of all the results emanating from the adoption of such a measure.

“Meanwhile, let every MINISTER of the GOSPEL remember, that *he*, of all descriptions of persons, is armed with weapons of the most admirable temper and construction for the resistance of much of that fierce clamour and wild outcry which is just now directed against the *Church Establishment* of this country. He will not fail in the language of Scripture to ‘put on the breast-plate of faith and love, and for a helmet, the hope of salvation; above all, taking the shield of faith, and the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God.’ Let such weapons only be fearlessly but discreetly exercised, without compromising the sacred character imparted to their use; and, above all, with

London, and taking upon me so large and so important a charge, as that of the District Rectory of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, it cannot be said that my publications have been exclusively *literary*. "The hungry and thirsty after righteousness," cannot complain that I have offered a "stone" when they have asked for "bread:" and although the manna which once came down from above has "ceased to fall," yet my labours in the vineyard of my MASTER cannot be taxed as being sparing or unprofitable. I have taken my full share of clerical duty within the first ten years of residence with my Brother Rectors of Marylebone; and what may have been deficient in talent, has been supplied by zeal. If darkness and distress have of late comparatively surrounded me*, that darkness has not invaded me by the desertion of friends, and that distress has not been aggravated by the obliquities of conduct. I have been as shocked as surprised by the perfidy of *some* to whom not even the slightest reference or allusion is made in the previous pages;

love unfeigned, and a true spirit of christian charity towards all mankind. The most efficient and the most permanent of every species of REFORMATION, consists in the influence of moral and religious example. The humblest minister, attendant on God's altar, is here as influential as the most exalted; and I earnestly pray that, with every such minister, as well as with the flocks committed to their charge, the LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL may shine with increasing lustre, till the whole world be united as 'one fold, under one shepherd, JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.'

* See page 815, ante.

and I find, after all, that the celebrated Dr. Buckland has YET a species of *Hycæna* to describe!

But the foregoing is not the *whole* of that experience with which a long residence in LONDON has supplied me. I have had something to “love,” and more to “admire”—according to the language of Cowper, prefixed to this chapter. New friends have sprung up; and although the flowers of friendship be of slow growth, and at their budding of doubtful hue, yet I can conscientiously place EUPHEMIA almost as the crowning flower in the parterre of which I am discoursing. Her fortune, ample as it is, is yet not so ample as her heart. Her kindred taste, and highly intellectual pursuits...but she desires to be veiled; and the richest veil that Brussels or Mechlin ever manufactured, shall, if practicable, be furnished by her Encomiast for the concealment of her form. Her occasional neighbour, SOPHRONIA, composed of many materials in common with herself, but advanced in years—observant—shrewd—of enlarged experience and sound judgment—shall live for ever in my remembrance. SOPHRONIA has a heart as warm, and exhibits perhaps charities as extensive, as those of her of whom I first spake. She is not an indigenous plant (I should say flower) of this country; but she weathers our atmosphere as bravely, and enters upon all the cardinal points of moral and

political discussion, as sagaciously, and as luminously, as those who affect a more exclusive and paramount intelligence.

Nor is ANGELINA an indigenous flower of this soil. An early widow, and as beautiful as early, she yet retains both her singleness and her beauty. The noon-day is not so radiant as the morn, but there are blending and warm tints which yet characterise the atmosphere of her presence; and those who have seen her pictorial, or *engraved* resemblance, will not convict me of prejudice or flattery in this delineation of the Original. But her “better part” presents a picture in which there is a union of colours yet more enduring. Angelina has a heart that always unloosens the strings of her purse; denying to the poor and dependent nothing...“but her NAME*.” Long may her presence continue to irradiate the circles of the polished, and to make the heart of the disconsolate “sing for joy.” Nor be the sedulous care, and affectionate anxiety and solicitude, of THEODOSIA forgotten—in softening the struggles, and extending the period of the life, of a beloved husband. Among the complicated duties and distracting trials of life’s ever agitated state of warfare, none wear a more commanding form—none extort a more unqualified commendation—than *those* which have been, and yet are, so triumphantly exhibited by Theodosia—HERSELF, too, yet in the

* A neat compliment, paid by Cowper, in one of the most beautiful and touching passages of his *Task*, to the late Sir John Throgmorton.

vigour of life, and as capable, as the most *debonnaire* of her daughters, of contributing to the charm and cheerfulness of the festive circle. The foregoing (with the exception of the first) are among my Parishioners.

But there may be equal worth and excellence beyond these parochial precincts. SELINA is far away, and perhaps never to be reseen, or revisited; but the inmost recesses of my breast assure me that the remembrance of past days and past kindnesses can never be forgotten. The preceding pages have recorded an event, which, of all earthly occurrences, hath perhaps gone more sharply, and more deeply, to cut her heart in twain than any other. CLORINDA can infuse equal courage and comfort into a wounded spirit, by invigorating the understanding with wholesome principles, and by lighting up the fire of hope in the moment of lassitude and despondency. She has also a *pen* which readily answers the dictates of a cultivated intellect. MINORA is just warmly glowing above life's horizon, disposed to do all that is kind and courteous, and gentle and generous; her voice, the melody of a seraph's; her form, *that* in which chastity and virtue should seem by preference to dwell. Within the breast of FIDELIA the warmest sympathies and "all gentle charities" reside.

("There, all the gentle charities reside,
With liberal sentiment and chaste desire*")

* The verses are Huddisford's—in the third ode of his *Salmagundi*—an ode, which exhibits all the tenderness of Tibullus with all the vigour of Dryden.

A sense of religion, deep, pure, calm, humble—tinged by no fanatical asperities, and sullied by no social antipathies—marks her secluded career, in which she unites the privacy of a Recluse with the cheerfulness of a Christian.

I turn to “the rougher sex,” and drop the appellatives of fiction. To a lover of *Books*, there must necessarily be no place like LONDON; and *in* London, no place like No. 81, *Pall Mall*. This is anything but the foolish language of preposterous praise. In how many occasions have I said so?—and more than once in print. The spirit as well as the name of “PAYNE,” is *yet* to be found in that residence*. Alas!

* I have said that more than on one occasion I have dwelt “in print,” upon the high respectability of the name above mentioned. From the *Bibliophobia*, p. 27, I hesitate not one moment to recommit to press what is there said of the *House*; premising, that my friends, Messrs. T. I. Payne and H. Foss, are personified in the two classical names at its commencement.

“Retracing my steps, I steadily paced onward to the *Castor* and *Pollux* of Pall Mall, and there entering a suite of book-rooms, in which, in former times, I was wont to see assembled some of the more eminent *literati* of the day—archbishops, bishops, earls, doctors in divinity and in physic—academics, renowned in either university—senators, judges, lawyers, wits, poets, and punsters—I gave myself up to profound reverie. Not a mouse was stirring—in other words, the managing partner was alone pacing the quarter-deck.

‘And started back, he knew not why,
E’en at the sound himself had made!’

The MASTER-SPIRIT had departed to a better world. In imagination I embodied him seated in his arm-chair—his favourite *Sessæ* cat purring by his side; one leg balanced across the other; a pinch of snuff in his right hand; his spectacles now raised to his forehead, now resting tranquilly upon their wonted seat. The gentle salute; the kind enquiry; the desultory, cosy gossip; the retreat to the “Brill and beef-steak;”

there has been *another* gap made in the circle with which I used to associate, up stairs, round the table where hospitality presided in every dish, and sparkled in every cup. Mr. ALEXANDER CHALMERS is gone. Of nearly the same age as his departed host, he has, about a twelvemonth ago, been gathered to his Fathers * ; but there is ONE, yet alive—and long

the Boraccio-flavoured sherry ; the full-bodied port ; the fragrant sou-chong ; the departure “ *au revoir*.” Then, again, as touching “ stock in trade”—*vellums, large paper*—an uncut Jenson reposing here ; Mentelin slumbering soundly there ; Azzoguidi and Aldus, Giunti and Giolito, Wynkyn de Worde and Wyer . . . all intertwined in somnolent embrace—long sets and sort sets, Great Councils and Little Councils, decretals and dictionaries, chronicles and cancioneros, and poetry without end !”

Messrs. Payne and Foss have recently put forth some “ winged words,” in the shape of a small catalogue of seventy-three most precious articles, or works printed UPON VELLUM. I will hope, as much for the credit of the age as for the individual profit of the proprietors of these membranaceous articles, that scarcely six will “ rest on their hands” at the close of this present year. My favourites, did my purse enable me to carry my wishes into effect, would be Nos. 9, 26, and 43. Can EUPHORMIO be apprised of these obtainable gems ?

* The late Mr. Alexander Chalmers was one of the most constant visitors of his old friend Mr. Payne ; nor could he repeat his visits too frequently. With the late Mr. Nichols, of *Gentleman-Magazine* celebrity, he was not less intimate. I have recorded, in a somewhat droll note (page 748, ante), his first visit to myself in the year 1811. Wherever he went he diffused around him good humour and useful intelligence. He had lived long in literary circles, and worked at as hard and heavy labour as any pioneer or sapper and miner at the siege of Buhrt-poor. His style is easy and perspicuous ; and he always sets about the collection of his facts with a straightforwardness and sincerity which give no trifling value to his labours. His anecdotes, which were numerous, were told in few and “ pleasaunt” words ; and I scarcely know a man who, from his years and opportunities, had he been so disposed, could have bequeathed to us a more pleasant manual of anecdotes in the shape of *Ana*, than himself : because, however spite and malice unfortunately

may life animate his gallant bosom—who used to complete the number of this truly estimable *triumvi-*

go a good way in sprinkling lucubrations of this kind with a sort of palatable *salt*, yet Chalmers's *ANA* would have had no need of such materials to maintain their vitality. Mr. Alexander Chalmers has the merit of having left behind him the best *Collection of our Poets* and *Dictionary of Biography*; and deeply is it to be regretted that his materials for another edition of the latter had not been further extended.

What I have said of its author in the *Library Companion* (p. 492-3, second edition) is not a whit beyond what his labours merited. On meeting him at Mr. Payne's, after the death of Mr. Canning, I told him that "there was a great man gone, whose name began with a C—hoping it might not be too late for the new edition of his *Biographical Dictionary*?" "Confound these great men (replied he) I wish they would not die so fast—or dying, would contrive to die in *alphabetical order*—I have got to H." Mr. Chalmers died in 1834, in his seventy-seventh year; a fact clearly established by a letter from him to our common friend Mr. Major, of Dec. 23, 1833. I am favoured with a correct copy of this not incurious letter—to which a fac-simile of the writer's autograph is subjoined.

"33, Throgmorton Street, Dec. 23, 1833.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I thank you for all your kind presents. I have heard of your plan, but have now almost given up all thoughts of adding to my collection. I have given your young man 5*l.* for binding of Dallaway's very handsome book; and should have sent it sooner if I had had any opportunity. There is one thing I wish you to take notice of, and guard against: I am getting old—and I really find that, at the age of *seventy-six*, I am not the fine young fellow that I *was*; but I shall always preserve my regard for you, and remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours, very truly,

Alex^r Chalmers

On sending him one of my broadside prospectuses of the intended history of the University of Oxford (see page 849, ante), his reply was very characteristic of himself.—"Well! and what do I care? A fig for your broadsides!!" A. C. Hon. Sec. He was an instant subscriber. His notes and letters were usually very racy, and worth the preserving.

rate. A Whig in politics; an orthodox churchman in practice; a Christian in spirit and in heart. Such is my worthy and venerable friend, WILLIAM COMBES, Esq., of *Henley upon Thames**.

The Royal and Antiquarian Societies are open of

I believe nobody has such a collection as our common friend, George Henry Freeling, Esq. His library, almost wholly biographical, furnishing a delectable opportunity for the enrichment of collections of a similar complexion, was sold by auction, in this year, by Messrs. Sothebys: prefixed to the catalogue of which there is a life of the late owner of the books, taken from the obituary in the Gentleman's Magazine, which I understand to have been written by the intimate friend of the deceased, Bowyer Nichols, Esq., the son of his old and dear friend, John Nichols. It is judiciously and instructively executed. But I have a "*tale to tell*," touching the sale of the library of my deceased friend. Among his books was a *Latin Bible*, of the date of 1557, which had belonged to MELANCTHON, and had the cost price of 2*s.* 6*d.*, in the fly-leaf, as that at which it had been probably obtained by its owner at a book-stall. Fortunately for those who were to derive benefit from the sale of this library, the *Melancthonic eye* of Mr. Sotheby, jun. glanced upon this precious volume, which was published two years before the death of Melancthon, and exhibited many curious manuscript notices, of importance sufficient to incorporate it among the books of DR. KLOSS; at the sale of which library it was purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss, for Dr. Hawtrey, the head master of Eton school, for 10*l.* 5*s.* It could not be better placed.

* I have made mention, in the work quoted in the last note but one, of Mr. Combes's attachment to DEAR OLD ISAAC WALTON (a *bad* man can never be a lover of the ANGLER of that truly original as well as amiable man), and of his former habits of reading him while rambling along the margin of the Thames, or seated on a stile, to return to his well-dressed cotelette or fricandeau at Henley, the place of his abode; just in time to receive his little circle of friends at his hospitable table, where the flavour of his wall-fruits is yet inferior to that of the "*pleasant discourse*" which always circulates around it: and then, the quiet rubber in the trellice-papered drawing-room towards eventide. But a higher theme is touched when I speak of his unwearied attentions and inexhaustible bounty to THE POOR. He will have his reward.

a Thursday night, and it is neither an unseasonable nor an unprofitable occupation to have a few previous moments of gossip with the renowned Mr. Thorpe, of Bedford Street, Covent Garden—"Labitur et labetur"—his collection is ever moving on; it knows no stay; it disdains all bounds*. I believe I am speaking quite advisedly, in asserting that *one third* of the late Mr. Heber's library has been lodged within the precincts of Mr. Thorpe's premises. Some of the catalogues of his MSS. will become quite curious, and highly estimable in the course of a score or two of years. I know of no such dogged—indomitable—energy and perseverance as that exhibited by this renowned Bibliopolist. The morning is fair, and promises to be succeeded by a fine day. I take my pilgrim's staff in hand, and pursue my journey towards my old and worthy bibliopolistic friends, Messrs. J. and A. Arch, of Cornhill. But I thread a few friends *en route*. There is the British Museum, and I must needs shake hands with the Cohort of Governors dwelling within its walls. How do you do, my dear friend C.?—And you, and you, and you?—each and all?—"all honourable men†!"

* I refer the reader, with confidence and pleasure, to what is said of this extraordinary bibliopolist, in the pages of the *Bibliophobia*, p. 24, &c. A complete collection of Mr. Thorpe's *Catalogues of MSS.*, with an alphabetical index to the whole, would be a desideratum with *any* library in Europe.

† What a scene is the BRITISH MUSEUM now, compared with that which I remember it some *thirty years* ago! Now, the posts are nearly

I cross the way, gossip with the gentle and generous *Audinet*—hear tales of other times—how Woollett worked, and Hall and Brown ploughed their copper—and then drop down and cast anchor, very naturally, with my old friend and publisher, *John Major*, just settled about twenty doors below. Here you will find him as ambitious to deserve the character of a general and tasteful bookseller, as if he had never published a volume of his own. His late neighbour, Mr. Lilly, is as full of goodly promise, as he is distinguished for courteous civilities. With Mr. Major, in former days, I used frequently to meet the late Reverend James Dallaway, at one time employed by the former to edit a new edition of *Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England*; a work “well and truly” executed by him*. Mr. Dallaway had a natural and quick turn, or rather love, for the fine arts. His vicarage at Leatherhead “was a thing

doubled; and active and intelligent commanders placed to guard them. I do not believe that there is another similar establishment, where so many and such *able* CONSERVATORS are to be found. But I have more than an ordinary reason to place my friend JOHN GEORGE CHILDREN, Esq. in the foreground of the text. In doing so, nothing bordering upon comparisons is even thought of. I recognise in him not only one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society, and a man, from toe to top, brimfull of scientific ardour and scientific experience, but the gentleman and the friend; united to ONE, whose transcendant generosity of spirit is only exceeded by the warmth and the steadiness of her attachments.

* I speak advisedly when I say so. The plates in the old edition were coarse and faithless; and the *editorial* additions render this impression necessarily the only one worth consulting for information.

to see indeed*," and his Church partook largely of the taste manifested in the vicarage. The *grounds* of the latter were the main attraction, and these I once saw in company with our common friend "the Major," to the greatest possible advantage. We made a day "express" to go down to see the wonders of these grounds. The day was one in high summer—bright, hot, oppressive—just calculated to enable us to enjoy, as it did, the cool transparency of the river Mole—in a bocage stifled with honeysuckles, which was fixed on its margin—upon a greensward as soft and rich as velvet. Our host had plunged a bottle of his best sherry for an hour's cooling in the stream; and as it sparkled in the glass, and cooled our fevered tongues, he would regale us with sundry pleasant stories—now a tale from *Boccace*—and now an anecdote from the *Phædo* of Plato. Mr. Dallaway was a man of kindly feelings, but disappointed views. His pen was the ever ready instrument in transmitting the first emotions of his heart. Some of his letters to Mr. Major evince great steadiness of attachment, and no infelicitous diction in composition†.

* There is a privately printed book, called *Letheræum, sive Horti Letheræani*, with vignette etchings of different objects and views in the garden, and executed by the tasteful burin of Mrs. Dallaway.

† I select a few specimens (furnished me by his publisher) of Mr. Dallaway's correspondence, connected with the progress of the new edition of WALPOLE. The first letter touches upon the method of publication and of editing.

"DEAR SIR,

"*Leatherhead, July 13, 1825.*

"As I cannot be in town before Monday next, I reply to your letter,

How does Mr. Pickering do this morning? And where are his *Cartons* and *Wynkyns*, and *Pynsons*

and will then bring you the proof sheet. The type and arrangement give me perfect satisfaction. I have marked the additional notes thus [], as being the mode already adopted by Park, in his edition of the *Royal and Noble Authors*, and saving the repetition of Edit. Your extended views with respect to the size of the volumes satisfies me much. I hope that you will speedily turn your *Grenadiers* to as good an account as Frederick the Great. You must decide upon these important points, and I sincerely trust that the *virtuosi* public will feel and reward your motive and spirit. One of the first observations I made to you was, that [Walpole] had not made the most of [Vandyke]†. No pains or research shall be spared by me to supply that deficiency; but it must be done succinctly, to avoid the tediousness of note upon note, and yet not to suppress necessary illustration.

“Yours ever, most sincerely,” &c. &c.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“*Leatherhead, Feb. 14, 1826.*

“Your packet has just been inspected, and entirely approved. I accede willingly to all you have proposed, and I think it far the best; and I think that you will allow that I am not too tenacious of my own opinion. I am now in great hopes that the 15th of March will be our *Birthday*, and, I pray, under good auspices. Of one thing I am certain: that if the world does not mend before that time, it will certainly fall in pieces. I have now a lawsuit added to the rest, to be tried at Horsham Assizes next month, as I have discovered a gross fraud in * * * God help us! Notwithstanding all this, I send you the first chapter of the second volume (there are only four), done to my own satisfaction, and I trust to yours.”

“DEAR SIR,

“*Tuesday Evening.*

“I have this moment received your letter and packet, and with them great satisfaction. I really begin to feel something like con-

† It so happens, that the article “Vandyke,” in Mr. Dallaway’s editions of Walpole’s work, is executed throughout with care, ability, and success. And it also so happens, that the *portrait* of that great artist, prefixed to it, is one of singular interest and beauty; being most skillfully engraved by *Worthington*, from an original picture by Vandyke himself, in the exquisite collection of Jeremiah Harman, Esq. See page 621, ante.

—his *Alduses*, *Elzevirs*, and *Michel Le Noirs*? But Mr. Pickering has a note of louder triumph to sound, in being publisher of the BRIDGEWATER TREATISES...which bid fair to traverse the whole civilised portion of the globe*. Much as I respect,

fidence; and though, without false humility, I cannot subscribe to Mr. J**'s opinion of my authorship, I think with you that his praise will render us an essential service: may it prove so! I owe much, I believe, to D'Israeli's long acquaintance and friendship. No more at present from

"Yours ever respectfully,

James Dallaway.

* First for the antique printers above-mentioned.

CAXTON'S "Polychronicon." "Chaucer's Boethius." "Canterbury Tales," *first edit.* "Chronicle of England." "Lidgate's Life of Our Lady." "Gower's Confessio Amantis." "Katherine of Senis." "Recueil des Histoires de Troye."

"ST. ALBAN'S CHRONICLE, 1483." "BOKE OF ST. ALBAN'S, 1486;" Roxb. copy, £42; sold for £147. "Polychronicon," Wynkyn de Worde, 1495. [All the above works want a few leaves.] "Golden Legende," Wynkyn de Worde, 1527. Perfect, £31 10s. "Capgrave's Nova Legenda Angliæ," Wynkyn de Worde, 1516. Perfect. "Dives and Pauper," Pynson, 1493; very fine copy, mor. by Lewis; £31 10s. perfect.

"PLINY, 1469;" editio princeps, with illuminated caps; fine copy, mor. by Du Rome, £40. "Plinio Istorica Naturale," Landino, Venez. Jenson, 1476, *upon vellum*. "Bonifacii Decretalium;" Pet. Schœffer, Mogunt, 1470, *upon vellum*. "Historia Apocalys;" S. Joannis, circa 1420, mor. fine copy. "Wierix Historiæ Evangelicæ Imagines;" 153 plates upon satin, £42, *unique*. "Marlborough Gems;" 2 vols. fine copy, mor. by Lewis, £63. "Hearne's Works," fine copy, small paper, original calf gilt bindings.

But Mr. Pickering, whose zeal in a good cause has been sufficiently proved by his adhesion to *Fox's Martyrology* (see page 842, ante) has also a passion for ART as well as for printing. What he has done for *Isaac Walton*, is an almost absolute miracle. In his escrutoire, too,

and much as I admire, the varied talents exhibited in these well got up publications, I yet desiderate some effusion from the powerful and practised pen of Mr. Sedgwick—whose Sermon, before the University of Cambridge, in defence of the pursuits and studies of SCIENCE—as being in no wise inimical to the best interests of RELIGION*—I consider to be among the master-pieces of the day—for pulpit reasoning, and pulpit eloquence. Let us hear from him again “in this matter:” the sooner the better.

In a thrice I am at the corner of Cornhill, with my worthy, and old, and respectable friends, social as well as bibliopolistical, John and Arthur Arch. But time has laid his hand upon them a little rudely since we used to have our *Spencerian and Decameronic* disportings some twenty years ago! And I know not even if a *Cordial* from *Caxton* would operate to the filling up of certain chinks, or increasing personal agility. Good books—fine books—instructive books—are yet thickly planted around them;

there reposes a PLATE, from a very curious ancient portrait of *Margaret, daughter of James I. of Scotland, and afterwards wife of Louis XI. of France.* This portrait is exquisitely as well as faithfully engraved by Picart, from an old picture once in my possession, and more lately in that of Mr. Anderdon, jun., the unequalled collector of foreign autographs. The costume and materials of the dress are equally curious and resplendent.

* My friend, Mr. Archdeacon Butler, has lately favoured the public with an address, as president of one of the Geological meetings at Shrewsbury, upon the tendency of that study—as contributing rather to raise in the human breast, an *increased flame* of adoration towards the ALMIGHTY CREATOR of all things.

and “a pleasant grove for their wits to walk in” may be safely anticipated by the good citizens of London...if they will only devote some of their gains to the acquisition of such treasures. I say “good day to them”—and heartily “wishing them all the prosperity which they can wish themselves”—and which they richly deserve—I return homewards, in all the rumbling horrors, and agonising economy, of an *Omnibus*.

And is this LONDON? Have I lived ten years within its “Bills of Mortality” only to pick up, and to impart, such intelligence as *this*? Where is the *Parliament House*? Where are the *Club-Houses*?—(not in St. James’s Street, but in its vicinity)—the *Alfred*, the *Athenæum*, the *Travelers*, the *University*? Truly, I heed them not. It is sufficient glory for me, and for my *escutcheon*, to have been consulted by Sir Thomas Bernard, and the late Bishop of Durham, upon the establishment of the *first*; and to have contributed, in conjunction with the late Sir Humphry Davy and Mr. Heber, to the establishment of the *second*. When the latter had reared its proud front, and ponderous porch, it needed not such a feeble and insignificant prop as myself—and I bowed and took leave accordingly.

But the Collections of *Pictures*, and *Statues*, *Coins*, *Medals*, *Curiosities*—the

“*Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas?*”

Not one word upon any of these subjects or topics?

Theatres, Operas, Banquettings? When we have domestic *Pastas*, domestic *Paganinis*, and domestic *Parmegianos*, in almost every Square, Crescent, and Place—must not *one* word be pronounced upon their talents and proficiencies? Truly, not one. There is such a thing as being tired of accomplishments and of perfections. With this feeling, I omit all details of the funereal solemnity of set dinners (where the viands are rich, and the conversation is poverty-stricken), and the maddening gaiety of evening carousals: for such themes belong to the Novelist and the Writers upon mankind in the mass. There is, to be sure, a pleasure in the attendance upon coteries where *intellect* (such as we see in the parties of BELINDA, in P. P.) has its share of attraction and instruction...but to be dragging (“like a wounded snake”) “one’s slow length along” a succession of vapid assemblages in the same evening, is surely not to be expected from one, whose “migrations,” like those of his predecessor Dr. Primrose, are usually confined “from the blue room to the brown.” But the heats of Summer begin to parch the earth and to render the air oppressive. It is time to woo the breezes of the Vicarage...

“To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

CHAPTER XIII.

SKETCHES OF PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

“Come like *shadows*!—so depart!”

SHAKSPEARE.

BEHOLD my “woods and pastures!” Yet let not the owners of the several libraries about to be “*sketched*,” rather than described, take umbrage, or start back amazed, at the adoption of the above title. It has no reference whatever to the shifting or changing properties of their BOOK-TREASURES. I am willing and anxious to believe that they may maintain their respective positions till the close of this century at least. The above motto is adopted merely in reference to the very scant time and hurried movements in which, like the figures across the disk of Banquo’s glass, the libraries in question must of necessity be introduced in this the last chapter of the Author’s “REMINISCENCES.” With food and matter sufficient to furnish an entire and bulky volume, I have the temerity to sit down under the impression that even a “*shadow*” of justice can be rendered in the ensuing *Précis*.

For ever respected, yea, immortalised, be that good man—half-monk and half-artist—whose in-

genuity and patience dropt the *parent-seed* of all Book-collections! "*B...eatus Vir*"—under all its beatifications! I mean, the genius that conceived the illumination of such manuscripts, and gave the first proof of such conception, by the adornment of the letter B*, which is the first in St. Jerome's Latin version of the Psalms. Where, but for *this* "adornment"—this spur to diligence—this awakener of elegant and fanciful decoration—would have been half the libraries from the time of that of the Alexandrine, downwards? The *Psalter of David* at once exercised the voice, the harp, the pen, and

* The reader will be pleased to throw a curious and critical eye on the initial capital B (the largest and the most beautifully illustrative in all respects with which I am acquainted) which faces p. 345, ante. It is there inserted for the sake of a more equal distribution of the plates of this Work, and is a most faithful copy of Mons. Langlois not less faithful transcript of the original letter prefixed to a version of the Psalms by St. Austin, of the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth centuries, from a MS. in the public library at Rouen. This interesting ornament is fully described by the French artist in his *Mémoire sur la Calligraphie des Manuscrits du Moyen Age*; and is well designed to represent, in its chief ornaments, a few of the leading events in the life of David. At top, he should seem to be represented as a shepherd-lad blowing the horn while tending the sheep: a little below, as attacking and overcoming the lion, which was about to invade the flock. To the left, a little below, David wears his kingly crown, and is seated, playing the harp. Again, below, and occupying the larger compartment of the letter, there is a representation of his combat with Goliath—whose flattened helmet, with the nasal safeguard and quilted armour, bespeak, as I conceive, the above period of the execution of the subject.

But for the successful execution of *this* and of all similar letters in the emblazonment of ART, let the Reader possess himself, if practicable, of the beautiful and unrivalled work of Mr. SHAW, in his *Illuminated Ornaments selected from Manuscripts of the Middle Ages*; 4to. and folio. I have before spoken of his *Ancient Furniture* and *Elizabethan Architecture*, &c.

the pencil:—and the preface of Theodoret* upon this inspired portion of Holy Writ induces the strongest belief in the propriety of these inferences. Thus, but for the “immortal B,” the libraries of Parker, Cotton, Harley, Sloane, and PHILLIPS†,

* *Præf. in Psalmos*, vol. i. p. 391. *Opera Theodoretæ Episcopi Cyri*; Lutet. Paris, 1642, folio. The passage, from which the above inference may be drawn, may be thus rendered: “However we may observe the greater number to make little or no mention of, or to hold in scarcely any estimation, the *other* divine books, yet the Songs, or the PSALTER OF DAVID, seems to have been their constant companion—alone, or in society, for ever bearing these songs in remembrance, and softening the chanting of them with a sweet modulation of voice; apparently receiving the highest intellectual satisfaction in consequence.” I own the *pencil* is not to be found in this passage; but I have no doubt of the existence of illuminations of this identical B. of the seventh century, if not earlier.

† SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS, BART, of Middle Hill, near Broadway, in Worcestershire. I must refer the inquisitive reader to Mr. Martin’s beautiful and interesting book relating to libraries and private presses (to which in my seventh chapter I have been so frequently indebted), for a more particular, and yet very sketchy, account of the extraordinary MS. TREASURES in the collection of Sir Thomas, which are estimated by an admirable judge (the Rev. Joseph Hunter), in terms of no ordinary occurrence. “*Ex uno disce omnes.*” More than once has our common friend, Sir Frederick Madden, assured me, that he has been often *imbedded* in book-luxury in Sir Thomas’s mansion, of which the uninitiated cannot even have the good luck to *dream*. He has been seated, all alone, at an oblong oaken table, measuring 15 feet by 7, entirely covered with the oldest MSS. upon ROMAUNT LORE; upon which all the *Knights of the Round Table* seemed at one moment to be sitting, with their respective banners and cognizances waving above—as they well might; for never was such homage before paid to the memory of their achievements! But the MSS. of the worthy Baronet are of all *classes* and of all *periods*. You cannot mention *one* class, but what he has an ample store of illustrations upon it. Even in *parochial history* he possesses a most curious one (in part printed by him, I believe), of the date of the Rebellion of 1745, where the parishioners are pretty sharply shown up by the topographer, according to their *sittings*

might have never had existence. How long and how fondly *my* attachment to this prominent decoration in so many sacred volumes of antiquity has been proved, the pages of past works sufficiently attest*.

But for an onward movement: and yet, at this precise moment in comes my zealous friend and animated correspondent, Mr. JOHN ADEY REPTON; and unbuttoning a curious case, places before me a thing, in the shape of a boke-fragment, called the "*Squyre of Lowe Degre*"—and insists upon my

or the number of their *pews in the church*. Of the pecuniary value of this most marvellous collection, it would be rather folly than indelicacy to hazard even a conjecture; but I can say with confidence, because with truth, that the *united* amount of all the purchases of the great collections mentioned in the text†, preceding Sir Thomas Phillips's, would be scarcely *half* of what HE has expended in the gratification of his darling and most delectable pursuit.

And he merits all his acquisitions from the exquisite relish manifested in the pursuit of them, and his real love of intelligence in the literature of the olden times. His two papers in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, upon some of the MSS. in the Low-Country libraries, show that he is "*made of the proper stuff*;" while his personal escort (all night long, in a postchaise) of a huge waggon-load of MSS., in route from Oxford to Middle Hill, triumphantly proves the ruling passion of his mind. Nor college fare, nor college friends, could divert him from this escort; and even Sir Frederick Madden clapped hands, and shouted aloud in ecstasy, as the chaise drove off!... at a measured pace... by the side of the ponderous waggon.

* See particularly the FIRST DAY of the *Bibliographical Decameron*.

† In the "*Richardson Correspondence*," just privately printed by Miss Currer, there is a letter from Thoresby, the antiquary, to Dr. Richardson (Miss Currer's great grandfather), of the date of 1708-9, in which the following notice occurs of HARLEY's passion for collecting MSS.:—"I was surprised to find so prodigious a number of original charters, bulls, manuscripts, as are of late collected and purchased, at *vast rates, daily*, by Mr. HARLEY, the late secretary." p. 97.

giving it a steady attention, before I sally forth to lift the knocker of my near neighbour and friend, Sir Francis Freeling. Leave it, good Mr. Repton, and let us see. This very curious, and by no means uninstructional work, (from which Mr. G. Ellis has given a copious extract in his *Metrical Romances*), is absolutely a unique impression*, and much earlier

* By the permission of its owner, the public is here treated with the whole of the fragment in his possession. There are thirty-three lines in a full page. The perfect copy in the British Museum contains 1132 lines or verses: but the spelling not only occasionally varies, but the words also, as in line 358, "*The*" for "*I*," &c.

" It was a squyre of lowe degre
 Ye loued ye kynges dougter of hūgre:
 Ye squyre was curtes and kynd;
 Eche mā hī loued and was his frēde.
 He serued the kyge her fader dere
 Fully the tyme of seuen yere.
 For he was marshall of his hall
 And set the lordes bothe grete and small
 An hardy man he was and wyght
 Bothe in batayll and in fyght.
 But euer he was styll mournynge.
 And no man wyst for what thyng
 And all was for that fayre lady
 The kynges doughter of hungry
 There wyst no wyht in crystente
 How well he loued that lady free,
 He loued her more than seven yere
 Yet was he of loue neuer the nere
 He was not ryche of golde and fe
 A gentylman borne forsoothe was he
 To no man durst he make his mone
 But syghed sore hym self alone
 And euermore when he was wo
 Into his chambre wolde he go
 And throughe the chābre he toke the way
 Into a garden that was full gaye

than the *only other* known copy of it, in the British Museum, from the Garrick Collection. It has a

And in that gardyn as I wene
Was an arbor faire and grene
And in that arbor was a tree
A fayrer in the worlde myght none be

A. u.

The tree it was of cypresse
The fyrste tree that Jhesu chese
The sochernewode and the sykamoure
The rede rose and the lely floure
The boxe the beche and the laurell tree
The date and also the damyse
The fylberdes hangynge to the grounde
The fygge tree and the mapyll rounde
And other trees there were many one
The pyany the popeler and the playne
With brode braunches all aboute
Within the erber and eke withoute
On every braunche satte byrdes thre
Syngynge with grete melodye
The laueroke and the nyghtyngale
The ruddocke and the woodwhale
The pye and the popyngale
The throstell sange bothe nyght an daye
The martelett and the wrenne also
The swalowe wyppynge to and fro
The jaye jangled them amonge
The larke began that mery songe
The sparowe spredde her in the spraye
The mavys sange with notes full gaye
The nothawke with her notes newe
The sterlynge set her notes full trewe
The goldefynche made full mery chere
When she was bente upon a breer
And many other foulees mo
The osyll and the thrushe also †.

* * * *

† For the lines from 60 to 301, see Ritson's Romances—from the Garrick Collection in the British Museum.

wood-cut prefixed—to which I beg the amiable and thorough-bred Bibliomaniac to doff his bonnet and do obedience.



But leve of that stewarde here
 And speke we more of that squyere
 How he to his chambre wente
 Whan he past fro that lady gent
 There he arayed him in scarlet rede
 And set his chapelet on his heed

The extract from this estimable rarity, given below, and which unfortunately is the whole of the frag-

A belte aboute his sydes two
With brode barres to and fro
A horne aboute his necke he caste
And forthe he wente then at the laste
To do his offyce in the hall
Amonge the lordes grete and small
He toke a whyte yerde in his hande
Before the kynge then he gan stande
And soone he set him on his kne
And served the kynge full royally
With deynte metes that were dere
With partryche pecocke and plouer
With byrdes in brede ybake
The tell the ducke and the drake
The cocke the curlue and the crane
With fesauntes fayre there where no wane
Bothe storkes and tuytes there were also
And venyson fresse of bucke and do
And other deyntes many one
For to sette afore the kynge anone
And when the squyer had doone so
He served the hall both to and fro
Eche man hym loved in honeste
Hye and lowe in theyre degre
So dyde the kynge ful sodenly
And he wyst not wherefore nor why
The kynge behelde the squyer well
And all his reymente every dele
Hym thought he was the semelyest man
That euer in the world he sawe of than
Thus sate the kynge & ete ryght nought
But on his squyer was all his thought
Anone the stewarde toke good hede
And to the kynge full soone he yede
And soone he tolde unto the kynge
All theyr wordes and theyr wowynge
And how she hyght hym land and fe
Golde and sylver grete plente

ment, will prove to the reader that it has much more than mere scarcity to recommend it. The

And how she sholde his leve take
And become a knyght for her sake
And thus they talked bothe in fere
And I drewe me nere and nere
Had I not come in veryly
The squyer had layen her by
But whan he was ware of me
Full fast a waye gan he fle
That is southe lo here is my hande
To fyght wī hym whyles I may stande
The kynge sayd to the stewarde tho
I maye not be leve it sholde be so
Hath he be so bonayre and benynge
And served me syth he way ynge
And redy with me in every nede
Bothe trewe in worde and eke in dede
I may not leve by nyght nor daye
My doughter dere he wyll betraye
Nor not to come her chambre nye
That fode to fonde with no folye
Thoughe she woulde to hym consente
That lovely lady fayre and gente
I trowe hym so well withouten drede
That he wolde never do that dede
But yf he myght that lady wynne
In wedlocke to welde withouten synne
And yf she wyll assent hym tyll
That squyere is worthy to have none yll
For I have seen that many a page
Have become men by maryage
Then it is semly to that squyer
To have my doughter by this manere
And eche man in his degree
Become a lorde of ryaltee
By fortune and by other grace
By herytage and by purchase
Therefore stewarde beware hereby
Dyffame hym not for none envy
It were grete ruthe he sholde be spylte
Or put to dethe withouten gylte

owner of it is one of those who well and happily understands the applying of the "uses of anti-

And more reuth of my doughter dere
 For chaungynge of that ladyes chere
 I wolde not for my crowne so newe
 That lady changed hyde or hewe
 Or for to put thy solle in drede
 But thou myght take theym with y^e dede
 For yf it maye be founde in the
 That thou them fame for envyte
 Thou shalte be taken as a felon
 And put full depe in my pryson
 And fetered fast unto a stone
 Till xii yeres becomen and gone
 And drawen with hors throught this cyte
 And soone hanged upon a tree
 And yf thou may thy selfe excuse
 This dede thou shalte no way refuse
 And therefore steward take good hede
 How thou wylte answer to this dede
 The stewarde answered with grete envy
 That I have sayd I wyll stande therby
 To suffer dethe and endlesse wo
 Syr kynge I wyll never go therfro
 For yf that ye wyll graunt me here
 Strength of men and grete powere
 I shall hym take this same nyght
 In chambre with your doughter bryght
 For I shall never be gladde of chere
 Tyll I be venged of that squyere
 Then sayd the kynge full curteysly
 Unto the stewarde that stode hym bye
 Thou shalt have strength ynough wī the
 Men of armes xxx and thre
 To watche that lady moche of pryce
 And her to kepe from her enmyes
 For there is no knyght in crystente
 That wolde betraye that lady fre †

† From 420 to 1132 see Ritson's, &c.

quity" to a thousand intelligible and ornamental purposes.

The reader must *now* enter with me the mansion of SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BART., the long cherished and highly honoured and respected friend, to whom it has afforded me the sincerest delight to dedicate these Reminiscential pages. I must not permit that same reader to devote more than thirteen minutes to a glance at the limited but choice collection of paintings, of the *British School**, which may be said in a manner to flank his many-complexioned Library. We will begin with the Father of the *British Press*,

WILLIAM CAXTON.

Here are two works of the execution of this venerable Typographer; the one, a *Life of Christ*†, the

* Be it allowed me to pay a passing tribute to the WILKIE (the bagpipe player), which is the pendant to a small head by *Ostade*, from the Orleans collection—But, oh! how infinitely superior, in touch, in character, and general execution. The latter is comparatively still life, though marvellously penciled. Of *Erry*, here are four exquisite gems; and his *Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus* among them; but his *two Cupids*!—how radiant, tender, natural, simple, unrivalled! There is the best small picture, by STANFIELD, with which I am acquainted—the *Market Boat*! What an admirable engraving it would make. And then LANDSEER, with his *Terriers catching Rats in a Barn*! Who is like him? And JONES, with his tenderness and delicacy and varied knowledge of his art!

† There is a most beautiful copy, in the same collection, of *Redman's* rare reprint of this *Life*, in 1531, 4to. The eye can scarcely repose upon a lovelier tome of this period of the art of printing. It had been in the collection of the present Duke of Marlborough.

Roxburghe copy, obtained in exchange from the late Earl Spencer—to which exchange I was instrumental at the time of the Roxburghe sale. The other Caxtonian volume is the *Moral Proverbs of Cristyne of Pisa*; obtained in exchange from the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville. It is a prodigiously rare poetical tract, of four leaves only—the whole of which are reprinted in the *Bibl. Spencer.*, vol. iv. p. 218.

WYNKYN DE WORDE,

The pupil and successor of Caxton, and superior to his master in every department of the exercise of his art. His type, his printing, and the paper used by him, have never yet been surpassed in our own country. We will begin with one of his very finest productions—of which the copy happens fortunately to be perfect—*Bartholomæus, De Proprietatibus Rerum*, without date, in folio. This copy had in ancient times belonged to one “Thos. Fflame,” who has gravely marked the cost of its purchase [“preciv̄”] by him as “00. 10s. 00d. It may be now worth forty times this sum. The *Ordinarye of Crysten Men*, 1502; 1506, 4to. fine copies. The *Controversy between a Louer and a Jaye*, 4to., without date. A volume of extraordinary rarity; and reprinted by me from a copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire (for which his Grace gave 39*l.* at the sale of the Roxburghe Library), as a portion of my contribution to the Roxburghe Club: see

page 463, ante*. This copy is in very nice condition; but yet inferior to the very beautiful copy of that scarce book entitled *Treatise of a Galaūt*: only four leaves — and worth what you will per leaf! *Scala Perfectiones*, 1507: again, 1533, 4to. The latter, a most beautiful copy, obtained from the late Earl Spencer in exchange for some early printed tracts. *The Folowyne Jesu Crist*, 4to.; no date: a translation, by Atkynson, of *Thomas à Kempis*; of very extraordinary rarity—and of which I availed myself, by the use of this most beautiful copy of it, in the work alluded to in the preceding pages: see p. 829, &c. Here are two different copies. *The Pater Noster, Aue, and Crede*: a very small and scarce tract—of an early date. *Rycharde Rolle*

* The agonies of the lover's passion are described as being far more intolerable than any endured by the famous Knights of the Round Table, whose "flames" are thus delineated:—

" Thus am I wrapped
And in wo am belapped
Such loue hath me trapped
Without any cure.
Syr Trystram the good
For his lemman *I soude*
More sorrowe neuer bode
Than I do endure.
Lammwell and *Lamaroke*
Gawayne and *Launcelotte*
Garathe and *Craddocke*
With the table rounde,
Syr Bevy *Syr Eglamoure*
Syr Terry *Syr Tryamoure*
In more greuous doloure
Was neuer in bounde."

Hermyte of Hampole—his contemplacyons: very scarce. All these works will be found more or less described in the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*.

WILLIAM PYNSON.

Maundeville's Travels—in Pynson's small secretary gothic type—a small 4to. volume; and probably unique*. *The Chorle and the Byrd*, 4to., no date: in the printer's large gothic type. This is a very rare as well as early re-impression of the text of Caxton: see *Typograph. Antiquit.*, vol. i. p. 396. *Kalendar of Shephardes*, folio: a book, as singular as uncommon, and one of my oldest acquaintances. There are a few more Pynsons; but of minor consideration. Before we proceed further let us take down the precious volume of COVERDALE'S BIBLE, of which the *Sacred Text* is entire†: and from an adjoining

* Sir Francis possesses more than one reprint of this rare and curious performance. Among them is one of the date of 1625, 4to.; an extraordinary copy, uncut, and bound in blue morocco, with a frontispiece facing the title. What a horrid story, with a horrid cut, is that at Ch. V. of a Young Man and his Lurman!—and what a cut is that of the Fiend catching hold of the Spirit of Judas Iscariot, hanging!: sign. G.

† The Duke of Sussex, the Marquis of Northampton, and Miss Curren each possess a copy of this most desirable volume with the *TEXT perfect*. Lord Jersey alone possesses it from beginning to end, including *the map*, in a *PERFECT STATE*. It was on the Sunday of the *third centenary anniversary* of the translation of this Holy Book, Oct. 4, 1835, that Sir Francis, being confined by severe indisposition, wrote to me: "I read the *lessons for the Sunday* out of dear old Miles Coverdale's own book, and it seemed as if I derived additional comfort from the perusal." My orthodox friends—and especially of my own profession—were I think inaccurate about the basis of the *PROTESTANT JUBILEE*; which I date from the *AUGSBOURG PROTEST* to the Emperor

division, let me select, while upon grave topics, the *Speculum Christiani*, printed by *Machlinia*, in small 4to., and of good size and condition—and of which I have known a fine copy bring the good round sum of thirty guineas. Analogous, in size and subject, is the book entitled *Bishop Fisher on the “Seven Penitential Psalms,”* printed by Wynkyn de Worde: which still holds up its head among the rarer and high priced books. What have we here? The largest and cleanest copy perhaps in existence, of that most curious, and in many parts coarsely vituperative, book of *John Bale*, entitled *The Image of Both Churches**. The papist is here flogged with a thong that draws blood at every stroke.

We will delay no longer, but proceed at once to the description of that more remarkable feature of this well garnished Library which is devoted to the owner's very valuable collection of

OLD ENGLISH POETRY†.

Before we speak of Originals, let us, in compli-

Charles V. in 1530, and not from the mere translation of the Scriptures into English; for if *that* be the basis, Tindal's version of the New Testament in 1526-9 must claim priority of commemoration.

* See some extracts from this in the *Bibliomania*, pp. 231-3.

† The *MS. Catalogue* of this Old English Poetry is a thing perfectly unique of its kind, and as gratifying to its Owner as it is interesting and beautiful. It exhibits a series of fac similes of the ornamental title-pages of the rarer pieces, together with fac similes of those wood-cuts which are more remarkable for grotesque and striking character. These, with the titles of the books themselves, have been executed by willing as well as able hands, directed by FILIAL HEARTS. This beautiful book is in 4to., bound by C. Lewis in morocco.

ment to their classical predecessors, make mention of a few old Roman poets in their earliest English garb. What a copy of *Gawin Douglas's metrical version of Virgil*, 1533, 4to.—clean, sound, and a copy worthy of the reputation of the translation! The Roxburghe copy. Here, too, are perfect copies of *Stannyhurst's metrical version* of a part of the *Æneid*, and the yet rarer volume of *Fleming's* similar version of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, in 1589, 4to....so scarce, that a copy of the *Georgics* only has been valued at 15*l.* 15*s.* Smile, gentle reader, while you hear the opening of the third eclogue, and be thankful for Dryden and Pitt!

“*Me.* O Damet, tell, whose beasts be these; are they Melib's, or no?

Da. Not his, but Ægon's—Ægon gave them me of late [to keepe].

Me. O sheepe, alwaies unluckie beastes, while he [Ægon, I mean].”

Hard by, we find the *Three Bookes of Oll. Ovid's Elegies*, by C. M. (Christopher Marlow, Esq.), and *Epigrams* by I. D., at Middlebourgh, but printed in England; of which a copy, wanting one leaf, was sold at Mr. Bindley's sale for 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* A yet earlier translation of the same poet's “*Heroycall Epistles, set about and translated* by George Turberville, was printed in 1567, 4to.; and again by Simon, in 1600, 4to. The first impression, by Turberville, is of great rarity—especially in fine condition.

Here is also the first *Four Books of Martial*,

1628, 4to.; a most beautiful and clean copy; and well designated by its intelligent owner as "*Rariss*"—in the corner of the fly-leaf.

Of *Original* works, let us begin with those of a serious and sacred description; and first, for a precious, little, slim quarto, entitled *Byrd W. Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness*, 1588. 4to; whereof I chuse to select a specimen touching the famous Sir Phillip Sidney—thus:

ON SIR P. SIDNEY.

"Come to me, grefe, for ever;
Come to me, teares, day and night;
Come to me, plaint—ah, helpless!
Just grefe, heart tears, plaint worthie.

Go fro me, dread to die now;
Go fro me, care to live more;
Go fro me, ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, O! Sidney is dead!

He whom the court adorn'd;
He whom the country courtisied;
He who made happie his frends;
He that did good to all men;

Sidney, the hope of land strange;
Sidney, the floure of England;
Sidney, the spirit heroic;
Sidney is dead! O, dead, dead!

Dead? no, no: but removed,
With the anointed one,
Honour on earth at his feete,
Bliss everlasting his seate.

Come to me, grefe," &c.

Here is a most singular book, entitled *Micro-*

biblion, or the *Bible's Epitome*: in verse, by Simon Wastell, sometimes of Queene's Colledge in Oxford. London, 1629, 12mo. It is dedicated to the second LORD SPENCER; and every verse begins in the alphabetical order of A B C, with four leaves of addenda at the end. See MS. note. *The Holy Roode*, or *Christ's Cross*, containing Christ crucified, described in speaking picture. By *John Davies*, no date, 12mo. See *Restituta*, iii. 260. This scarce little volume (of which a copy was sold for 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, at Bindley's sale) is dedicated to Alice, Countess of Derby, and her three noble daughters. Here is also the *Summa Totalis*, or *All in All*, by the same Author, 1607, 4to. This book is dedicated to the Lord Chancellor Elsmere—with the following motto.

“These lines, which all or none perceive aright,
Have neither judgment, art, wit, life, nor spright:”

The dedication to the Chancellor, which is also in verse, ends thus:

“Then (with your greater gifts) accept this small,
Yet (being right) its more than *All in All*.”

Saint Peter's Complaint, with other Poems, 1599, 4to. After an address to his “loving Cousin,” in prose, and two others to the reader in verse, it opens thus—with verses by no means deficient in vigour and point.

“Launch forth, my soule, into a maine of teares
Full fraught with grieve, the musick of the mind:
Torne sailes will serue, thoughts rent with guiltie teares;
Remorse thy Pilot; thy misdeede thy Card;
Torment thy Haven, shipwrack thy best reward.

“ Shun not the shelve of most deserved shame :
 Sticke in the sands of agonising dread :
 Content thee to be stormes and billowes game :
 Divorced from grace thy soule to pennance wed :
 Fly not from forreine evils, fly from thy hart :
 Worst than the wort of evils is that thou art.

“ Give vent unto the vapours of thy brest,
 That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eyes :
 Where sin was hatch'd, let teares now wash the nest ;
 Where life was lost, recover life with cryes,
 Thy trespasses foule, let not thy teares be few :
 Baptize thy spotted soule in weeping dew.”

We will bestow about the same quantity of attention upon another scarce little book, entitled *The Penitent Publican, his confession of mouth, contrition of heart, unfained repentance, and fervent prayer unto God for mercy and forgiveness.* London, 1610, 4to. By T. C. (Thomas Collins). This uncommon production opens somewhat in the style of that of St. Peter's Complaint.

“ On bended knees, and with a broken heart,
 Eyes cast on earth, hands beating of my breast,
 I came to act a penetentiall part
 Before the Almightye, who is pleased best
 With sinfull soules, when they are thus addrest ;
 In whose dread presence (caitiff that I am)
 Prepared thus (till now) I never came.

“ Knees ever bow, and standing beare no more ;
 Eyes ever weepe, and nere be drie again ;
 Hands beat my brest, and make it ever sore ;
 Heart never cease, but sigh and sob amaine ;
 Tongue ever praye, and for my crimes complaine,
 Till tears, blowes, sighs, sobs, prayers and complaints,
 Have freed my soule from all her foule attaints.”

Among the tender and impassioned pieces of *Nicolas Breton*, are his *Ravisht Soule and Blessed Weeper*, dedicated to the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke: of great rarity. But we will now proceed to the old English poetry of a miscellaneous description. And yet there is little space for extended specimens. In fact, in the *Library Companion* I have entered into the detail of many pieces of the very first degree of rarity, which are to be found in this Library—among which, the names of *Greene*, *Dekker*, *Kele*, *Skelton*, and *Taylor* maintain a proud superiority. I must therefore only further observe, in regard to the present selection, that here are *Puttenham*, *Gascoigne*, *Baldwin*, with the earlier pieces of *Spencer*, and his first *Fairy Queen*. The original, and I believe only known, copy of the *Caltha Potatarum*, or *Cutwode's Bumble Bee*; from which Mr. Heber's reprint (see page 465, ante) was given to the Roxburghe Club. The *Rede me and be not roth*—the famous satyre against Cardinal Wolsey—supposed to have been written by Skelton. And see the brief, but relishing notice of *Bishop's Blossoms*, 1633, 4to., at the 729th page of the work just mentioned. But what have we here? Not only a rare, but an intrinsically interesting volume, dedicated to Lady Morton, the wife of Sir George Morton. It is called *The Maiden Queen, entituled The Bretaine Shepherdes teares for the death of Astrobomica**

* In the running title it is *Astrobonica*. But in this library there is also a very rare and curious poetical volume, entitled, *Queen Elizabeth's*

[Queen Elizabeth]. By Harry Raymonde, 1607, 4to. The conclusion being an address to his

Teares, written by Christopher Leuer, 4to. This copy had belonged to Bindley, who gave 10*l.* for it; and afterwards to the late Rev. J. M. Rice. The work relates to the persecutions of the queen by Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. As we have "opened" a note here, let us contrive to fill it up with a few more spicy materials.

"*The House of Correction; or certaine Satyricall Epigrams written by J. H., Gent.*: together with a few characters, called *Par Pari*, or like to like, quoth the Devill to the Collier. (1619), 12mo." In the fly leaf, Sir Francis has observed, "many of these epigrams are written in a happy style, and have much point: the characters give a lively picture of the manners of the time: I have not seen any other copy, except an imperfect one at Longman's, which is marked at 5*l.* 5*s.*"

I am necessarily straitened to little more than one specimen:—

"*To the Bookseller.*

"Nay, fear not, Bookseller; this booke will sell:
For be it good, as thou know'st very well,
All will goe buy it; but say it be ill,
All will goe buy it too; thus thou sel'st still."

"*Spinus his Choyce.*

"Spinus would wed, but he would wed a wench,
That hath all tongues—*Italian, Spanish, French;*
But I diswade him; for if she hath any,
She hath enough: if two, that's two too many."

I mention the following, for the sake of the characteristic epistle attached to it, from the donor of the volume (see page 898, ante), to Sir Francis Freeling. I pretend to no knowledge of its contents; and have only to observe, in elucidation of the letter, that it is a *soiled* and *thumbed* copy of a work which is entitled, "*Smith's Poems of Controversy between Episcopacy and Presbytery*, 1714, 12mo."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In a late rummage among my odds and ends, I found the inclosed; and then methought it would make a figure in a certain collection of rarities in Bryanston Square. *Rare* it is—and I doubt whether any of your rivals can match it.—'Twas mine—'tis yours,' and, from *external* appearances, 'has been slave to thousands.' It will shew, however, that sick or well, a man of my kidney does not forget you, and is glad of any opportunity to shew you that he is,

"Yours, most sincerely,

"June 14, 1821.

ALEX. CHALMERS."

Library—may be acceptable to the curious bibliomaniac.

Ad suos libros.

“ As Time and the cold graue
Concludeth every thing,
So you I ended have,
POORE BOOKES, amidst the spring,
Even as the Larke saluted day,
And silver drops bedew'd each way.

“ Go now and pardon craue
Of that heroick Knight *
Which wisdom doth embraue,
Whom if you know not right,
His bountie, stature, compleate forme,
And valour great shall you informe.

“ His haire like wreaths of gold
Do shade his manly face,
So warlike to behold
As Mars, the God of Thrace.
Nature and Art did both consent
So to contrive him excellent.

“ His Lady fresh also †,
And daughters virtues flowers
Adorne you, as you goe,
Vntill your latest houres,
Which goodly creatures to be seene,
Seeme Lillies on their stalkes so Greene.
So pass away ; and if that envie stirre,
Tis but a stingless drone, a barking cur.”

And yet, not less from chronological precedence, than from the extraordinary whimsicality and amusing information afforded by its contents, I ought

* Sir George Morton.

† Dedicated to Lady Morton.

perhaps to have noticed that once celebrated and biting satire of the day, called *Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen*; or a Glasse to view the Pride of vain glorious Women; containing a pleasant Invective against the *Fantastical Foreign Toyes daylie used in Women's apparell*, 1595, 4to., with a whole-length of a lady in full attire, in the title-page. Here are only FIVE LEAVES...and yet the late Sir Mark Sykes was too happy to give TWELVE GUINEAS for them. Thus they begin:

“ And when proud princockes, Rascalles bratte,
in fashions will be Princes mate;
And every Gyll that keepes a catte,
in rayment will be like a State,
If any cause be to complaine,
In such excesse who can refraine.

“ And when young whiskerrs fit for worke,
in no good sorte will spend the day;
But be profane more than a Turke,
intending nought but to be gaie:
If we were bent to praise our time,
Of force we must condemn this crime.

“ And when grave Matrons, honest thought,
With light heels trash will credit cracke,
And following after fashions nought,
Of name and fame will make a wracke,
Might love, and lip, a fault conceale,
Yet act, and fact, would filth reveale.

“ And when old beldames, withered haggess,
whom hungrie Dogges cannot require,
Will whinnie still, like wanton nagges,
And saddled be with such attire.
A pacient heart cannot but rage
To see the shame of this our age.

“ These glittering caules, of golden plate,
wherewith their heads are richlie dect,
Make them to seem an Angell's mate,
in iudgment of the simple sect.
To peacocks I compare them right,
That glorieth in their feathers bright.

“ These perriwigges, ruffes, armed with pinnes,
these spangles, chain, and laces all :
These naked paps, the devil's ginnes,
to worke vain gazers painfull thrall.
He, fowler is : they are his nettes
Wherewith of fooles great store he gets.”

A very odd, curious, and valuable volume ; but in parts coarse and repulsive.

Shakspeare's Lear, 1608—A clean and perfect copy of the *First Edition* ; splendidly bound by Lewis, in blue morocco. Most rare.

But two more—which are curious for the subject matter. The *Manège* was a great object, at the time of publishing the ensuing work, in the stables both of Monarchs and the Nobility ; and all works connected with Horsemanship received immediate attention from the rich...as it was especially about the end of the sixteenth century that THE STABLE was superintended by its Owner, who thought it a pride to excel in riding a fine horse with united grace and agility. Our “ *Masters of the Horse*,” in “ the days of good Queen Bess,” were not masters in name *only*. But for the Book—and the extract ; in the latter of which we find a most solemn appeal or address, of which the conclusion somewhat amusingly savours of the *bathos*.

A plaine and easie way to remedy a Horse that is foundered in his feet. Set out by Nicholas Malbie, Gentleman, Seruaunt to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie. Imprinted at London by Thomas Purfoote. 1583. B. L. 4to.

The following is from a Poetical Address from Purfoote to the
Lord Robert Dudley, "Maister of the Horse."

"For though you haue a comely courser great,
And Pegasus vnto his syre he haue;
Though passing trim the troden waies he beate,
With loftie looke that trottesth fine and braue,
With raine as rounde as hart can wish or craue,
As trimly treade can yarke aboue the ground,
And seemely sault and tourne both light and rounde.

"Although he can the *Galliard* gallope too,
Passe the *carrier*; the *Cornettie* can daunce,
Can fetch the *Capriol* and other trickes can doe.
As braue and fine as any hence to Fraunce;
What doth auaille these vertues to aduauance,
By diligence thus brought to perfect frame,
If afterward he fall diseased, or lame?"

Latine Songes, with their English, and Poems,
by *Henry Bold**, 12mo. Take a sample of parts
of the *Chevy Chace*, thus translated.

Cane, feras ut abigat
Percœus abiit,
Vel embruo elugeat
Quod hodie accedit.

On the death of Sir Hugh Montgomery:

Hugonem Gomerj, versus,
Sic telum statuit
Vel Anserinus calamus,
In corde maduit.

* Edited by Captain William Bold.

Withrington on his stumps.

Pro Withrington sit gemitus,

Ac si in tristibus,

Qui pugnavit de Genibus

Truncatis Cruribus*.

But the rarer piece of Henry Bold is called "*Wit a sporting in a pleasant Groue of Fancies*," 1657, 12mo.;—in a beautiful copy of which Sir Francis has observed, that "he considers this as one of the rarest books which he possesses. Great value is attached to the portrait and to the book itself. The latter, without the portrait, was sold at Bindley's sale for 6*l.* 13*s.*" The portrait *here* is in fine condition.

In ROMAUNT LORE we have a most beautiful copy

* We may just cursorily notice, among other scarce poetical pieces, the following: *Nasmyth's Divine Poems*, 1665, 8vo.; a sound good copy: a bad one fetching £3 8*s.* at Bindley's sale. *Newes out of Powles Church Yard*, in eight satires, by *Edw. Hake*, 1579, 12mo.: the verses are in stanzas of eights and sixes. A very rare and curious little book. *The Temple of Loue*, by *W. Davenant*, 1634, 4to. This was a mask represented to Charles I. and Henrietta on Shrove Sunday at Whitehall, of which Inigo Jones had the direction. *The Scourge of Venus*, by *H. A.*, 1613, 18mo. Perhaps unique: see a specimen in the Library Companion. It is the horrible story of Myrrha and Cinyras from Ovid; told occasionally in stanzas of warmth and vigour. *The Phoenix Nest*, 1593, 4to. See Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. vi. p. 248. *The Holy Historie of King David; drawne into Englishe Meeter for the Youth to read*, by *John Marbeck*, 1579, 4to., properly marked "Rariss" by its possessor. *Churchy and Chorie*, 1579, 4to.; a most beautiful copy of a most rare book: not in the collection of Farmer, Steevens, or Brand. *The Serpent of Devision. Garboduc*, 1590, 4to.: the former 23, the latter 55, pages. Of great rarity. *Gosson's Ephemerides of Phealo*, 1586, 12mo. *Schoole of Abuse*, 1587, 12mo. Two works of especial rarity and intrinsic curiosity.

of a most uncommon book, called *Robinson's Ancient Order, Societie and Unitie, &c. of Prince Arthur and the Knightly Armoury of the Round Table*, 1583: together with *John Leyland's Learned and True Assertion of the Original Life, &c. of Prince Arthur*, 1582, 4to. See *Brit. Bibliog.* i. 106. Nor ought I to omit the mention of a copy of the well known, though badly printed, volume of *Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, of 1634, 4to. with cuts—exceeded perhaps only by the Stanley copy for integrity and amplitude of condition. And here, in reference to a volume of romantic and heroic achievement in its way, be it allowed me to make honourable mention of a volume upon which I have probably gazed more frequently, and expatiated more copiously, than the generality of Bibliographers. It is the TEWRDANCKHS—and the very fine and perfect copy of this *first edition* of it, UPON VELLUM—now before me—to which I allude. This magnificent book, bound in all the morocco luxury of the Lewisian binding, was a present to Sir Francis by Charles Sieveking, Syndic of Hamburgh, and late Envoy Extraordinary at the Imperial Court of Brazils. This precious copy has the table, with a blank leaf of vellum after signature P... Then the 118th cut—with four pages of text; then A. in eights, as a table. Here is also a MS. explanation, in the French language, of the several cuts; and of the more celebrated individuals designated by the German names.

There is neither time nor space to do any thing

more than to mention generally one peculiar and distinguishing feature in this Library, in which it seems to be the received opinion that it has no Rival. I mean the department of WITCHCRAFT and DEMONOLOGY. Even the late Sir Walter Scott might have gathered more than *one* relic wherewith to enrich the many shrines of this description which he has erected within his fascinating performances. I dare not venture to put my hand upon more than one volume; for I have no desire to disturb the reader's rest by *conjuring* up frightful dreams, which must inevitably ensue—if a lengthened detail were entered into by an enumeration of the bizarre features of this marvellous collection. And yet, before my specimen is selected, it is my duty to make especial mention of the *MS. Catalogue* of these bewitching volumes, executed, as in the case of the Old Poetry, by the *pencil*, as well as *pen*, of filial ingenuity and perseverance. These extraordinary volumes have scarcely *one* attractive decoration, in the way of art, but what is *facsimilised* (and admirably and faithfully too) by the same affectionate hands as have executed the ornaments in the department of the Old Poetry: see page 923. This Catalogue is a perfect *quarto gem*, bound in morocco by Lewis.

Here we read the melancholy end of the *Damnable Life of Dr. Fian, in Newes from Scotland*, 1591 4to., a book of such scarcity and singular curiosity, that it was deemed worthy of being re-printed as the contribution to the Roxburghe Club, by George

Henry Freeling, Esq., the eldest son of Sir Francis. See page 464, ante. From *one* of the two cuts, there reprinted, I am enabled to close these *Freelingiana* by the use of it on the present occasion. It is full of mystery and terror.



But three more collections to notice in London—and these very briefly : although one of them, *alone*, would furnish materials for the composition of one of the most interesting and beautiful bibliographical volumes in the world. It is that of the Right Hon. THOMAS GRENVILLE to which I can only allude, and to which so many pages of my previous productions have been indebted for so large a share of interest which they might contain. It is more than negative consolation to be sensible of the debt which I have endeavoured to discharge in the language of thankfulness for all favours conferred from that quarter. Not only for its *dimensions* (and yet TWENTY THOUSAND VOLUMES cannot be said to be contained in a *nut shell*!) have I never *seen* anything like it, but I can have *no conception* of anything going beyond it. In Spanish lore it is exquisitely rich ; and the recent acquirement, not only of the highest priced book sold at the sale of Mr. Heber's library (TIRANTE IL BIANCO), but of very many of the more prominent cast of character in that same Collection, seemed only to be wanting to render such a Library as that in *Cleveland Square* as complete... as all earthly things can count upon being.

But a passing and a final word upon the *Bibliotheca Heberiana* here alluded to. It is now fast melting away. Seven successive snow-balls of enormous dimensions*, have already disappeared ; and

* See page 366, ante.

four more of equal size are quickly to fall into dissolution. Within six months to come, every volume will have also probably taken its departure for ever; and an aggregate of perhaps some *one hundred thousand volumes* will have been disposed of under the hammers of Messrs. Sothebys, Evans, Stanley, and Wheatley. Considering the short time allowed for the dispersion of such an unparalleled mass of Books—the celerity of dispatch, in the preparation of the several catalogues, by Messrs. Payne and Foss, has been perhaps equally unparalleled. It boots not now to introduce my own notions, or my earliest views, of the best method to have been adopted in the disposal of so *large* and so *valuable* a body of property in the shape of Books. Every subsequent reflection has only confirmed the propriety of those early views. When it is known, as a fact, that the late Owner of these books declared, several years before he went abroad, that his Library had then cost him NINETY-TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, and that the Individual*, to whom that communication was made, supposed the sum must have been DOUBLED before Mr. Heber's decease, it seems both a natural and necessary consequence to infer, that its *net produce*—even now—would be nearer *half* than a *third* of the sum origi-

* My authority is my friend Mr. Markland, who received the intelligence from the late Roger Wilbraham, Esq., to whom Mr. Heber personally made the communication. Mr. Wilbraham added to Mr. Markland, that he supposed the sum in question had been DOUBLED.

nally expended. Time alone will solve that point. Meanwhile Messrs. Payne and Foss have most faithfully acted up to the letter and spirit of their instructions; and the part, just published, of the Manuscripts, is really a most creditable performance.

But, in the probable result of all these united Sales, there are several *drawbacks* to be taken into consideration. First, the times have been clearly adverse to the public sales of Libraries. The bibliomania is greatly subdued even with well-disposed and wealthy purchasers. Books, like other objects of pursuit, or articles of taste, have become of easy obtainment...chiefly in consequence of their constant importation from abroad. But, more than either, or than the whole of these drawback-considerations, must the character or complexion of Mr. Heber's library itself be taken into consideration: first, in respect to *condition*, and secondly, in regard to *duplicates*. The condition of the books, generally speaking, was far from *tempting*; and I once had it from the mouth of their Owner, that 5000*l.* might be well laid out upon their coating. The binding of the Harleian Library (chiefly in red morocco) cost Lord Oxford 18,000*l.* The duplicates—the triplicates—and even more—of rare and costly volumes, had no end. Of the *first Aristotle* and *first Plato* alone, there were, one with the other, hardly fewer than *five copies*; each not only throwing the other into a darker shade, but thereby impoverishing the value of every other copy in the market. The

system of doubling, trebling, and even quadrupling, seemed to have neither definite object nor boundary, and is only traceable to a rapaciousness of hunger and thirst, in the INDIVIDUAL COLLECTOR, such as the world never saw before, and is not likely to see again. The foregoing pages* too strongly attest my former attachment to that Individual to suppose that, on the present occasion, I can have any other wish than that a PLENTIFUL HARVEST may crown the exertions of those who have brought their sickles into the field.

But it is getting late, and there is much of *Library Sketching* yet to encounter. I will take the reader with me to Upper Brook Street, and introduce him for a few minutes only to the select and promising collection of the Honourable R. CURZON, a young man deeply imbued with that thorough indomitable ardour in the cause, which knows no abatement, and will lead in the end to the acquisition of some of the rarest treasures. The last letter which I had the gratification of receiving from this "enterprising Knight," is full of good omen. "I have only just returned (*Jan. 23, 1835*, says the writer) to England, and have brought several tough old books and Greek MSS. from Syria and Albania, which I should be very glad to shew you."

Of a more classical and finished character, is the library of LORD VERNON; a young Nobleman, who has but just lifted his late father's coronet to his

* See page 429—446.

brow, and as brave a Book Knight as ever “couched his quivering lance.” He will not content himself with *large*, when the *largest* paper is to be procured—witness his Xenophon and Hesiod*. But Cicero, Lucretius, Pindar, Tacitus, Thucydides, &c. are all with him in their *large* and flowing vestments, including the Poetics of Aristotle by Tyrwhitt. Then again we have the *Gre nadier Hearnes*—“in long array;” while *Homer*, in his *first* appearance in the typographical character, and in the subsequent resplendent draperies of *Clarke* and the *Grenvilles*, catches the eager eye and quickens the excited pulse. The foregoing is indeed but a “sketch.” Yonder is Dante in the *Foligno* attire, and again with the Commentary of Landino and twenty-one copper cuts†. Explain how this may be, “good, my Lord?” Will you venture to claim more felicitations than

* What a curious tale belongs to the recent acquisition of a large paper copy of the TRUE FOLIO of Robinson’s edition of Hesiod, printed in 1737, 4to. Gr. and Lat. There were only ten copies printed in this form; of which that in the library of the late Duke of Grafton was purchased by the Right Hon. Thos. Grenville for £100; *Introd. to Classics*, vol. ii. p. 35-6. Lately, a straggling copy of this calibre was found in an obscure place in the country, and marked at FIVE SHILLINGS! The whole book-world, from Whitechapel to Hyde Park Corner, was in motion: carriages, carts, and horses were all put in requisition. The result may be anticipated. There was a combination not to oppose one another. The booksellers had what is called a “knock-out” concern, and it was purchased by one firm for one hundred guineas, and sold to the above gallant collector for an additional twenty guineas. Mr. Vernon’s *Hutchinson’s Xenophon* is also of the *superlative* degree of comparison. They are always fine volumes. Lord Acheson, Earl Gosford’s eldest son, has just become the fortunate possessor of Renouard’s copy of the “TRUE FOLIO HESIOD.” “Fortunati ambo!”

† See *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. iv. p. 108—115, and *Ottley’s History of Engraving*.

belong to the Owner of the copy described in the fourth volume of the Spencerian Library? I have only time just to cast a hurried eye over the best editions of the *French Classics*, bound in the appropriate morocco ligatures of De Sueil, Padaloup, De Rome—and other orthodox French Bibliopegists... and making my obeisance to the gallant Owner of these treasures—as the dusk of evening is advancing. I hasten home to prepare for dressing and dinner—and for something better than both...the *Soirée* at KENSINGTON PALACE.

The Library of *His Royal Highness* the DUKE of SUSSEX is to be seen under two very different aspects. If you go by day to look at the books—to thread a Cretan labyrinth of corridors, boudoirs, galleries, and cubical chambers—amply and richly furnished with some forty thousand volumes—of all qualities and sizes—from the Lilliputian *Agnus Dei* to the Brobdignagian *Choral Book**, you will

* I am in possession of one of these AGNUS DEI's, which seems to have been printed for, as well as dedicated to, Prince Henry, the elder son of James I. Its form is indeed diminutive; for it measures only one inch and three-eighths in height, an inch in width, and half an inch in thickness. Its author is *Io. Weever*, and it consists of an abridged life of our Saviour in English metre, having only a couplet on each page, printed prose-wise. The title is AN AGNVS DEI. Printed by N. O., for John Smethwicke, 1610. Then follows, "*To Prince Henry, your humble servant, Io. Weever.*" The dedicatory epistle is as follows:—

"Thou matchless issue of a mighty king,
To whose green years and judgment grave I bring
These holy numbers of my heavenly muse,
Which my late empress dained to peruse;
The like acquaintance humbly I intreat.
My book is little, but my loue is great. *Io. Weever.*"

The two gigantic Choral Books, in the possession of His Royal High-

be richly repaid for one of the liveliest *chassés* imaginable. Such was the morning *chassé* of which I once partook : when the sky was bright, the gardens were green, and beds and bowers of flowers and shrubs and sweets perfumed the summer air. Under such favourable circumstances, I examined more minutely the early manuscripts and illuminated missals of so extraordinary a collection.

I have the *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*—the loveliest of all lovely manuscripts of this celebrated work, which I ever saw—at this moment *sub oculis*. It is of Italian scription, in the Roman letter, and Italian art ; in a large folio—upon vellum, so soft,

ness, about a yard in length, and upwards of two feet in width, bear the following inscription, as having been executed in 1420 :—

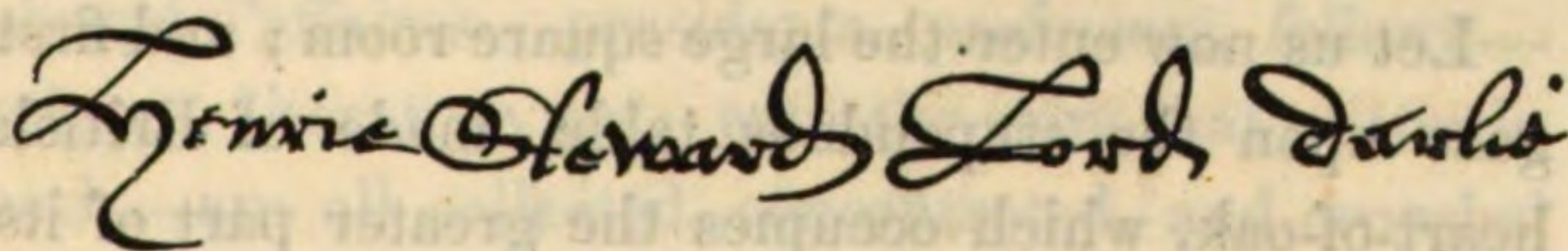
“ Ad laudem om̃ipotentis dei. patris. et filii. et sp̃s sancti. deipare virginis marie. totiusqz celestis curie. istud psalteriũ scribi fecit Reverendus pater. dns. Anthonius tsgrooten. de Oesterwyck. Abbas modernus huius monasterii Tongerelensis ordinis premonstratensis. per Franciscum weert scriptorem lovanii residentem. Anno verbi incarnati M^o.ccccxxii^o. mensis martii die xxii. finit feliciter. Deo gracias.”

The following ornament appears on the bottom margin of the first highly illuminated page of text.



white, and subtle, as to be suited only to the fingers of fairies to turn over. The colophon acquaints us that it was “purchased by one Nicolas, Prior of the Monastery of St. Matthias de Muriano, for nine golden ducats, in the year 1472:” and further, that he the said Prior Nicolas “rubricated and illuminated the whole with his own proper hand*.” It is scarcely possible to conceive, or to desire, a more perfect volume, in all respects. It might have been written in 1470.

In the room where so many beautiful missals and decorated volumes, chiefly of a devotional character, appear, is a copy of Hall's Chronicle, printed by Grafton in 1550; in which book is the autograph of the unfortunate *Lord Darnley* (the only one which I ever saw), who was once the owner of the volume. The following is a fac-simile of it.



But the two rooms in His Royal Highness's Library, which may compete with each other—although of a totally different complexion both in structure and in book-furniture—is the gallery, sixty feet in length, and the large square room, recently built, in

* The prior's attesting colophon is precisely in the following lines:—

“*Iste liber est Monasterij sti Matthiæ de Muriano quem ego Nicolaus, Prior Mon Sti Matthiæ de Muriano, emi pro dto Mon. precio ducatorum nouem auri. Ano dnj, 1472. “Ipmque manu propria rubricauit et miniauit.”*”

which the Royal Master receives his guests on his public evenings, as President of the Royal Society. By daylight, to my eyes, the gallery is the more thoroughly bibliomaniacal receptacle: a place, in which you would the rather wish to build your book-nest—to forget the world without, and the many wretched creatures that crawl upon its surface. Here are the *Bibles* and the *Fathers*; and *Theology* in all languages and in all its varying and instructive forms. In this department His Royal Highness has NO EQUAL. Let Mr. Pettigrew's noble volumes* tell the tale more at large, and fill up satisfactorily the rough outline here chalked out. See, too, for a brief minute, pages 551, 580, ante. I think there are only *three* essentially necessary, or parent-texts of the Bible, in the fifteenth century, of which His Royal Highness is in absolute want.

Let us now enter the large square room; and first gaze upon the stupendous table, made of British heart-of-oak, which occupies the greater part of its centre. Upon *this* table, on the social evenings alluded to, are placed curiosities of every description,

* I allude to his splendid catalogue, in two imperial octavo volumes, published in 1827. Mr. Pettigrew devotes the first to an account of the MSS.; the second to the printed books on Theology only. The first volume is in a blaze of decoration with fac similes of ornaments in the more ancient Hebrew manuscripts.

“These are imperial works, and worthy *KINGS*”—
and, of course, the sons of kings! I hope the day is not *very* distant when we may see a continuation and completion of this praiseworthy production. The *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* rejoices to stand in rank and file with such comrades.

both in books and antiquities. Here, I have seen an exact model, with every stone represented, of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Bridges, arches, obelisks, beasts, birds, fishes, are, more or less, within this and the adjoining rooms, to be viewed with alternate surprise and admiration. It is clear, therefore, now, that these book-rooms are about to be described by lamp-light. Even so. At nine, the "gathering" begins. Characters, from all quarters, in all the varieties of rank, talent, station, and influence, assemble together. By ten, "the busy hum" is at its highest pitch. Stars, garters, ribands and medals; the full and the plain dress; the flowing beard and the precise mustachio; the varied dialect; the eager enquiry, the cautious reply, the patient hearing; the whisper on the sofa, and the laugh on tip-toe; archbishops, ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, consuls, chargé-d'affaires—presidents, professors, fellows—science, literature, art; with the stars that glitter in each—are all collected, concentrated, and crowded on these Saturday evenings of most delectable *conversazione*.

In a more quiet retreat, and in a room less frequented, are one or two almost solitary turners-over of the pages of antiquated volumes. My flesh has more than once crept on seeing the beloved St. Austin's manuscript, and the splendid membranaceous volumes of *Fust* and *Schoeffher's Bible* of 1462, encountered by hands which had been better suited to the task had they been cased in kid gloves.

I once made my advances to an elderly gentleman, a foreigner, busied in reading Buxtorf's Lexicon by the side of an old Hebrew Bible. "Sir (said he to me) here is my only comfort. Whenever I want information, Buxtorf never fails me. He was the most deeply learned of all Hebraists." Leaving my rabbinical Buxtorfian, I was quietly threading one or two more of the other boudoirs—each of them having a lamp suspended from the centre—when, turning abruptly to the left, an half-opened door induced me to enter the room itself. Not a creature was within sight or hearing. I entered, and the first and only object which caught my eye, was a colossal bust of *Bonaparte*, upon a therm, in the centre of the room, from the chisel of Canova. The concentrated light of the suspended lamp shone full upon the countenance. I seemed for a short moment to be holding conversation with the ORIGINAL...now, unmoved by ambition, uninfluenced by cabals, unagitated by opposition. At the foot of the therm lay one of the great choral books just mentioned*. While I was thus musing, a tread of feet and murmur of voices was heard. I turned, and it was *Prince Talleyrand* and His Royal Highness who were approaching!

But the carriages are drawing up, and the names of their owners are announced—*pleno voce*. Time is fast galloping away; and within a quarter of an hour the palace clock will strike the hour of midnight,

* See page 944, ante.

and the Sabbath breezes will be stirring the leaves of the neighbouring avenue. I make my obeisance and retire. By twelve, scarcely a visitor is left behind.

Thus much, or rather thus little, for “*Sketches of Private Libraries*” in LONDON. I fly to the country; and with a pigeon’s wing velocity plant myself opposite *Eshton Hall*, near Skipton, in Yorkshire. Its amiable and intellectual owner invites me to enter; and within five minutes I find myself in the midst of her Library. MISS CURRER is not a collector of the caprice of a day. From earliest youth, her passion both for reading and amassing books has been extreme; and fortunately her means enable her to gratify this passion to an extent of placing her at THE HEAD of all female Collectors in Europe. In fact, as I have often remarked, this Lady is a sort of modern CHRISTINA of the North. But she has been fortunate in building a superstructure upon a broad and splendid foundation. The *Bierley Library*, descending with the property of her great grandfather, *Dr. Richardson**, has enabled her to

* Miss Currer has very recently, under the editorial care of her friend DAWSON TURNER, Esq., put forth, but not published, an interesting octavo volume, with plates, entitled, “*Extracts from the Literary and Scientific Correspondence of Richard Richardson, M.D. F.R.S., of Bierley, Yorkshire. Yarmouth, 1835, 8vo.*” This volume is botanical from beginning to end; exhibiting an ardour and perseverance and tact such as can with difficulty be conceived; and written when some of the greatest botanists of the day were living, and the star of LINNÆUS was just beginning to irradiate the horizon of that science.

erect one of such splendour and extent, as to fill two rooms, whose united lengths (besides a bay

But the "dramatis personæ" (if I may so speak) of this volume, are best brought under the reader's eye in the language of its learned editor.

"The '*Richardson's Correspondence*' fills twelve folio volumes, and would, if printed, probably form eight of the same bulk as the present. I had two objects in view, when first I solicited the loan of it from Miss Currer. I thought it might possibly throw light upon the early history of Sir Joseph Banks, whose life I have for some time been engaged in writing; and I also conjectured that it might afford me assistance in another of my favourite projects, a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Pulteney's '*Sketches of Botany in England*.' In the former of these hopes I found myself entirely disappointed: so long a period had elapsed from the close of the life of Dr. Richardson to the commencement of the scientific career of Sir Joseph Banks, that their pursuits did not possess any point of union. * * * *

In my other object I should not have experienced a similar disappointment. The information to be derived from these letters, and from the correspondence of Sloane and Sherard, could not fail to be highly valuable to any one engaged in a similar pursuit. But I felt that I should not do justice to the memory of Dr. Richardson by such a limitation. I had not proceeded far in the examination of his papers, before it was evident to me, that, regarded collectively, they were of themselves sufficient to answer two other and more important purposes; to furnish materials for the biography of the individual to whom they are addressed, and to supply such a fund of knowledge towards the annals of natural history, during the period they embrace, as merited a more honourable distinction than the being embodied in another work, of which, from its nature, they could be made to form but an inconsiderable part."

These "performers in the botanical drama" are then further shewn up by the same pen; and, as far as I have had opportunities of verification, I find the strictures correct. Some of the effusions of Dillenius and Gronovius have much diverted me; especially the former, page 262-3, in his conjectures about the unknown herbacious treasures which

"The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear."

But Mr. Turner shall continue his sketches.—

"They also enable us to estimate the characters of Dr. Richardson's different correspondents: the generosity of the consul Sherard; the selfish closeness of his brother; the gentlemanly feelings of Sloane; the

window in each room of fourteen feet by twelve) are seventy-six feet, by twenty-four feet in width, and

intense, unwearied industry of Hearne; the true spirit of a collector in Thoresby; the devotion to botany in Dillenius; the querulousness of Brewer; the honest unlettered zeal of Knowlton; and so of the rest; for letters are peculiarly calculated to display the human mind in its most undisguised state; and, however there may, even in them, be artifice, I am greatly mistaken if an equally sure test of character is anywhere else to be found. Upon the disposition also, and the habits, and the pursuits of certain other less generally known individuals, and particularly of Uvedale and of Buddle, some light will be thrown by the printing of this correspondence. The former of these, the successful competitor of Sir Isaac Newton, at Cambridge, is very slightly noticed by Pulteney; the latter, not at all; though his knowledge was such as to have caused him to be designated by Mr. Vernon as 'the top of moss-croppers in England,' and though of frequent occurrence, the beauty and agreeable odour of the shrub which bears his name, would naturally make botanists desirous of learning particulars about the man."

The name, or rather the letters, of Hearne now and then enrich this necessarily rare volume, as only 250 copies were printed. But it is not surprising that the GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER should inherit the *bibliomaniacal* passion from such a source as this; for in one of Dr. Richardson's letters to his son Richard, see with what ardour he describes, and with what delight he views (and which I, in my college days, and in the library of St. John's, used as delighted to look upon) *Cooper's Anatomy*.—"I have at last received (Jan. 2, 1733) *Cooper's Anatomy*. I have paid for it 5*l.* 10*s.* It is a GLORIOUS PERFORMANCE. Nothing can be executed with more neatness and accuracy than this worke." Again—"The *Hortus Elthamensis* is a NOBLE BOOKE, in two volumes, folio.... Dr. Dillenius prints it at his *own expense*." Page 328. Well, therefore, might the amiable great grand-daughter thus express herself to me, in one of her notes of 1833. "I consider myself much more of a RICHARDSON than a CURRER."

It is, I think, but a just tribute to TRUTH, to select, as I do with a perfect conviction of its propriety, what our common friend, Mr. Dawson Turner, has observed of this distinguished female descendant.—

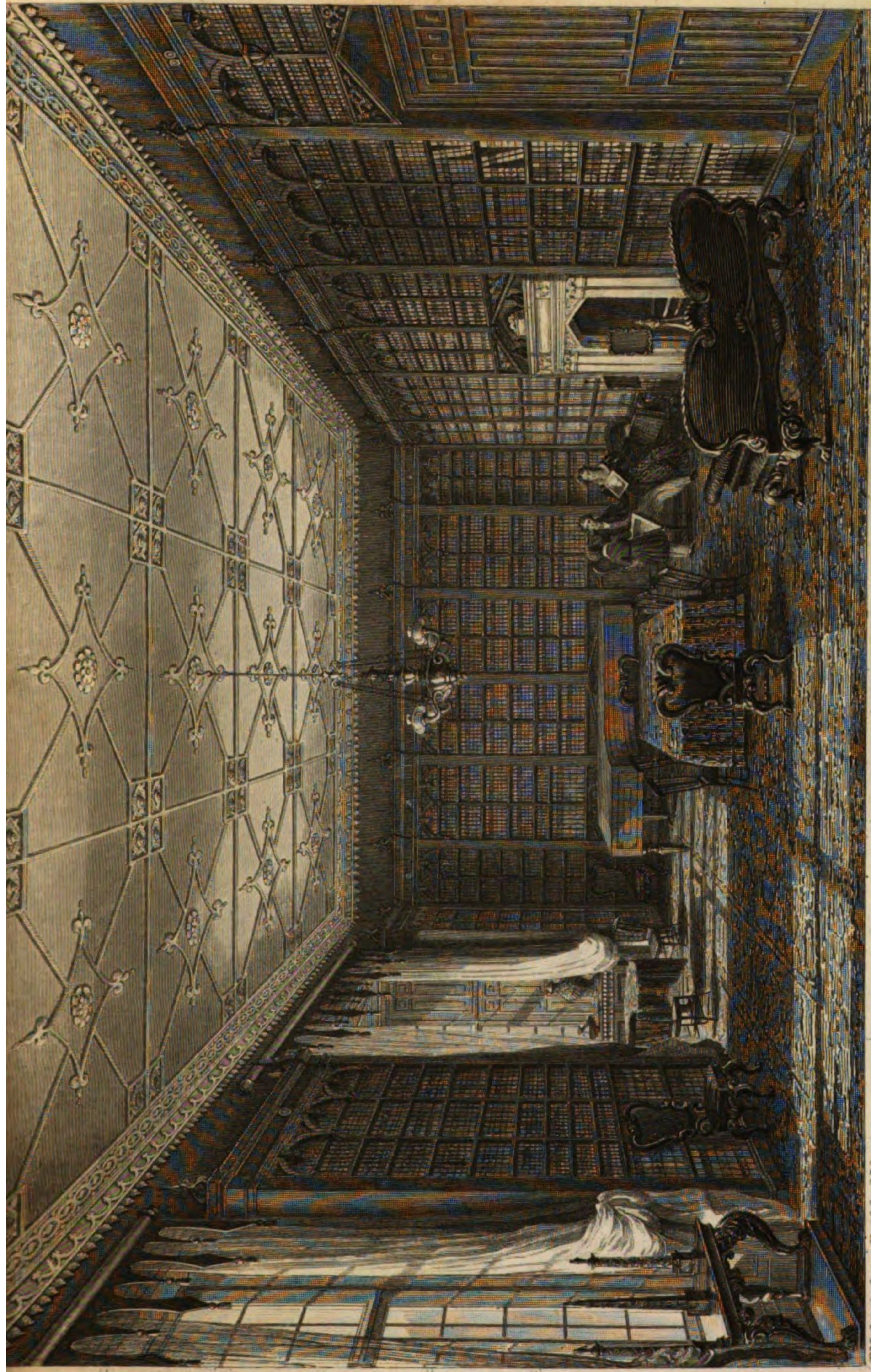
"It only remains for me to say, that the sole merit (if there be merit at all), which is ascribable to me in this work, lies in the selection and the notes: all else belongs to Miss Currer. The compilation was originally made for my own private amusement and instruction: her

sixteen in height. The first of these rooms, of forty feet, is the Library, properly so called; the second is the Drawing-room; but, as the OPPOSITE PLATE testifies*, equally devoted to books as the first. A third room, on a smaller scale, but to be fitted up with furniture equally *bibliomaniacal*, is in contemplation; to which a *conservatory* is to be attached†.

liberality and spirit, her love for literature and for the arts and sciences, her desire to gratify her friends, her feelings for the honour of her family; and, above all, her pious affection for the memory of her distinguished ancestor, induced her to direct that it should be committed to the press."

* The plate of the LIBRARY will be seen as the frontispiece of Part II. There are, in fact, FOUR PLATES attached to the catalogue of Miss Currer's library, to be presently noticed. The third is an exterior view of Eshton Hall, which has quite an Elizabethan air. The fourth plate is a *view from the library window*; in which view the distant hill is called *Elso*. For the use of these two plates my best thanks are necessarily due to the owner of the Library.

† The FURNITURE of the above splendid rooms is in perfect harmony with their chief attraction: that of the first, is carved oak; of the second, carved rosewood: the book-cases in both rooms are oak. There was a first intention to have pictures, and no books, in the second room; but who can resist the growing and soft contagion of BOOKS? The fair Owner "soon found out that one room would by no means contain her books." Now as to PICTURES—I find, on going through the RICHARDSON CORRESPONDENCE, that old *Vander Gucht*, a sort of fashionable engraver in his day, used to cater for Dr. Richardson in Italian paintings and Rembrandt prints; and this volume bears evidence (Letters CLIX. CLXIII.) that he was "no bad hand at a bargain"—though, as an engraver, especially in Hearne's pieces, he was absolutely below contempt. In this first letter to the doctor's son (whom the father used to call "Dear Dick"), of the date of Sept. 9, 1749, he talks of letting him have a genuine Nicolo Poussin (five feet high by three feet and a half wide) for thirty-five guineas; assuring him that "no person living besides should have it under fifty." Then follows an account of an Annibal Caracci—considered, although damaged in several places, "the best picture of the master then in England." In the second letter,



Engraved from a Sketch by C.J. Stewart.

THE DRAWING ROOM ESHTON HALL.

Engraved by S. Eadie.

This species of BOOK-PARADISE, in which the impassioned Collector might love to rove, and peradventure to fix a temporary abode, has in a measure become familiar to us by that spirit of liberality in its proprietor, who is always so anxious to add to the quantity of bibliomaniacal bliss. Her archives are not, like many devoted spots, fenced round with high walls and deep moats; but, even without stirring from his fireside, the ardent devotee may make himself acquainted with every iota of their contents. Of course, I can only allude to that beautiful volume, printed at her entire cost—for the sake of partial distribution—which bears the following title: “A Catalogue of the Library collected by Miss RICHARDSON CURRER, at Eshton Hall, Craven, Yorkshire. By C. T. Stewart, Bookseller, London. Printed for Private Circulation only; 1833, 8vo.*.”

But although the latter part of this title might

Vander Gucht brings in his bill to Mr. Richardson's son, for some drawings by Vandyke, Berghem, and N. Poussin, together with some Rembrandt prints: the whole amount being 41*l.* Among the prints, is the “Hundred-Guilders,” valued at 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* I have known this print bring 75*l.* and more. I may add that THESE PICTURES, with others from Rubens, Domenichino, and Raffaele, and a large portfolio of old engravings, yet enrich the interior of Eshton Hall. But, in the boast of pedigree, Miss Currer may dwell with complacency on the names of the two WARTONS, Archbishop Sharpe and his brother the mathematician, and Bawdwen, the translator of Domesday.

* The Catalogue, which is beautifully got up, contains only the titles of the books. Had I been at Mr. Stewart's elbow, it would have been barely possible to have resisted the temptation of supplying a little food of a more savoury quality than that of mere titular information. The generosity of the Owner, for a volume of such facile execution, has been without precedent.

induce a supposition that the Owner of the Library did not throw open the doors of it sufficiently wide to the public, yet, such has been her judgment and liberality, that it may be questioned whether there be a dozen gentlemen—decided Book Collectors—in the kingdom, to whom a copy, by some means or other, has not been graciously sent; although the possessors of the volume may not be aware that the total expenditure of putting it forth in its present beautiful garb, was very little short of *Six Hundred Pounds*;—a rare and noble instance of adorning a favourite pursuit, by allowing others to become gratuitous partakers of it. Among the many distinguished Collectors, who have good reason to “thank their stars” for the possession of such a treasure, are six to my own knowledge. Messrs. Freeling, Turner, Botfield, Repton, Morgan, and Upcott. An elegant compliment to the utility of the book, and to the liberality of its Owner, was paid by the late Earl Spencer, to whom—in consequence of Miss Currer’s telling me that “any friends whom I might be pleased to mention should have copies,*” a copy was expressly sent—in the thoroughly handsome half-morocco binding of Mackenzie—the usual dress in which the copies quitted the wardrobe of their Owner.

Lord Spencer, in reply to me, thus observed: “I have just received the very handsome book from

* In this same note or letter, its author mentions the *having ordered fifty copies to be put in half morocco binding by Mackenzie*, with a view of making them *donations*.

Miss Currer. It would have been at any time a very interesting and valuable addition to my class of *Bibliography*; but it is more particularly so now—as I am occasionally employing the few leisure moments which my unavoidable calls on business, and checks from ailments, allow, in trying my hand at a *Classed Catalogue* of the *Bibliotheca Althorpiana*; a work which, of course, can never be finished, but the fabrication of which will be much benefited by that respectable Lady's production in the same line. I shall of course, 'as in duty bound,' trouble her with my grateful acknowledgments."—*Ryde, June 17, 1833.* Considering myself also "in duty bound" to make Miss Currer acquainted with such favourable sentiments from such a quarter, she observed in reply, "I had a very flattering letter from his Lordship himself yesterday."

And now, if the uninitiated reader be disposed to ask what is the character of this Library, about which so much is said, I answer, in the very words of its Owner with which the "Advertisement" prefixed commences. "The LIBRARY, of which this volume forms the Catalogue, has been collected solely with a view to UTILITY; yet in those works usually considered ornamental and curious, it possesses specimens of no common occurrence*." In the *Na-*

* It should be here mentioned, that all the older books in Miss Currer's library, such as *Caxton's Polychronicon*, the *St. Alban's Chronicle* (upon vellum), the *Fructus Temporum*, with *Coverdale's Bible* of 1535, were obtained "at little cost, in all probability, as she

tural Sciences, Topography, Antiquity, and History, it is more particularly rich ; and the Manuscripts, although not numerous, are interesting and valuable. The Books, individually, are in the finest condition, and not a few of them in the richest and most “ tasteful bindings.” An admirable Index is the immediate clue to the discovery of any work of which we may be in pursuit ; and there are not fewer than FIFTEEN THOUSAND VOLUMES to refer to. Such are the treasures of ESHTON HALL, in the department of books alone. For the continued, and long continued, health and happiness of its amiable and accomplished Owner, there can be but one feeling and one sentiment amongst every enlightened and liberal hearted Individual : accompanied even with a secret wish that SUCH examples, in the same sex, may “ abound more and more ;” and that there is no one duty more imperatively inculcated than that of adorning this world’s wealth by pursuits, which, in

herself supposes,” by her great grandfather. They are imperfect ; but the Coverdale has been lately completed by the skill of Mr. Harris, who pronounces it—next to that of Lord Jersey’s—to be the finest copy he ever saw. Since the publication of her Catalogue, Miss Curren informs me that she has only purchased the following article, of any note, of Mr. Henry Bohn, for 63*l*. It is a very extraordinary copy of Claude’s *LIBER VERITATIS*, by Earlom, with duplicate plates in the character of *etchings, proofs, variations*, in four volumes folio, containing 500 plates ; the fourth volume having the etchings and variations. This extraordinary copy was made up by the late Mr. Baker (the *Quisquilus* of the Bibliomania) who was well acquainted with Earlom, and had the pickings of his portfolio. It is questionless the finest copy of this interesting work in existence.

the language of the Great Roman Writer* (prefixed as a motto to the Catalogue itself), “*nourish youth ; delight old age ; adorn prosperity ; afford a refuge and solace in adversity ; forming our delights at home ; anything but hindrances abroad ; which are our nightly associates ; our indoor and out of door companions.*” These be general topics of admiration and congratulation. For myself, *that* sentiment is the most deeply felt which neither the tongue nor the pen has the ability of adequately conveying:—

“ In freta dum fluvii current, &c.

* * * *

Semper HONOS NOMENQUE TUUM laudesque manebunt
Quæ me cunque vocant terræ.”

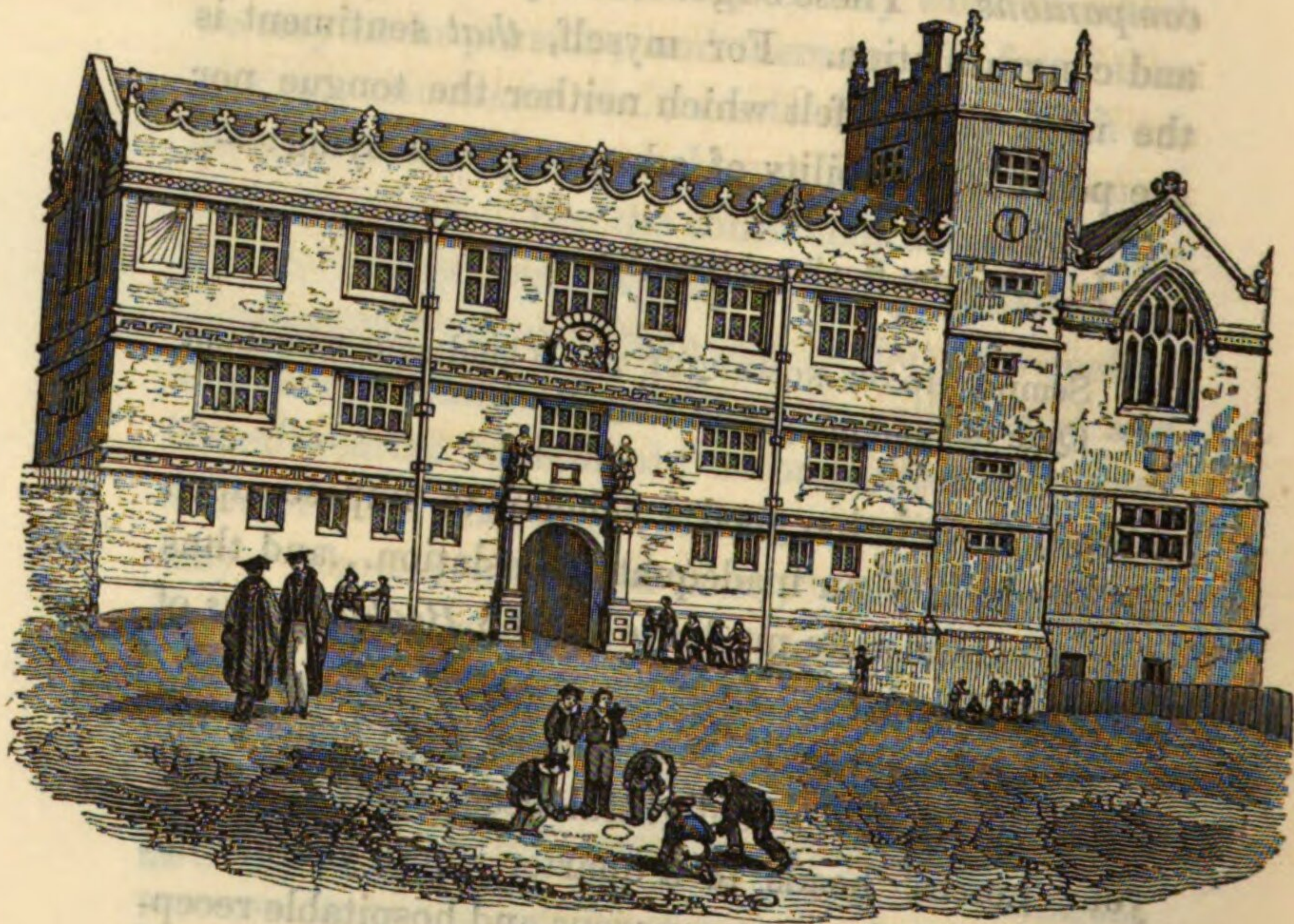
Miss Currer is too good a scholar to impose upon me the task of an inadequate translation...and thus I bow to, and take my leave of, the *Book-Genius* of ESHTON HALL !

It is a long way to *Shrewsbury* from hence ; but it is nevertheless a delightful occupation to direct your horses' heads to a quarter where you are not only sure of the most generous and hospitable reception, but where every thing, and every object around, is redolent of *Books* ; of morocco odour, and Russian fragrance ; where the very genius of ALDUS seems to pervade every nook and corner, and where the

* Cicero.

Cradle of the Typographical Art is rocked by no unskilful hands...even by those of Fust, Pfister, and Lawrence Coster.

Look, gentle reader, at what here greets your eyes. Dids't ever enter within its walls?



This is the *Shrewsbury Public School**, of which the Head Master is the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL BUTLER,

* The above is copied by permission from a large view, executed in lithography, and published at a very reasonable price by Mr. Leake of Shrewsbury.

Archdeacon of Derby. But I have nothing to do with out-of-door disporting. Would that I had!—and could eject the marble, and trundle the hoop, or canvass the last cricket-match, about which the two stouter young gentlemen, to the left, seem to be so anxiously occupied. My business is *within doors*—and there stands the distinguished Governor, my especial good friend the Archdeacon, ready to receive me. In an instant I am engulfed amidst his *Incunabula Typographica*. What unheard of DONATUSES have we here! Mere fragments I admit; but still important and conclusive evidences of the very earliest efforts of the Art of Printing. Let us begin with that which is executed in the types of the Mazarine Bible (by Fust and Schoeffer), and for any thing I know to the contrary, may have been executed in 1450, or before. Here are four pages; having thirty-three lines in a page, of which each is full, all printed UPON VELLUM. Of one of these, I select from the fifteenth line, as follows:

Coniunctio quid est. pars orationis.....

ordinansque sententiam. Coniunctioni quot accidunt. tria. que potestas figura? ordo Potestas coniunctionum quot species habet. quique.

There are fourteen lines below. This copy is marked folio 12 and folio 13. The last sentence at the tenth line, from the bottom of the reverse of folio 13, begins thus:

mor amarís uel amare amatur et pluralíter aman
mur amamíní amantur. Preteríto ímpfecto amer.

A fac-simile of this character of type will be seen in *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. i. p. 4.

We will now be introduced to Pfister...a new master, to my knowledge, in this department of printing. Here are several specimens in the way of fragments—the greater number so blurred and disfigured, that it is only from the following “precious morceau” I am enabled to present the reader with an intelligible fac-simile.

uo pſſq̃pſcō cū docuſſē docuſſes docu
ſſem? docuſſecis docuſſec fūto cū doc
r. erit 1 pſc cū docuſſim? docuſſecis doc
rīo ſine nuiſ 1 pſonis ipe pñt 1 pñto
to pſcō 1 pſſq̃pſcō docuſſe fūuō doc
cū eſſe Verbo inſonali nō tpe pñt doc

Now, if this type be compared with that which appears at page 9 of the work just referred to, there can be no doubt about the identity of the type as belonging to the first Printer of Bamberg. Dr. Butler has three of these Pfisterian fragments, each upon vellum, with twenty-five lines in each page. Neither the late Lord Spencer, nor myself,

nor even the late Mr. Horn, had any knowledge of these extraordinary relics, which certainly renders it doubtful *where* the first Donatus was printed, especially if we consider the next article.

Here is a fragment of Donatus in the *Speculum* type of the supposed LAWRENCE KOSTER. There are four leaves (upon vellum, or rather parchment), having twenty-seven lines in a full page, the page being about five inches in width, much blurred; but there is a head line which seems to begin thus:

Partes orationis q̄t sūt.

A space, occupying six lines, is below, for the insertion of the letter P. There is another curious similar specimen of two pages—upon vellum (not paper, as Dr. Butler, and perhaps others may also think), in good preservation, pasted upon the interior of a cover of a book, bound in wood; but the pattern worked upon the exterior-cover does not strike me as being very ancient. This fragment begins thus:

rima declinatio quot tras terminales habet du
as quas a et s Quot terminaciones tres quas.

A full page has twenty-seven lines. It is doubtless a great curiosity, and is a further proof of the early Dutch presses being devoted to the working of elementary treatises of education.

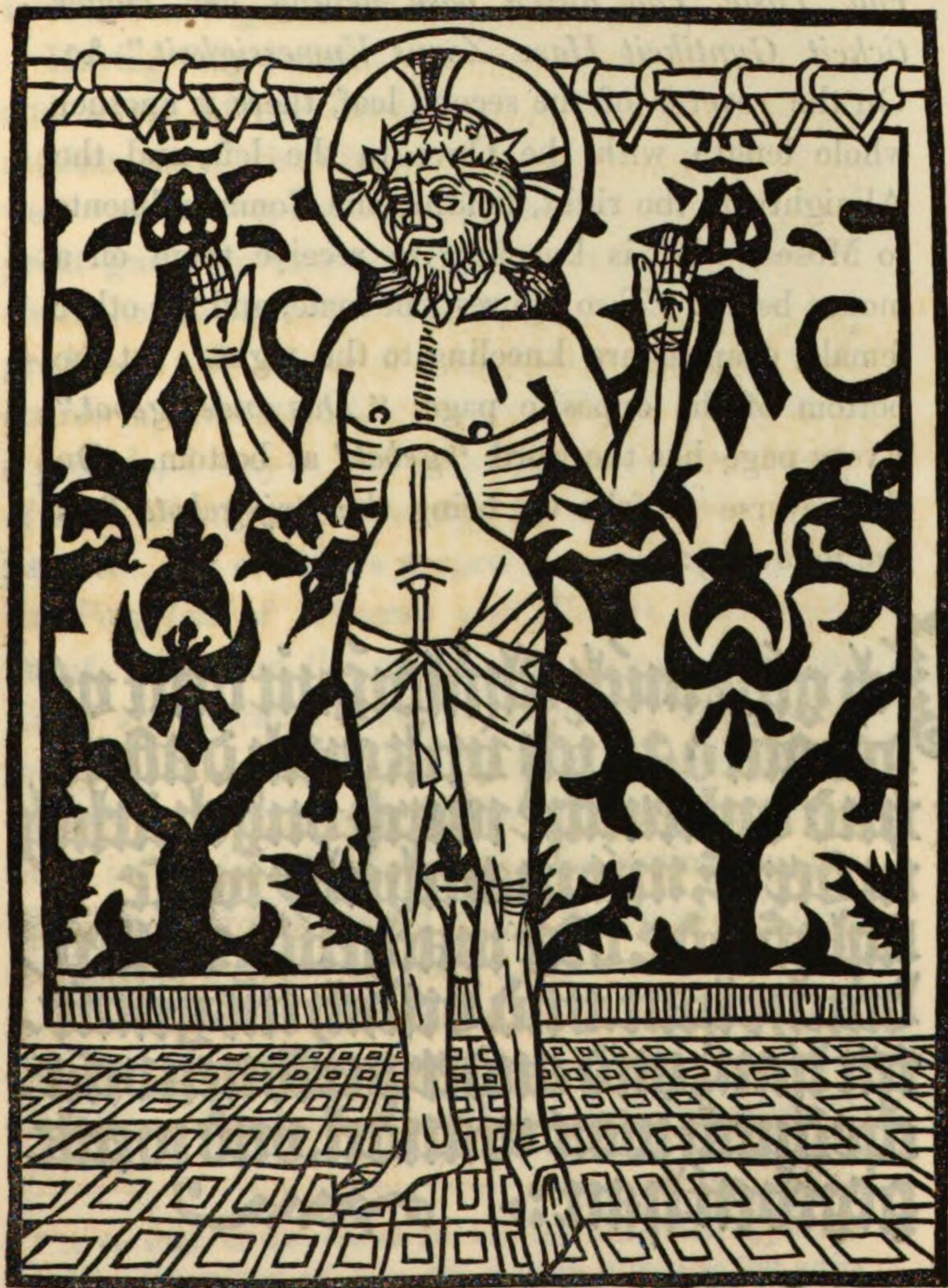
Here comes a great rarity, in the shape of a Printer, of whose type there is not a single specimen in the Spencer Library. This also is a Donatus in

folio ; but I differ, *toto celo*, from its learned Owner, who considers it to be a *Xylographical* production, or a book printed with wooden blocks. On the contrary, I consider it to be decidedly metal, and of a date not anterior to 1480. The reader shall judge for himself by the following fac-simile of the colophon :

**Deo parvum ozacomis
donatus per Cunradum
Dinckmüt Ulmēsis Oppidi
Cūem impressus fīnit felicit.**

The book consists of only two leaves, or three pages. There are twenty-six lines in a full page. It being impossible, within reasonable limits, to give even a *précis* of treasures of this description in the Archdeacon's library, I hasten only to the further mention of a production, of about the same period, and with all the air of wood-block printing ; but, in fact, not so. It is a small thin quarto volume, entitled *Confessionale*, and printed throughout in the German language. The very first page of it presents the following figure of Christ, of which the drapery in the back ground, running upon a brass pole with

rings, is precisely in many instances in the modern fashion.



The reverse is blank. On the recto of the second leaf the text begins thus: "Ich armer lundiger,

&c." A full page has twenty lines. At the sixth line we read thus: "*Sehe Horen Reichert Smacke vnd Taste, vnd durch bose neigug der Hoffer tikeit Gyntikeit Hasz Zorns Vnmessigkeit,*" &c. On the reverse of the second leaf, there is another whole length, with the Dove to the left, and the Almighty to the right, holding the Commandments to Moses, who is kneeling to receive them on a mount below. Two figures, one male, and the other female, draped, are kneeling to the right. At the bottom of the opposite page, "*Das ander gebot.*" Every page has the word "*gebot*" at bottom. On the reverse of folio v., being the "*vij gebote,*" is the following:

**Ich gibe mich schuldig in dem vñ
gebote, das ich vnkeusch dasten,
vnd vnkeusche werck vngewürlich
in der & mit mancherley weise.
schlafende oder wachende, vollet-
bracht hat, vnd vrsach mit gewöt-
ten hat, vnd ander personen vrsach
durch wort wandel, vnd werck
gegeben hat:.**

Hiernach volget das vij gebote

The figure of Christ, as in the preceding fac-simile, is repeated. Five pages follow. This little volume is doubtless a great curiosity of its kind.

Having fully entered upon the Fifteenth Century, and aware of the theological as well as classical attainments of the Owner of this Library, I may as well "sketch" a few only of the chief treasures—or great guns—in that department—and this, before I enter the *Aldine Cabinet*, from which the "revocare gradum" will not be of such facile execution. Of course my first attention are the Bibles; and yet, as a prelude, I may as well notice the three block books of *Ars Memorandi*, *Apocalypsis*, and *Biblia Pauperum*. But of Bibles properly so called, here are the *Polyglots* of *Ximenes* and *Walton*, the former uncut, the latter the republican copy. Also, the Latin and German Bibles of *Mentelin*, of excessive rarity*. Also the English Bible of *Cranmer*, 1539, slightly imperfect—with the Lord Chancellor Cromwell's injunction, as a broadside, for setting up the Bible in Churches, pasted within the cover. These are flanked by a few Catholic Canons and Decretals, in folio, printed UPON VELLUM; while a splendid copy of that always splendid work, the *St. Jerom* of 1468, printed by *Sweynheym* and *Parmartz* (I

* A fac simile of the type of this very rare Latin Bible appears in the *Ædes Althorpiæ*, vol. ii. p. 40. I doubt if there be four copies of it in England.

wish for its Owner's sake it had been upon vellum*) flanks the outer postern of the theological department ; while a fine copy of *V. de Spira's Cyprian* keeps it close company. But the extraordinary gem in this department is Dr. Kloss's copy of the *Opuscula Theologica* of MELANCHTHON—purchased in May last for 37*l.*, a folio volume—and forming a sort of common-place book of its once illustrious Possessor. Young Mr. Sotheby very naturally, and very commendably, runs riot in his description of it†.

* The only known VELLUM copy of this most magnificent production of the press of Sweynhym and Pamartz, is that in the Imperial Library at Vienna, which had belonged to the famous Cardinal Bessarion, and is described in my *Tour*, vol. iii. p. 304, second edition.

† See the *Bibliotheca Klossiana*, No. 4637, with a minute and carefully drawn out list of the contents of this most extraordinary volume—which, though better placed it cannot be than it *now* is, in a *private* collection, ought nevertheless to have found its way into the precincts of the *Bodleian Library*. This is the last time an opportunity will present itself to speak, as I feel myself in justice bound to speak, of the lucid order and pains-taking industry, as well as the spirited display of graphic embellishment, exhibited in Mr. Sotheby's, jun. *Catalogue of the Library of Dr. Kloss of Frankfort*, which was sold in this country in 1835. The collection, especially to a student in typographical antiquities, offered opportunities of acquiring rarities, such as I do not remember to have before presented themselves. The total amount of the sale was 2261*l.*, a sum which, considering the present deteriorated state of the market, may be considered by no means dissatisfactory. The highest price obtained was 39*l.* for the Latin Bible of 1477, printed by Koberger, exclusively on account of the wonderful illustrations, in the shape of notes, by its once learned and pious possessor, Melancthon. Mr. Sotheby exhausts the vocabulary of panegyric in commenting upon it. It was purchased by the house of Messrs. Longman

Of CLASSICS—as might have been expected from the long established celebrity of the Possessor—here are Fifteeners without end; but I can only supply room for a few. Of CICERO, there is the *De Officiis* of 1465, UPON VELLUM; and the *Epistolæ ad Atticum*, 1470, first edition. Of Q. Curtius, the *Demosthenes* (both), *Eutropius*, *Horace* (first with a date), *Homer*, *Justin*, *Livy*, the *two Plinies*, *Quintilian*, *Martial*, *Tacitus*, and *Virgil*, the FIRST EDITIONS; but my friend must not be allowed to have a *succession* of nights of undisturbed repose till he possesses *the first* Horace, and the first *Roman* edition of Virgil. Of the latter he has the Mentelin:—a marvellously rare book, and which Mons. Van Praet tells him is the first.

But then here are sundry gems of Fifteeners which do not exactly class with Theology or with

and Co., for the exclusive reading and meditation (according to report) of the senior partner in that gigantic firm.

Among the late Mr. Heber's letters, are several from Professor Haulthall, or Hanthall, the celebrated Horatian. The correspondence between these two scholars was in the Latin tongue. Among the letters of the former, is one in which express mention is made of the KLOSS COLLECTION thus:—"Klossiana [Bibliotheca] tot et tanta continet, ut prius consilium tuum cognoscere vellem, quàm singula acquirerem. Hinc intacta pæne vestitet illa summa, quam in hunc finem mihi præbere dignatus es. Ex schedis, quos adjunxi, vides quanti pretii illa unica collectio æstimanda sit. Clossius libros suos recensuit in quatuor voll. in folio; notas que suas bibliographicas adjecit, quæ ex diuturno historiæ artis typographicæ studio profectæ haud parvi ponderis judicandæ sunt. Animus autem Clossio olim erat, Panzeri Annales, auctos et correctos edendi, sed ab hoc proposito nunc destitisse videtur," &c. *Taurini*, 29 Mart, 1832.

Classics. Let us draw a few out of their lurking-holes. Here is a CAXTON, the *Life of St. Catherine of Senis*, the Roxburghe copy; the *Dante* of 1477; the *Decor Puellarum*; *Etymologicon Græcum* of 1499; and *Ptolemy*, 1482, upon vellum; and *Terentianus Maurus* of 1497. Of a later period, and in diverse departments, receive the following. The *six first* folios of Erasmus' *Greek Testament*, and *four first* folios of *Shakspeare*: the first *Eustathius* upon Homer; the *Irish Grammar* of 1728; Louvain, 12mo., of which only two other copies are known in England; *Reuchlin's Hebrew Grammar*, with his own MS. notes, 1506, folio. Then again, if any body talks of *challenging* my friend on the score of *broadside curiosities*, he very quietly and significantly points to the *Original Challenge* of the *Admirable Criton*, printed by Zileti in 1580, and affixed to the doors of the church of St. John and St. Paul, at Rome; to which the modern Challenger no sooner directs his attention, than he apologises for his temerity, and acknowledges the panoply of the Archdeacon.

But the day is wearing away, and where are the DEAR ALDINES? "I præ, sequar te;" and Dr. Butler leads me half over his house in pointing to them, in all forms and conditions. Here are seven UPON VELLUM, twenty-three upon *large paper*, of which several are *uncut*; uniques—oddities—varieties; an Aldine forest of even larger circuit than Lord Spencer's, but undoubtedly the generality of

the trees are neither so stately in form, nor so tempting in fruit. How well do I remember the day when, accompanied by Mr. Foss, the Archdeacon came to Spencer House to take a *sober* (which turned out a *maddening*) view of the ALDINE LIBRARY there! What expressions of delight—what screams of extacy—in alternate Greek and Latin quotation! All this was very natural, and as commendable as natural. Dr. Butler is not the *first* mortal who has had “a secret fire” lighted up within him on a contemplation of exterior attractions...

“Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igne.”

Hence he returned to Shrewsbury—full of the devouring flame; a flame, which has manifested itself by its ravages through so large a portion of his own house. To drop metaphor. If Dr. Butler have not the *finest* Collection of Aldines—in regard to *velums* and *large papers*—he has certainly the largest and most complete; but I am both forward and fearless to say, that, in many instances, this Aldine passion is carried to extravagant, and to me unintelligible, limits. I cannot comprehend why forgeries are to be mixed up with genuine commodities. I cannot comprehend why the authors of such base stuff are to sit down upon the same bench with the original manufacturers. Would you, knowingly, travel one post in the same chaise with a notorious forger? And yet, my excellent friend, the Arch-

deacon, stuffs the pockets and seats of his own carriage with a very host of *Lyonese Counterfeits*!

Again. There is too much digression—too much comprehension of matter, or of books and treatises—connected rather with the *Giunti*, than intrinsically and absolutely the *Aldine, Press*. Doubtless it may be both difficult and rash to propound the “certi fines” in this pursuit; and all I chuse further to say is, that if Dr. Butler’s ALDINE LIBRARY be the *second* in Europe, it is only because Lord Spencer’s is the first. Away, then, for the Books themselves! But the work of Renouard can alone be our guide—as here is ocular demonstration of the truisms of his text. I must of necessity be comparatively brief. First for the *Fifteeners*; but let us make our passing reverence to the productions of the press, of this period, which were manufactured in the office of Andreas Torresanus, the father-in-law of Aldus. Here is the *Cicero Epist. ad Fam.*, 1483, folio, splendid UPON VELLUM: *Sabellici Hist. Venet.*, 1487, also UPON VELLUM. *Alphabetum et Preces Illyricæ*, 1527, 4to., UNIQUE. Of Aldus, here are the *Galeomyomachia*, *Musæus*, *Lascaris*, *Leonicens*, *Horæ*, *Theocritus*, and the *Poliphilo* (UPON VELLUM)...all of the *Fifteenth century*:—the first of indescribable rarity.

As we travel downwards, here are the *Poetæ Christiani*, *Virgil* and *Martial*, all of 1501; and of the latter, one copy upon fine paper, the other

UPON VELLUM. The *Dante* of 1502, UPON VELLUM. The *Rhetores Græci*, of 1508, splendid; the *Virgil* of 1514, upon large paper, and *Petrarch* of this date, UPON VELLUM; the Greek Bible of 1518, upon thick paper; the *Pontanus*, 1518, on large paper; *Athenæus Pausanias*, first editions; *Herodotus*, on large or thick paper; *Catechisms*, *Canons*, and *Councils* of every date; and that of Trent, of 1564, upon large blue paper; *Dudlæi Oracio*, 1530, 4to., only one other copy known; the *Latin Bibles* of 1590, 1592, folio, each upon *large paper*. But enough. The handling of these “DRAGONS” has relaxed your stoutest muscles, and exhausted equally your attention and terms of admiration. The dinner bell rings, and after disburdening ourselves of a layer or two of Aldine dust, we hasten to the “Apollo,” and there behold all that is attractive from a *breadth* of hospitality becoming a Proprietor of *large margined* Aldines. And then—hard by—even during snatches of savoury viands, and especially during the migrations of the glass—there lurks, in yonder cupboard, a dessert—in the shape of ANCIENT GREEK MSS. chiefly of the sacred text: which “ever and anon” shew their enticing forms and glittering accompaniments, in the character of Illuminations. What a gorgeous and comforting display!—many of them being of not less intrinsic worth and antiquity than adventitious embellishment.

But my friend the Archdeacon possesses a FAME beyond that which is only connected with rare and

costly volumes. He is not less true to the principles of his church than of his constitution ; of that constitution, framed according to the wisdom of those who worked the Revolution of 1688, through all its shifting varieties, to a steady and triumphant close. As the Head Master of a Public School, his celebrity is decidedly...UPON VELLUM.

It is some forty miles hence to the river Mersey—but at sunset I must cross it in a steamer, and strive to reach *Oak Hill*—for there lives the worthy knight SIR JOHN TOBIN ; and beside him are the *Bedford* and *Ferdinand and Isabella Missals*. A thousand guineas shall not wrench these lovely tomes from their resting places. Talk as you will of what Paris and Munich contain, no *Englishman* would exchange the first for any gem of foreign complexion ; and every *Spaniard* ought to have united and made a canopy of their swords over the head of the latter, ere it should have been allowed to have left its native soil. Both volumes are old and dear friends of mine ; as the pages of the *Decameron** sufficiently attest. But in this passing tribute paid to their excellence and worth, I love, as I wish, to record days of “pleasaunt disporting,” spent, some two years ago, in the bosom of the family of the Master of the property in question—days which, in the ordinary calculation of human occurrences, never can return again.

* See the *First Day*, pp. c. and clxiii.-vii. The fac similes—one of the Duke of Bedford in the former, and of St. John the Evangelist in the latter, may be pronounced as perfect as they could well be represented.

Would that life had not *severer* anxieties and disappointments than this :—and yet, this is anything but trivial... to a grateful heart.

First, of the paramount BEDFORD MISSAL. But what more can possibly be said of it? Yes—a volume may be written about it, bulkier and prettier than the production of old John Gough. I have ever considered the representation of the Duke alone—though given with the utmost accuracy in the work just referred to—to be rather a partial and ungallant achievement; and therefore, by the help of the ready and dexterous pencil of Miss Sarah Tobin... at all times devoted as much to oblige others as to gratify herself... I am enabled to bring the Duchess out of her hiding place, and to introduce her more largely to the world. The reader may rely upon the fidelity of the copy.



What gorgeous volume next greets my eye, and causes an increased pulsation of heart? It is one of the most splendid as well as stately dimensions: uniting the graphic talents of those distinguished artists, Messrs. Cooper, Willement, Stephanoff, and R. T. Bone; and is an historical account of the *CHAMP DE DRAP D'OR*. It is reported to have cost its first owner four hundred guineas; and was bought by its present owner at the sale of Mr. Harrott's library for 160*l*. That was a good day's work. But how to select from such an assemblage of heroic and chivalrous adjuncts? where vignettes even overpower the larger subjects—as that represented in the *OPPOSITE PLATE*, and the one here subjoined, triumphantly attest.





Thomson. sc.

For *both* embellishments I am indebted to the same kind disposition and talented pencil as that which pourtrayed the Duchess. This glorious book cannot, at least, be said to be opened by unworthy hands. Of the artists engaged in its illustration, the pencils of Messrs. Willement and Bone (from the latter of whom both these copies are taken) strike me as having been most felicitously exercised : by the use of *oil* and *gum*—especially of the former. In consequence, those of Messrs. Cooper and Stephanoff, by the mere use of water colour, seem to want warmth and effect. Of course, in drawing and a thorough knowledge of art, they are in all respects worthy of the hands which executed them. The text is a transcript of that of Hall the Chronicler ; but I cannot say that a *cursive hand* is the fittest accompaniment of pictorial decoration.

Sir John Tobin has recently given another proof of his attachment to illuminated volumes, in the purchase of a small missal called the *Hours of Mary of Burgundy* : also from the Hanrott collection. It is so small as to be very little more than four inches in height, by three and four only in width ; but it is pregnant with rich and striking specimens of the art of the time. Its late owner has, I think, over-rated its graphic skill. The arrangement or disposition of its ornaments appears to me to be its more essential merit. The larger heads—of Christ and the Virgin—are in the usual meagre style of the day, and decidedly of Flemish art. As to the pre-

sumed likeness or portrait of Mary of Burgundy, in one of the three females—St. Catherine, St. Barbara, and Mary Magdalene—I cannot bring myself to give any credence of it. It is clear that the larger head of the Virgin, on the reverse of folio 287, is taken from the same original (though more matured in the expression) as that of the three preceding. The cleverest, for brilliancy of execution, is that of the smaller head of the Virgin, folio 288, rect. The chief attraction and worth of this splendidly executed little book, consists in the extreme and unusual perfection of its condition. This little gem was not procured under the sum of one hundred guineas. Long may its owner, now a septuagenarian, run this career of elegant and intellectual pursuit. His books are few in number, but precious—as the reader has had sufficient proof—in intrinsic and extrinsic value. He is blessed in a united and well-settled family; and enfiladed by tendrils and branches of the second generation...to his heart's content: and, if I mistake not, there is more than *one* nuptial knot yet to tie in the sympathetic and affectionate circle of the *first* generation. Prosperity and happiness be the attendants!

Once more—and for the last time. There is yet a Library to visit rather than to describe: first, because it is extensive, miscellaneous, and yet choice; general, and yet it is particular: and secondly, because a perfect, or even satisfactory, account of it is impracticable at the conclusion of this long drawn-

out volume of Reminiscences. But the sounder and more weighty reason is, because the owner of it himself—" *ille si quis alius!*"—is in contemplation of the task of executing a *Catalogue Raisonné*. It is of my friend DAWSON TURNER, Esq., of Yarmouth, of whom I would now wish to speak; a gentleman long distinguished for his varied talents and his equally indefatigable pursuits in business and in bibliomaney*. The darling passion of his mind, as developed in his editorial notes in the Richardson Correspondence, is Botany. "*Muscosi fontes*" and "*mollia prata*" for Him! There is no such a thing as a *weed* in his nomenclature of nature; but when he calls it, with Johnson, "a flower out of its place," he revels upon its stamina and petals. Ray, Sibthorpe, Linnæus, Pulteney, Dillenius, and Consul Sherard, for Him!

But the reader is not to suppose that *Classics*, by whole handfuls, are not to be gathered in the *Hortus Turnerianus*—it being anything but "*siccus*" on this point. I should say that a love of MANUSCRIPTS was the dominant possession of my friend; not so much for the sake of *Autographic* letters as of really curious unpublished materials; and on this score his purchase, conjointly with his friend Hudson Gurney, Esq., of the MACRO COLLECTION†, in

* The compliment paid him by Dr. Valpy, in the catalogue of his own library, is no more than his due.

† This collection was purchased, by private contract, of Mr. Christie, the late auctioneer. It included the valuable collections of Sir Henry

1820, was one of the most judicious and valuable strokes of book-policy that has been struck for a long

Spelman, the celebrated antiquary; and Royal Autographs, from the time of Henry IV. of England, with Royal Letters, &c.; and the Correspondence and Travels of the Rev. D. Covell, of Cambridge. The Rev. Dr. Macro was a native of Bury St. Edmunds, and was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge; dying in 1767, at the advanced age of 84. See also Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ix. p. 359. Of the 139 lots, into which the catalogue of these treasures is divided, Mr. Turner was well satisfied to give half the amount of the whole cost (which was 600*l.*), for only 33 lots; but then these were the 48-pounders in the Macro battery; as witness—

No. 107 Volume 1, containing the correspondence of Sir Henry Spelman (vol. 2) with Jeremy Stephens, Archbp. Usher, Whitlock, De Laet, and many others, altogether about 193 articles, and various autographs at the end.

No. 108 Volume 1, ticketed "*Epistolæ Miscellanæ*," containing about 180 letters, original and copies, and various interesting papers, among which are:—Letters from Sir E. Wotton, 1544, Lord Cobham, 1587, Oliver Cromwell, 5, Sir Samuel Luke (ridiculed as Hudibras), Sir Ph. Stapylton, Sir Edw. Coke, Clarendon, Card. Mazarine, &c. &c.—Archbishops and Divines: Allix, Beveridge, Fowler, Hall, Hare, Pococke, Usher, Wake, Whitby, Westley.—Learned Men: Josh. Barnes, Bentley, Leedes, M. Aur. Severino, Batteley, Dugdale, Somner, and correspondence of Sir Simon Dewes on Numismatick and other subjects; and about 90 curious autographs.

It was, I think, from this latter volume that I selected, when on a visit at my friend's, some dozen years ago, that portion of Oliver Cromwell's letter, which appears in the *Ædes Althorpianæ*, vol. i. p. 9, illustrative of the expression, "*up and be doing*," and relating to the battle of Gainsborough, in which Cromwell took so decided a part; furnishing one of those bloody banquets, of which that ferocious hypocrite loved to partake.

No. 122 A *folio* volume, containing upwards of TWO HUNDRED royal and other letters, and valuable historical documents. Invaluable!—in my estimation.

No. 123 A *folio* volume, containing 171 original Papers and Letters, from some of the distinguished Reformers and Puritans, and original correspondence of learned men of the seven-

period; and I do earnestly entreat Mr. Turner—whose portion of them related chiefly to the LITTERÆ

teenth century, viz.—Phil. Melancthon to Bucer, 1549.—Martinus Bucerus, autograph and draft of letter.—Petrus Martyr (of Florence and Oxford).—Bishop Latimer, Walter Haddon, 1563 (2).—Bishop Ridley (2).—John Philpot (Reformer), John Bradford (Martyr), to Bucer and others (5).—John Hoper, 1554.—John Carless (11).—Thomas Whyttyll (now condemned to die for the Gospell), 1556, Jan. 21.—Wm. Cumminge, Steven Stradwyke (presoner in the Marshalse for the testymonye of Jesus Chryste).—Roland Taylor.—John Fox to Matt. Parker.—John Fecknam (prisoner).—Laur. Humphrey, 1505.

One more—as “the meadows” will have been then “sufficiently irrigated.” It exhibits a cohort, equal to the Grecian phalanx or the Roman legion—equal to both united!

No. 126 A *folio* volume, containing upwards of 500 original Letters and Papers, including correspondence of the most celebrated political and literary Characters in the early part of the last century, among which are the following:

Royal Autographs.—Charles II.—Queen Catharine, 1682.—Duke of Monmouth.—James, Duke of York.—Queen Anne. *Political, &c.*—Earl of Essex, 1593.—Jer. White and Thos. Goodwin (Chaplains to Oliver Cromwell).—George Fox (founder of the sect of Quakers).—Clarendon, Earl of Shrewsbury, 1689.—Trevor (Speaker, 1691).—Marlborough, Godolphin, Halifax, Gage, Sacheverell, Holt, R. Walpole, Onslow, Jekyll, Grafton, Chesterfield; also, sheets of cyphers and interesting papers relating to the Catholic Rebellion in 1717, private list, and characters of Jacobite Nobility in Ireland, &c.

Admirals.—Cloudesley Shovel, Herbert, Byng, Hardy, Wager.

Bishops and Clergy.—Atterbury, Baxter, Cumberland, Cave, Cudworth, Chappelow, Dolben, Fleetwood, Freake, Frewen, Grabe, Hammond, Ibbott, Lamplugh, Lightfoot, Mill, Parker, Patrick, Potter, Prideaux, Pyle, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, Smallridge, South, Stanhope, Stebbing, Spinkes, Tilotson, Tenison, Wilkins, Wake, Waterland, Wanley, Whiston.

Men of Science.—Newton, Locke, Maclaurin, Sir Hans Sloane,

HUMANIORES—to make known some of the treasures which fell to his lot in this distribution. Among them are many letters from CROMWELL, of which, as just observed in a note, I have availed myself of one emphatic passage in a previous production. But a document still more precious is found among them, in a “pithy and pertinent” note from the Protector—*quâ* First Lord of the Admiralty—to get ready a frigate for the immediate transportation of the Portuguese Ambassador to Lisbon; his brother having just committed a murder. I am obliged to my friend for the OPPOSITE FAC-SIMILE of it.

Mr. Turner’s collection of Autograph Letters is divided in the following manner: first series, 2 vols. small 4to.; second series, 6 vols. imperial 4to.; third series, the same; fourth series, 12 vols. imperial 4to.; fifth series, 1 vol. 4to. *Franks of Members of both Houses of Parliament*, 3 vols. imperial 4to. *Fac-similes of Autographs of Eminent Characters in England and France*, 1 vol. 4to. A volume of *Cæsar de Missy’s* manuscripts, 1750, 75;

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Poets, &c.—Wycherley, Congreve, Centlivre, Mat. Prior, Ambr. Phillips, A. Pope, Voltaire, Swift, Addison, R. Steele, D. Buckingham, Lansdown, Bolingbroke, Warburton, Thomson (Christ.), Pitt, Potter, Ludolph Kuster.

Painters.—Jervas, Dahl, Boit.

Miss P.

You are to appoint a good freight for the
transporting of the porhyall for buffader.

Lydon, c to signifying to me for man-
of the afternoon you shall indge. more, lit
for the evening; to morning morning

17. July. 1854.

Tillotson's Baronage to 1572. Then follow rich clusters of illustrated books, privately printed books, and books printed in small numbers. Of LARGE PAPER, I well remember a splendid regiment; and especially in the bibliographical department. In short, as a library of research, utility, and curiosity united, I scarcely know where to plant my foot within precincts so admirably calculated to excite and to gratify all the nobler passions of the BIBLIOMANIA.

But night is rapidly advancing—and *Holkham* is at an unattainable distance...before the curtain of darkness shall fall heavily upon the earth. See—it descends!...even upon the labours of the REMINISCENT.

THE END.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WILCOCKSON, WHITEFRIARS.

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CORRECTIONS

- Page 18, line 3 from bottom, for occupy, read occupied;
 — 19, — 12, " (called a Snow, &c.
 — 20, — 10 from bottom, for National, read National;
 — 21, — 11 from bottom, for in read at;
 — 21, — 8 from bottom, for January, read January;
 — 21, — 3 from bottom, for January, read January;
 — 21, — 17 of note, for containing, read containing;
 — 21, — 22 of note, for know, read know;
 — 21, — 2 of note, for have, read have;
 — 21, — 19 from bottom, for Henry, read Henry;
 — 21, — 1 of the county of London;
 — 21, — last but one, for 18, read 17;
 — 21, — 8 of note, for Stephen, read Stephen;
 — 21, — 2 of note, for Nicholas, read Nicholas;
 — 21, — 6 of text, for last, read last;
 — 21, — 3 of note, for through, read through;
 — 21, — 14 of note, for Northampton, read Northampton;
 — 21, — for superseded, read superseded;
 — 21, — bottom line, for When, read When;
 — 21, — line 2 of note, for Elizabeth, read Elizabeth.

Page 128, The "Two Pillars in Grey" was published in one of Mr. Ashmole's "I forget the name" with a plate from a drawing by W. Hall. The anecdote here recorded of his death, Mr. Ashmole was not communicated to me by Mr. Ashmole; but by a copy from the original and myself.

Dibdin, Thomas Frognall,

Reminiscences of a literary life

Bd.: 2

London (1836)

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